RELIGIOUS FOLK-SONGS OF THE NEGRO

as sung at

HAMPTON INSTITUTE

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RELIGIOUS FOLK-SONGS OF THE NEGRO

AS SUNG AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE

EDITED BY

R. NATHANIEL DETT, Mus. D.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE

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1927

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DEDICATION

TO THE NEGRO YOUTH OF AMERICA

and especially of

HAMPTON INSTITUTE

whose aspiration has been for me
one of the chief sources of inspiration,
this book is affectionately dedicated,
with the hope that the mantle of faith
thrown down from the ofttimes weary
but never broken spirit of our forefathers
may continue to shield and clothe
those of generations yet to come.

CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS AS SUNG BY THE HAMPTON STUDENTS

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION (1874)

The slave music of the South presents a field for research and study very extensive and rich, and one which has been scarcely more than entered upon.

There are evidently, I think, two legitimate methods of treating this music: either to render it in its absolute, rude simplicity, or to develop it without destroying its original characteristics, the only proper field for such development being in harmony.

Practical experience shows the necessity, in some cases, of making compensation for its loss in being transplanted. Half of its effectiveness in its home depends upon accompaniments which can be carried away only in memory. The inspiration of numbers; the overpowering chorus, covering defects; the swaying of the body; the rhythmical stamping of the feet; and all the wild enthusiasm of the Negro camp-meetings,—these evidently cannot be transported to the boards of public performance. To secure variety and do justice to the music I have therefore treated it by both methods. The most characteristic of the songs are left entirely or nearly untouched. On the other hand the improvement which a careful bringing out of the various parts has effected in such pieces as "Some o' Dese Mornin's," "Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard," "Dust and Ashes," and "The Church of God," which seemed especially susceptible to such development, suggests possibilities of making more than has yet been made out of this slave music.

Another obstacle to its rendering is the fact that tones are frequently employed which we have no musical characters to represent. Such, for example, is that which I have indicated as nearly as possible by the flat seventh in "Great Camp-Meetin'," "Hard Trials," and others. These tones are variable in pitch, ranging through an entire interval on different occasions, according to the inspiration of the singer. They are rarely discordant and often add a charm to the performance. It is of course impossible to explain them in words, and to those who wish to sing them the best advice is that most useful in learning to pronounce a foreign language, *Study all the rules you please, then—go listen to a native.*

One reason for publishing this slave music is that it is rapidly passing away. It may be that this people which has developed such

a wonderful musical sense in its degradation will in its maturity produce a composer who can bring a music of the future out of the music of the past. At present, however, the freedmen have an unfortunate inclination to despise it as a vestige of slavery; those who learned it in the old time, when it was the natural outpouring of their sorrows and longings, are dying off; and if efforts are not made for its preservation the country will soon have lost this wonderful music of bondage.

The melodies in this book, with a few exceptions, are published here for the first time, and the exceptions are themselves original in arrangement and effect. The words of the slave hymns are often common property through the South, but are sung to different tunes in different sections of the country.

THOMAS P. FENNER

HAMPTON, VA., January 1, 1874

CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS AS SUNG BY THE HAMPTON STUDENTS

PREFACE TO EDITION OF 1891

In publishing this new and enlarged edition of the Hampton Songs, little explanation is needed, for it is done in response to a demand. Ever since the publication of the first edition in 1874, when the band of Hampton Student Singers was helping to raise the walls of Virginia Hall by its concerts in the North, there have been frequent requests for this music. Meanwhile, though the old favorites have not been neglected, many more melodies, striking and beautiful, have been brought in by students from various parts of the South. The field seems almost inexhaustible. Their origin no one exactly knows. An old "aunty," questioned on the subject, declared that "when Mass'r Jesus walked de earth, when He feel tired He sit a-restin' on Jacob's well and make up dese yer spirituals for His people." A half-familiar strain, recalling some old ballad or psalm-tune, now and then suggests a possible solution for some of them; and, as Lowell said of Chaucer, "If one can transmute lead into gold, why ask where he got his lead?" So strikingly original, as well as of such quaint, pathetic, even artistic beauty, are most of them, that they justify Edward Everett Hale's assertion that they are "the only American music."

Some of the most beautiful of those now sung at Hampton, for the music of which we are frequently asked, are now published for the first time. They have been arranged by Mr. F. G. Rathbun, of Hampton, for the last six years instructor of the school choir and band.

To these are added, also, a number of the Tuskegee Students' songs, arranged by Mr. R. H. Hamilton, a graduate of Hampton Institute, one of its first band of student singers and for several years leader of its choir, now occupying the same position at the Tuskegee Normal School, Alabama. Some account of that institution, founded by Hampton graduates, will be found in the introduction to its songs, on another page.

A consideration of the slave music of the South, from the musician's standpoint, was made by Mr. Thomas P. Fenner, who trained the original band of Hampton Student Singers and arranged the songs in the first edition of this book, his preface to which is reprinted here. After the fifteen years that have passed since he wrote, the

disposition which he noticed in the freedmen to be ashamed of the songs of slave times still exists. Some of the old ring is lost with the experience that called it forth. Yet the people are still natural musicians, and it is easy to arouse in the more advanced an intelligent interest in the characteristic music which excites so much sympathy and respect for their race, and which is so identified with their past history and their present fortunes.

The Hampton School has more than one field of interest for the musician as well as the ethnologist. The two or three Indian songs which Mr. Rathbun has reduced to notation, are interesting specimens of these wild chants evanescent and untamable as the wind in the pines.

A few other songs of nationalities represented in Hampton's "Girdle Around the World" are thought to be of sufficient interest to be introduced.

HELEN W. LUDLOW

HAMPTON INSTITUTE, VA., Jan. 1, 1891

RELIGIOUS FOLK-SONGS OF THE NEGRO AS SUNG BY THE HAMPTON STUDENTS

PREFACE TO EDITION OF 1909

For the fifth time we are publishing these "Religious Folk-Songs of the Negro." To this edition are being added some twenty-five new ones, for the use of which we wish to acknowledge the courtesy of Professor F. J. Work of Fisk University, Mrs. Jennie C. Lee of Tuskegee Institute, the Calhoun Colored School, Ala., and the Penn School, S. C.

It is exceedingly gratifying to know that these songs and Negro folklore generally are not only continuing to hold their own among white people but are becoming more and more popular with Negroes. General Armstrong often referred to the plantation songs as a wonderful possession which the Negro should hold on to as a priceless legacy. They are truly a priceless legacy. Though the words are sometines rude and the strains often wild, yet they are the outpourings of an ignorant and poverty-stricken people whose religious longings and ideals struggled for expression and found it through limited vocabularies and primitive harmonies. They are not merely poetry, they are life itself—the life of the human soul manifesting itself in rude words, wild strains, and curious though beautiful harmonies.

For nearly a score of years I have led the plantation songs at Hampton Institute and, while in a general way we adhere to the music as notated in this book, we find that the best results are usually obtained by allowing the students, after they have once caught the air, to sing as seems to them most easy and natural.

ROBERT R. MOTON
Commandant

HAMPTON INSTITUTE
Hampton, Va., May 11, 1909

RELIGIOUS FOLK-SONGS OF THE NEGRO AS SUNG AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE

FOREWORD

I

The Negro folk-songs in this volume are arranged in a sequence whose order differs, I believe, from that of any previous publication. The regarding of the songs as actual hymns makes such an arrangement not only possible, but natural, even inevitable, and it was this underlying conception of them and the fact that they are so used at Hampton Institute, which was the inspiration of the idea in the mind of the editor.

The captions of the various groups are such as might be found in any church hymnal and while it is true that the songs of themselves offer much that is novel in the way of poetry, melody, harmony, and rhythm, fundamentally it will be discovered that they correspond in sentiment with all the basic ideas of orthodox religious dogma.

According to Romain Rolland,* "The political life of a nation is only the most superficial aspect of its being. In order to know its interior life it is necessary to penetrate to its soul through literature, philosophy, and the arts, for in these are reflected the ideas, the passions, and the dreams of a whole people."

Were it not for this tendency on the part of historians to omit or ignore the influence of religion on the events which their annals are intended to record, such a classification as the one presented here might have appeared long ago; for it must be conceded to be a mistake not to include in any system of tabulations of human affairs, the action of those psychological forces which through the ages have swayed various peoples one way or another. "The earliest records of primitive man," says the late Honorable Henry Bingham, LL. D., "present him as a religious being. Impressed with awe at the wonders of the heavens above him and the earth around him, the inner intelligence breathed into man at his creation made him realize the presence of an unseen hand that controlled all things."

That the Negro, rudely transplanted from African to American shores had such a realization, even a casual perusal of these songs will show; but his ability unwaveringly to believe in and love and praise "the unseen hand that controlled all things" when it seemed

* Romain Rolland, "Musiciens d'Autrefois."—Translation by Edward Dickinson

most evident that that hand was especially turned against him, also reveals, even to those entitled to insight by racial inheritance, a religious faith almost past understanding.

It is a well-known fact that humanity is most prayerful in the hour of need. Religion comes then as the reverberation of a great cry of soul; which explains in brief the Negro spiritual, which more than almost any other folk-music in the world is a great cry of soul whose burden is of age-old promises of eternal freedom, of feasts of milk and honey, and of the divine glory of a love all-inclusive.

"Folk-songs," says the late Henry E. Krehbiel," are the echoes of the heart-beats of the vast folk and in them are preserved feelings, beliefs, and habits of vast antiquity, not only in the words, but also in the music and perhaps more truthfully in the music than in the words. Music cannot lie, for the reason that the things which are at its base, the things without which it could not be, are unconscious, unvolitional human products." Folk-songs, then, quite aside from their music value, are of inestimable worth because of the light which they throw upon those individualizing elements in the character of the race that produced them.

II

But as such an index of character, Negro music, at the very outset, made a bad start. The singing and dancing in a New Orleans theatre of "Jim Crow," a Negro folk nonsense-ballad by a Negro cripple who was able to flop himself about the stage in imitation of the motions of a crow, was such an uproarious success that it was imitated throughout the country by "black-face" comedians of both races as a sure-fire hit. Thereby an early tradition of the Negro as essentially a humorous character was established, the effect of which exists to the present day.

Romanticists who have pictured the bondsman as a happy, carefree being have seen in the ecstatic expression of his song an extension of this established idea and so have added their bit in emphasizing the supposedly rollicking nature of his contribution.

An old book of minstrel songs reveals the fact that almost all of them are meant to be Negro in character, but they are hilarious and insincere. The melodies are interrupted only that the singer may "do the buck." The most unfortunate feature is that many are out-and-out parodies of Negro church songs. The words of one run:—

"Monkey dressed in soldier clothes
All cross over Jordan
Went in de woods to drill some crows
O Jerusalem——"

another begins with:—

"Angels meet me at the crossroads
Don't charge sinner any toll——"

and is followed by sixteen measures of an instrumental jig. In still another, there is a graphic account of Gabriel's blowing his horn "early in de mornin' " and all of the sinners are warned to be present to

"Jine in de army fo' dey close de door
Ob de big white house on de todder shore."

Between the verses of this, there is also an instrumental polka of eight measures.

The fact that one minstrel company* alone, featuring such songs as those above quoted, ran eight consecutive years in New York, that the ditties of Stephen Foster have enjoyed world-wide popularity, that some of the Broadway shows run by Negroes themselves have dance-parodied their own religious music for commercial appeal, reveals something of what has been, and to a large extent still is, the popular idea of the Negro and his music.

But in the delineation of character, if truth rather than mere effect for effect's sake, is the end desired, too much emphasis must not be laid upon any one element which may later be found to be but a mere phase. Human nature, even in primitive peoples, is more or less complex and cannot be revealed by a sort of peep-show exhibition which permits but one part to be seen at a time, any more than a picture of a countenance can be impressed on the intelligence of an onlooker by the single revelation of one feature at a time, such as an ear or an eye. The stage character of the Irishman and the Jew, which graced (or disgraced) the American stage a decade or so ago never existed in real life; neither did, or does, the Negro character as embodied in the familiar and conventional stage "darkey." But as thousands of people have no other source of information except the theatre or popular fiction (which employs a similar method) these pseudo-types finally come to be accepted as true.

So the average audience almost everywhere expects the Negro to be funny. All things associated with him, and all things which he has made, being supposedly created in a mind but dimly lit with the half-light of a feeble intelligence or stimulated by emotions which were, or are, but the reflections of the emotions of others around him, are presumed consequently to be taken humorously, even as the words of a child who accidentally hits upon a great truth are expected to be taken.

In those primitive Negro churches where original songs are still sung, there is often hand-clapping, patting and rattling of the feet, swaying of the body, and sometimes, but rarely now, snapping of the fingers in accompaniment. The attention of visitors or casual

* Rice's Minstrels

observers is generally attracted by these obvious and dramatic evidences of emotion, and they are amused by them because it is the style to be amused, and because Americans have rather formed the bad habit of laughing at other people or at almost anything which is "different"; but being too far removed from the actual spirit of the song by this very lack of sympathy (in the broader sense of the word) they entirely miss the real essence of what is going on.

Such visitors are like those who, standing on a hill-top, watch a bonfire in the valley below; they enjoy all the visual effects of the conflagration but feel none of its heat.

It was once the privilege of the writer to attend a backwoods "after-service" at which, when the regular service had "let out," a small group of not more than seven or ten (they were all old women if he remembers rightly) grouped themselves together by standing in a ring with a criss-cross clasping of hands. To the strong rhythm of a sort of chant, they violently thrust each other backwards and forwards with an intense fervor. There was no shuffling of feet or rotating of the ring as described by Mr. Johnson,* but the effect was crudely fantastic, savoring of a barbaric incantation. But this I soon forgot, for, looking into the faces of the singers, I was struck by evidences of spiritual elevation, and I realized that in some mysterious way these unlettered people, by a common consent, were mutually enjoying a communion with eternal forces by a method of evocation beyond the reach of the uninitiated.

III

That the Negro as a race had, and still has, an outlook on life which is quite his own, and that his songs express moods born of his own peculiar experience and which are quite original with him, may strike many as new. But how, otherwise, shall one explain the strong, unwavering note of hope of final recompense, and the assurance of the perfectness of another life to come, unless one is willing to admit that the slave brought with him from Africa a religious inheritance which, far from being shaken in any way, was strengthened by his American experience? Does it seem natural to suppose that there could be anything in slave life, not only as it existed in our Southern States, but even in slave life as it has existed anywhere in the world, to inspire such an idea? It was nothing else, then, than this religious inheritance, this oriental regard for parable and prophecy, which made easy the incorporation into the spiritual of so much of Bible story; for in striving to give voice to his experiences the slave found in the Testaments, in the story of the children of Israel, for instance, much in the way of a text that was ready made; all of which was quite to his liking though, of course, unconsciously, for he could thus sing of one thing and mean another. This indirect mode of

* James Weldon Johnson, "The Book of American Negro Spirituals"—Preface

expression, it is well known, is one of the most characteristic earmarks by which the art of the East is distinguished from that of the West; it is characteristic of Negro music, often hiding, mask-like, its fundamental mood and not a little of its real meaning.

There are many songs, however, in which the Negro's soul-sorrow is hidden by no mask. How poignantly it is revealed in "Farewell, farewell to my only child"; how prayerfully in "O Lord, O my Lord, keep me from sinking down"; how filled with longing in "Deep River! My home is over Jordan, Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground"; with what philosophical self-analysis in "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child" or in "I'm troubled in mind; if Jesus don't help me, I surely will die."

IV

What this ability of the black man to improvise his troubles into art-forms has fully meant to him will probably never be told. Very likely it served as a sort of safety valve for his pent feelings, saving the country from an even greater tragedy than that precipitated by the Civil War, and himself from a disaster equally great.

> "O glorious solace of immense distress
> A conscience and a God,"

cries Dr. Watts, and his words are profoundly true. But the worth of native Negro genius to America is paramount; for certainly it is most important that in a country given over to commercial enterprise, there should be at least one wellspring of spiritual issue.

To the world is brought a great message of goodwill, for one of the most outstanding characteristics of all the songs is that, free as the music is from cacophony and discord, just as remarkably free is its poetry from any word of bitterness, anger, or reproach.

It seems that the glory of the Christian religion in the framework of the Negro spiritual is as the effect of the stained-glass window in the wall of the sanctuary. As forms of cosmic interest are thus excluded and the interior made more beautiful by a mellow and suggestive neutral tint, even so does the Negro folk conception of the doctrines of Christ, though often crudely expressed, exclude all forms of hatred, vengeance, rebellion, or dislike, mollifying the high lights of the Old Testament, along with those of life itself, into one composite hue whose tone is at once rich and colorful, warm and soft.

So the Negro, as revealed in his songs, continues to hold an enlarging interest, and in this there is nothing of an unnatural order, since he, in making a song to fit his own needs, has inadvertently voiced the cry of the world.

V

It is now generally conceded that this music is original to the Negro, in so far as any folk-music is original. Of those who some-

times still assert that the Negro folk idioms are derivations of revival hymns the question might pertinently be asked: Where is that wonderful matrix of hymnology out of which has grown these song jewels of Negro spirituals? It has long been accepted as scientifically true that the black man brought his musical idiom with him from his native land as he must have brought his susceptibility to religious suggestion. It would, of course, be unreasonable to suppose that this idiom was entirely unaffected by environment. But if it received, it also gave. In "Slave Songs of the United States" we read: "The words of the fine hymn 'Praise Member' (a Negro melody) are found with very little variation in 'Choral Hymns' (a standard hymnbook of the late sixties)." The editor of this collection informs us, however, that "*many of his songs were learned from Negroes in Philadelphia,*" and Lt.-Colonel Trowbridge tells us that he "*heard this hymn before the war among colored people in Brooklyn.*"

In an old Baptist hymnal in Kentucky the editor once saw the words of "Not all the blood of beasts," set to a pentatonic tune which had all the characteristics of a Negro melody; and in a Methodist hymnal, recently in use in Tennessee, besides the familiar setting known to all, "How firm a foundation" appears to an alternative tune traditional with colored people.

William Francis Allen, one of the first to compile a collection of Negro folk-tunes, as early as 1867 writes, "The greater number of songs which have come into our possession seem to be the natural and original production of a race of remarkable musical capacity—imbued with the mode and spirit of European music, often nevertheless retaining a distinct tinge of their native Africa. The words are from Scripture and from hymns heard at church, expressions we find abundantly in Methodist hymnbooks, but with much searching I have been able to find hardly any trace of the tunes." Subsequent investigation by such authorities as H. E. Krehbiel, Henry T. Burleigh, Natalie Curtis (Burlin), Ballanta Taylor, James Weldon Johnson, and others confirm this conclusion as to the original quality of Negro music.

VI

The arrangements in this book are for unaccompanied choruses because practically all Negro folk-singing is unaccompanied group singing. A word on the manner of conducting, therefore, does not seem out of place.

For the most part, Negro music consists of a series of pulses, all of which are alike. That is, the secondary beats are as strong as the primary, or perhaps it would be still better to say that there are no secondary beats. The rhythm of the songs might very well be compared to that of the human pulse which is a series of throbs all of equal intensity.

When a song is once set in motion, its rhythm becomes immutable, the pause, especially in the refrain in which all join, being almost unknown. The singing sometimes begins a fraction slower than its regular tempo, but not markedly so. Sometimes there is, however, a feeling that a song is gaining in momentum until a certain rate is reached which is then maintained until the end.

Feeling for tempo is an inheritance with Negroes, as it is with most people, and if this natural feeling has not been disturbed by outside influences, it may be trusted to a large extent by the leader. It becomes the conductor's chief duty, then, merely to set the chorus in motion, and by easy and natural beats, which need be only occasional, keep them going and up to time.

Expressive singing, especially of solo lines, should be encouraged, as this is one of the means of achieving much of interest and variety in a form of music which, regardless of race, is universally characterized by monotony. Besides, it is an established tradition in the folk-music of all peoples that the effect of any song depends largely on the way it is sung, but anything like mimicry or characterization should not for a moment be tolerated; the members of the chorus should be led to appreciate the idea that folk-music is essentially *soul music* which they, having made their own, are to help others enjoy and understand.

Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, who for many years as the "Major" was the leader of the "plantation singing" at Hampton Institute, was in many ways ideal in this capacity, as he has since proved himself to be in many others. He sang many of the solo lines in a voice which, though uncultivated, was powerful and expressive. Often, after getting the chorus of a thousand voices going, he would place both hands behind his back, leaving the singers to carry on in their own way, and the resultant freedom and informality seemed never to fail in adding a certain zest to the singing. His beat was inconspicuous.

One must deplore much of the present-day singing of these songs on the concert platform. So few of the artists of either race seem willing to trust alone to the inherent beauty of the music to make its own appeal; still fewer seem to realize that music which has come from the heart of one people, will go by its own strength to the heart of another; that such music needs no mannerisms or stage tricks to help it on its way.

VII

It has often been said that no one else can sing Negro songs as Negroes sing them, and the reason given is that Negroes being peculiar in physical make-up are supposed to emit a certain different kind of sound from all other species of the human animal, thus giving their song a unique quality impossible of duplication.

The writer has had over twenty years' experience of coming in daily contact for several hours at a time with Negro voices. He has taught fair Negroes who sang low and dark Negroes who sang high; Negroes with fine features who had coarse, almost unmanageable voices, and Negroes, aboriginal in appearance, possessed of fine, expressive voices. He has kept no tabulation of the relation of voices to noses and mouths but is convinced that there is nothing in the theory of physical appearance. Caruso with full, rounded features represents the tenor in opera while Amato with a face like a cameo stands for the baritone. Roland Hayes and John McCormack do not look alike and yet their voices are very similar. If physiognomy cannot be trusted as a guide to individual musical differences, how can it be as a true indicator or racial or group variation? Yet there does seem to be a difference in the singing by members of various races, which seems especially noticeable in group-singing. The Negro choir has a certain rich quality, as has also the Russian choir, when compared with choruses of other peoples.

This, the writer is convinced, is due more to a certain innate psychological capacity to react to the suggestion of the text than to anything else. Oppressed peoples are usually sympathetic, so are those from warm climates, and this sympathy shows in the voice. In another way it may be observed even by the unmusical: Many a person hearing a friend sing a new song can tell almost immediately by the sound of the voice whether or not the song has been well learned; the fact that the singer is not in thorough accord with the message he is trying to deliver making such a difference in voice quality as to be observed even by the merest tyro.

VIII

One of the most encouraging signs of our times is the apparent awakening of the mind of the public in regard to the true meaning of Negro folk-songs. The idea that the Negro spiritual has a message worthy of serious attention seems to be becoming more and more widespread. A recent protest of the press, both Negro and white, against the incorporation of these songs into some of the popular Broadway musical revues, is indicative of an increasing regard for their religious significance which made the spirituals appear strikingly out of place in the artificial and flippant atmosphere of the extravaganza.

It may be that the religious music of the Negro will add a new note to ecclesiasticism, as the secular music of the Negro has done to the affairs of everyday life. From the time of the plantation days to the present, the world has been cheered by the individual note of jocularity which has made unique the ragtime of America's minstrelsy and street songs and the jazz of her dance-halls and music comedies.

Even so, from the religious music of the Negro, from the aptly named "spirituals," may come as equally welcome a heart-quickening note to give new life to hymnology.

That it was an error, centuries ago, on the part of the church to divorce religious music from rhythmic utterance, no one will now deny; even so, the most popular hymns ever have been those with a more or less pronounced rhythm. The Negro spiritual, combining as it does religious feeling with a regular, almost irresistible beat, based on a scale in existence five hundred years before Christ, having its own simple harmonies and archaic cadences, presents in an elemental form the solution of one of the great problems of Christianity; how to evolve a style of music that will convey a religious message through a popular medium without at the same time suggesting things of the world.

In such a volume as this there is an opportunity, not only of experiencing the original psalms of suffering as born in the Negro breast, but also a greater opportunity of touching, as it were, the fringes of the robes of Grandeur, whose garments trail the dust but whose face, uplifted above the clouds, we are not yet permitted to see.

IX

The harmonizations and tunes in this book are as they are sung at Hampton Institute where the singing of these songs has been traditional since 1868. If there are slight differences, here and there, from other publishers' versions it is because every locality is a law unto itself on these points.

Some hitherto unpublished melodies, from the editor's own collection, appear for the first time. As these were written down from solo singing and as the singer did not know the other parts they are reproduced unharmonized.

It would seem that it might have been quite simple to have taught these songs by rote and let the students harmonize them by instinct; but one must remember that the young Negro student of today is not quite the slave of yesterday; a different outlook on life, the influence of the white man's education, of the concert-hall, the phonograph, and the radio, all in conjunction with the adventurous spirit characteristic of all youth, makes one hesitate to accept present-day arrangements as authentic, even though done by natives. Furthermore it has already been pointed out that it was a religious "urge" born of a great experience which gave rise to these songs; not having this experience it is impossible to get, and unreasonable to expect, a duplication of the primary effect.

This also explains why much of the present-day singing by colored people lacks something of the depth, sincerity, and pathos which marked that of other days and of which lack, many, remembering, justly complain. It is hoped that the publication of these melodies in their natural and untarnished settings will do much to revive and preserve this important element.

R. Nathaniel Dett

Hampton Institute, March 14, 1926

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

	PAGE
Admonition	2–30
Aspiration	31–53
Biblical Themes	54–73
Christian Life	74–77
Christmas	78–79
Church	80–81
Consolation	82–89
Death	90–102
Death of Christ	103–106
Deliverance	107–112
Encouragement	113–118
Faith and Fellowship	119–123
Future Life	124–130
Invitation	131–144
Jesus Christ	145–151
Judgment	152–166
Meditation	167–173
Occasions	174–182
Penitence	183
Pilgrimage	184–193
Praise	194–199
Religion	200–201
Religious Experience	202–212
Resurrection	213–218
Second Coming	219–221
Tribulation	222–236
Appendix	i–xiii

Note 1.—Hymns on pages 118, 140, 192, and 219 should be credited to the Calhoun Collection.

Note 2.—Hymns on pages 12 and 231 should be credited to the Fisk Collection.

INDEX OF TITLES

	PAGE
A Wheel in a Wheel	184
Babylon's Fallin'	2
Band ob Gideon	56
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard	174
But He Ain't Comin' Here t' Die No Mo'	103
By and By	124
Children, We All Shall Be Free	107
Come Down, Sinner	132
Daniel Saw the Stone	54
De Church of God	80
Deep River	167
De Ole Ark a-Moverin' Along	58
De Ole Sheep Done Know de Road	4
Dere's a Little Wheel a-Turnin' in My Heart	168
De Winter'll Soon Be Ober	82
Did You Hear How Dey Crucified My Lord?	104
Don't Be Weary, Traveller	113
Don't Call de Roll	119
Don't Get Weary	114
Don't Leave Me, Lord	31
Don't You View Dat Ship a-Come a-Sailin'!	220
Down by the River	55
Dust an' Ashes	213
Ef You Want to Get to Hebben	134
Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit	169
Ezekiel Saw de Wheel	60
Fighting On	84
Git on Board, Little Children	131
Go Down, Moses	108
Going to Heaven	152
Goin' to Shout All Over God's Heav'n	126
Go, Mary, an' Toll de Bell	153
Good Lord, Shall I Ever Be de One?	32
Good News, de Chariot's Comin'	90
Go Tell It on de Mountain (App. III)	71
Grace Before Meat at Hampton	17
Gwine to Live Humble to de Lord	
Gwine Up	8

PAGE

HAIL! HAIL! HAIL! 185
HARD TRIALS 222
HEAR DE ANGELS SINGIN' 206
HEAR DE LAMBS A-CRYIN' 224
HE IS KING OF KINGS 146
HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY 145

I AIN'T GOINT' STUDY WAR NO MORE 74
I AM GOIN' TO JOIN IN THIS ARMY 120
I AM SEEKIN' FOR A CITY 36
I COULDN'T HEAR NOBODY PRAY (APP. X) 202
I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE NO LONGER 38
IF YOU LOVE GOD, SERVE HIM 8
I HEARD FROM HEAVEN TO-DAY 204
I HEARD THE PREACHING OF THE ELDER 62
I KNOW THE LORD'S LAID HIS HANDS ON ME 207
I'LL BE THERE IN THE MORNING 121
I'M A-ROLLING 186
I'M A-TRAV'LING TO THE GRAVE 187
I'M GWINE TO JINE DE GREAT 'SOCIATION 122
I'M SO GLAD TROUBLE DON'T LAST ALWAY 235
I'M TROUBLED IN MIND 236
IN BRIGHT MANSIONS ABOVE 42
IN DAT GREAT GITTIN'-UP MORNIN' 154
IN THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD ON HIGH 130
IN THE KINGDOM 92
I'VE BEEN A-LIST'NING ALL DE NIGHT LONG 170
I'VE BEEN TOILIN' AT DE HILL 226
I'VE GOT A MOTHER IN DE HEAVEN 123
I WANT TO BE READY 33
I WOULD LIKE TO READ 40

JERUSALEM MORNIN' 164
JOHN SAW 63
JUDGMENT. 158

KEEP A-INCHIN' ALONG 10
KEEP ME FROM SINKIN' DOWN (APP. XII) 228
KING EMANUEL 147

LEANIN' ON DE LORD 208
L'ENVOI . . . . . (App. xiii)
LET DE HEAVEN LIGHT SHINE ON ME 44
LET US CHEER THE WEARY TRAVELER 30
LET US PRAISE HIM 195
LIKE A ROUGH AND A ROLLING SEA 229
LISTEN TO DE LAMBS 136
LITTLE DAVID, PLAY ON YOUR HARP 64

PAGE

Live Humble 12
Look Away 46
Lord, Have Mercy 236
Lord, I Want to Be a Christian 50
Lord, Until I Reach My Home 76

Most Done Trabelling 86
Mother, Is Massa Gwine to Sell Us? 230
My Lord Delibered Daniel 65
My Lord's a-Riding All the Time 150
My Lord, What a Morning! (App. VIII) 157
My Soul Wants Something That's New 105
My Way's Cloudy. 231

Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen 232
No More Auction Block 233

Oh, de Downward Road Is Crowded 14
Oh, de Hebben Is Shinin' 94
Oh, Freedom! 110
Oh, Give Way, Jordan 96
Oh, He Raise-a Poor Lazarus 66
Oh, Jerusalem! 190
Oh, Religion Is a Fortune 201
Oh, Sinner, You'd Better Get Ready 16
Oh, Stand the Storm. 189
Oh, the Rocks and the Mountains 161
Oh, Wasn't Dat a Wide Riber? 98
Oh, When I Get t' Heaven 128
Oh, Yes! 210
Oh, Yes, Yonder Comes My Lord 219
Ole-Time Religion 200

Peter on the Sea 68
Pilgrim's Song 191
Poor Pilgrim 169
Prayer Is de Key of Heaven 171
Put John on de Islan' 160

'Raslin' Jacob 70
Reign, Massa Jesus 49
Ride On 194
Ride On, Jesus 148
Rise an' Shine 198
Rise Up, Shepherd, an' Foller (App. IV) 79
Roll de Ole Chariot Along 192
Roll, Jordan, Roll (App. I) 52
Run, Mary, Run 18
Run to Jesus 15

PAGE
See Fo' and Twenty Elders 71
Seek and Ye Shall Find 20
Slav'ry Chain 112
Somebody's Knocking at Your Door 144
Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child 172
Soon I Will Be Done 234
Stars in the Elements 162
Stay in de Field 22
Steal Away to Jesus (App. VII) 111
Sun Don't Set in de Mornin' 23
Sweet Canaan 188
Sweet Turtle Dove 164
Swing Low, Chariot 100
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot 101
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot (App. V) 102

Tell Jesus 77
There Is a Balm in Gilead 88
There's a Meeting Here To-Night 182
There Were Ten Virgins 72
They Look Like Men of War 180
'Tis Me (App. IX) 183
'Tis the Ole Ship of Zion 81

View de Land 138

Walk Togedder, Childron 26
Walk You in de Light 24
Want to Go to Heaven When I Die (App. II) . . . 53
We Are Almost Home 89
We Are Building on a Rock 115
We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder 118
We Are Walking in de Light 116
Were You There When They Crucified My Lord? (App. VI) 106
What Yo' Gwine t' Do When de Lamp Burn Down? . 140
When the General Roll Is Called 166
Where Shall I Be When de Firs' Trumpet Soun'? . . 173
Who'll Jine de Union? 142
Why, He's the Lord of Lords 151
Wonder Where Is Good Ole Daniel 73

You Goin' to Reap Jus' What You Sow 28

Zion, Weep a-Low 196

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
And I couldn't hear nobody pray	202
A wheel in a wheel	184
But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo'	103
Children, hail! hail! hail!	185
Children, we all shall be free	107
Come along, come along, and let's go home	81
Come down, sinner	132
Daniel saw the stone	54
De book of revelation God to us revealed	152
De church of God dat sound so sweet	80
Deep river, my home is over Jordan	167
De fox hab hole in de groun'	222
Dere's a little wheel a-turnin' in my heart	168
Dere's a star in de Eas' on Christmas morn	79
Did you hear how dey crucified my Lord?	104
Don't be weary, traveller	113
Don't leave me, Lord	31
Don't you view dat ship a-come sailing?	220
Dust, dust an' ashes fly over on my grave	213
Ef ye want to see Jesus	208
Ef you want to get to hebben	134
Ev'ry time I feel the Spirit	169
Ezekiel saw de wheel	60
Farewell, farewell to my only child	229
Fighting on, hallelujah	84
Get you ready, there's a meeting here to-night	182
Gim me dat ole-time religion	200
Git on board, little children	131
Going to lay down my sword and shield	74
Go, Mary, an' toll de bell	153
Good Lord, shall I ever be de one?	32
Good news, de chariot's comin'	90
Gwine to see my mother some o' these mornin's	46
Hail, hail, put John on de islan'	160
Hark! listen to the trumpeters	180
He is King of kings	146
He's the lily of the valley	145
Humble, humble, humble yourselves	6

PAGE

I AM A POOR WAYFARING STRANGER 169
I AM GOIN' TO JOIN IN THIS ARMY OF MY LORD 120
I AM SEEKIN' FOR A CITY 36
IF YOU LOVE GOD, SERVE HIM 8
I HEARD THE PREACHING OF THE ELDER 62
I HOPE MY MOTHER WILL BE THERE 130
I KNOW I WOULD LIKE TO READ 40
I'LL BE THERE IN THE MORNING 121
I'M A-GWINE TO TELL YOU 'BOUT DE COMIN' OB DE SAVIOUR . 154
I'M A-GOING TO TRAVEL (*L'Envoi*) . . . . . (App. xiii)
I'M A POOR WAYFARIN' STRANGER 191
I'M A-ROLLIN' THRO' AN UNFRIENDLY WORLD 186
I'M A-TRAV'LING TO THE GRAVE 187
I'M GWINE TO JINE DE GREAT 'SOCIATION 122
I'M SO GLAD TROUBLE DON'T LAST ALWAY 235
I'M TROUBLED IN MIND 236
IN BRIGHT MANSIONS ABOVE 42
I'VE BEEN A-LIST'NING ALL DE NIGHT LONG 170
I'VE BEEN TOILIN' AT DE HILL SO LONG 226
I'VE GOT A MOTHER IN DE HEAVEN 123
I'VE GOT A ROBE 126
I WANT TO BE READY 33

JES' WAIT A LITTLE WHILE 58
JOHN SAW 63
JUDGMENT DAY IS A-ROLLIN' AROUND 158

KEEP A-INCHIN' ALONG 10

LET DE HEAVEN LIGHT SHINE ON ME 44
LET US CHEER THE WEARY TRAVELER 30
LET US PRAISE HIM 195
LISTEN TO DE LAMBS 136
LITTLE DAVID, PLAY ON YOUR HARP 64
LIVE HUMBLE 12
LORD, HAVE MERCY 236
LORD, I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN 50
LORD, UNTIL I REACH MY HOME 76

MAY DE LORD—HE WILL BE GLAD OF ME 174
MOTHER, IS MASSA GWINE TO SELL US TOMORROW? . . . 230
MY BRETHREN, DON'T GET WEARY 114
MY LORD DELIBERED DANIEL 65
MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING! 157
MY MOTHER HAS GONE TO JOURNEY AWAY 92
MY SOUL WANTS SOMETHING THAT'S NEW 105

NO MORE AUCTION BLOCK FOR ME 233

PAGE

O BY AND BY 124
O COME, MY BRETHREN, ONE AN' ALL 166
O HE SEES ALL YOU DO 150
O I KNOW THE LORD 207
O REIGN, O REIGN, O REIGN, MY SAVIOUR 49
O RIDE ON, JESUS 148
O THE STARS IN THE ELEMENTS ARE FALLING 162
OH, BRETHREN, MY WAY, MY WAY'S CLOUDY 231
OH, DE BAND OB GIDEON 56
OH, DE HEBBEN IS SHININ' 94
OH, DE LAND I AM BOUND FOR 188
OH, DE OLE SHEEP DONE KNOW DE ROAD 4
OH, DE WINTER'LL SOON BE OBER, CHILDREN 82
OH, DON'T CALL DE ROLL 119
OH, DE DOWNWARD ROAD IS CROWDED 14
OH, FREEDOM! 110
OH, GIVE WAY, JORDAN 96
OH, HALLELUJAH, LORD, WHO'LL JINE DE UNION? . . . 142
OH, HE RAISE-A POOR LAZARUS 66
OH, JERUSALEM! 190
OH, LORD! KEEP ME FROM SINKIN' DOWN 228
OH, MY MUDDER'S IN DE ROAD 86
OH, NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN 232
OH, PETER, GO RING DEM BELLS 204
OH, PO' SINNER, NOW IS YO' TIME 140
OH, RELIGION IS A FORTUNE 201
OH, RISE AN' SHINE 198
OH, ROLL DE OLE CHARIOT ALONG 192
OH, SING ALL DE WAY 206
OH, SINNER, YOU'D BETTER GET READY 16
OH, STAND THE STORM, IT WON'T BE LONG 189
OH, SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT 101
OH, SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT 38
OH, THE ROCKS AND THE MOUNTAINS 161
OH, WALK TOGEDDER, CHILDRON 26
OH, WASN'T DAT A WIDE RIBER! 98
OH, 'WAY OVER JERDAN 138
OH, WHEN I GIT T' HEAVEN 128
OH, WHO DO YOU CALL DE KING EMANUEL? 147
OH, YES, I'M GWINE UP 34
OH, YES! OH, YES! 210
OH, YES, YONDER COMES MY LORD 219

PETER ON THE SEA 68
PRAYER IS DE KEY OF HEAVEN 171
'PURE CITY, BABYLON'S FALLIN', TO RISE NO MORE . . . 2

PAGE

'Raslin' Jacob, let me go 70
Ride on, King Emanuel 194
Roll, Jordan, roll 52
Run, Mary, run 18
Run to Jesus, shun the danger 15

See fo' and twenty elders on de'r knees 71
Seek, and ye shall find 20
Slav'ry chain done broke at las' 112
Somebody's knocking at your door 144
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child 172
Soon I will be done a-with the troubles of the world 234
Stay in de field 22
Steal away 111
Sun don't set in de mornin' 23
Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet 164
Swing low, chariot, low in the Eas' 100
Swing low, sweet chariot 102

Tell Jesus 77
There is a balm in Gilead 88
There were ten virgins when de Bridegroom come. . 72
Thou art great and Thou art good 179
'Tis me, O Lord 183

Walk you in de light 24
Want to go to heaven when I die 53
We are almost home 89
We are building on a Rock 115
We are climbing Jacob's ladder 118
We are walking in de light 116
Were you there when they crucified my Lord? . . 106
When Christ the Lord was here below 55
When Israel was in Egypt's land 108
When I was a seeker 78
Where shall I be when de firs' trumpet soun'? . . 173
Wonder where is good ole Daniel? 73
Why, He's the Lord of lords 151

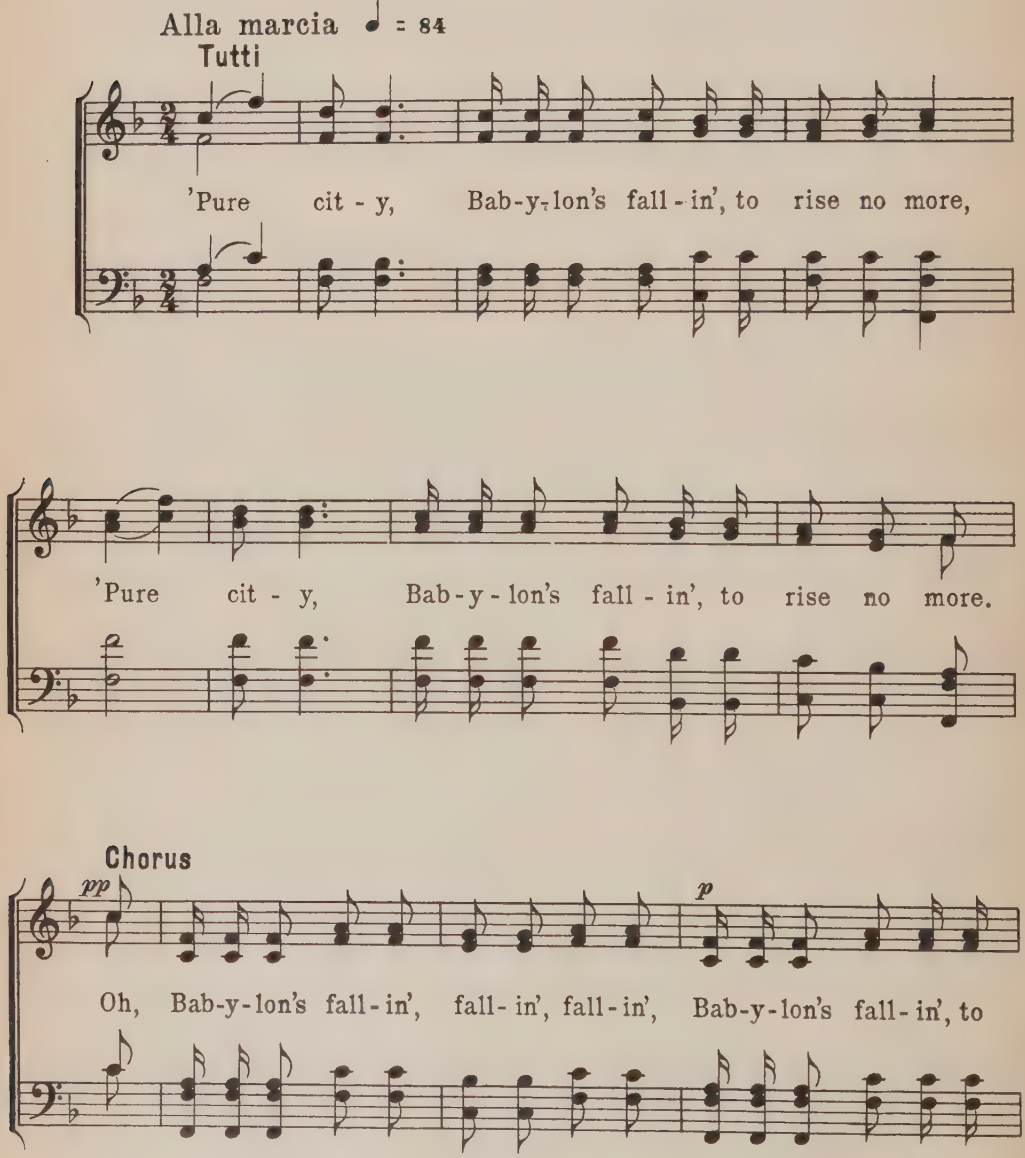
You hear de lambs a-cryin' 224
You goin' to reap jus' what you sow 28

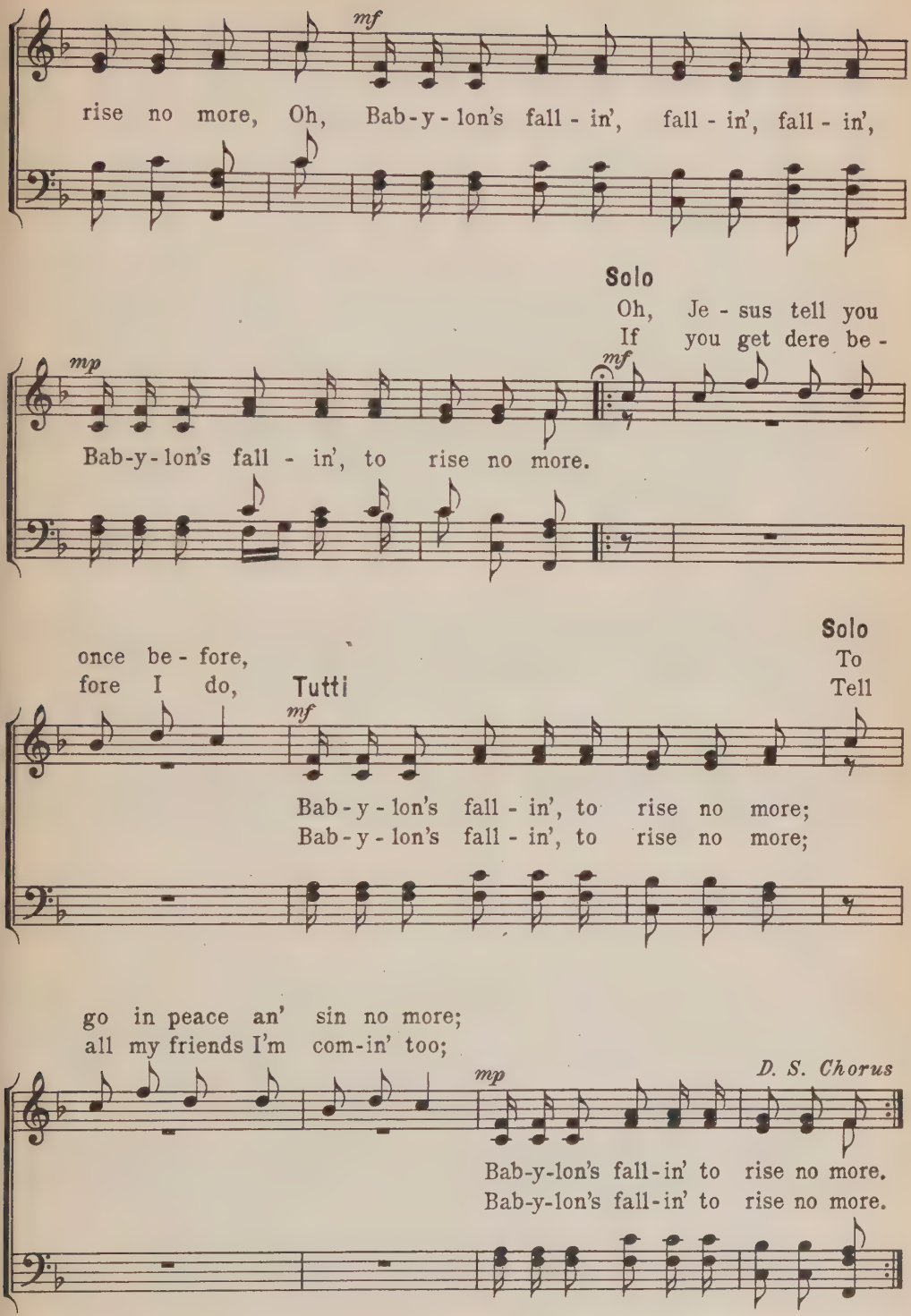
Zion, weep a-low 196

RELIGIOUS FOLK-SONGS OF THE NEGRO

Hymns of Admonition

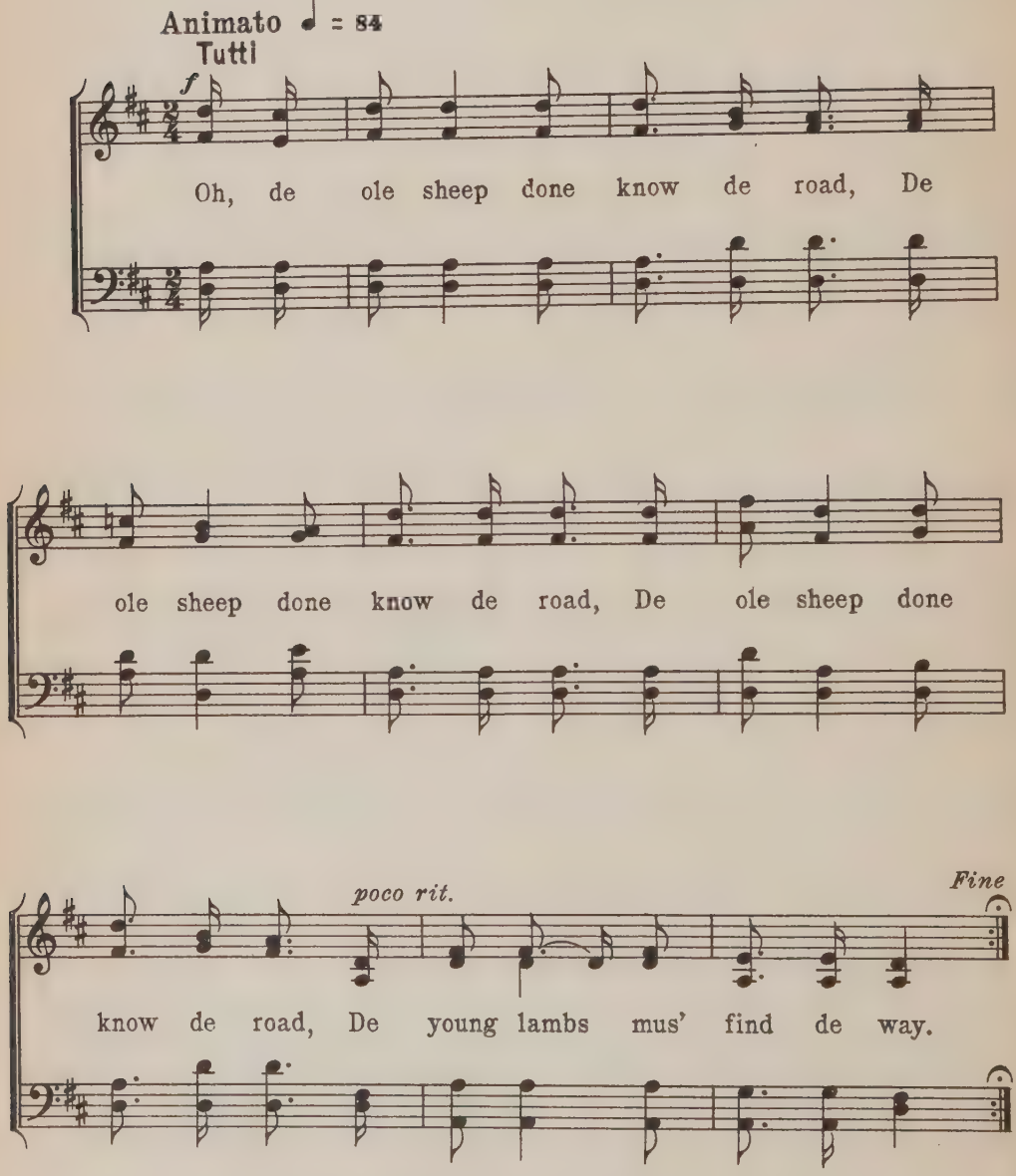
Babylon's Fallin'


Alla marcia ♩ = 84
Tutti
'Pure cit - y, Bab-y-lon's fall - in', to rise no more,
'Pure cit - y, Bab - y - lon's fall - in', to rise no more.
Chorus
pp
p
Oh, Bab-y-lon's fall-in', fall-in', fall-in', Bab-y-lon's fall-in', to


mf
rise no more, Oh, Bab-y-lon's fall-in', fall-in', fall-in',
Solo
Oh, Je-sus tell you
If you get dere be-
mp
mf
Bab-y-lon's fall-in', to rise no more.
once be-fore,
fore I do,
Tutti
Solo
To
Tell
mf
Bab-y-lon's fall-in', to rise no more;
Bab-y-lon's fall-in', to rise no more;
go in peace an' sin no more;
all my friends I'm com-in' too;
mp
D. S. Chorus
Bab-y-lon's fall-in' to rise no more.
Bab-y-lon's fall-in' to rise no more.

Hymns of Admonition

De Ole Sheep Done Know de Road


Animato ♩ = 84
Tutti
f
Oh, de ole sheep done know de road, De
ole sheep done know de road, De ole sheep done
poco rit.
Fine
know de road, De young lambs mus' find de way.

Solo
mf
Oh, soon - er in de morn - in' when I rise,
My brud - der, ain't ye got yer counts all sealed,
Tutti
Solo
De young lambs mus' find de way. Wid cross-es an' tri-als on
De young lambs mus' find de way. You'd bet-ter go get em 'fore ye
Tutti
D. C. dal Chorus
eb - ry side, De young lambs mus' find de way.
leave dis field, De young lambs mus' find de way.

2

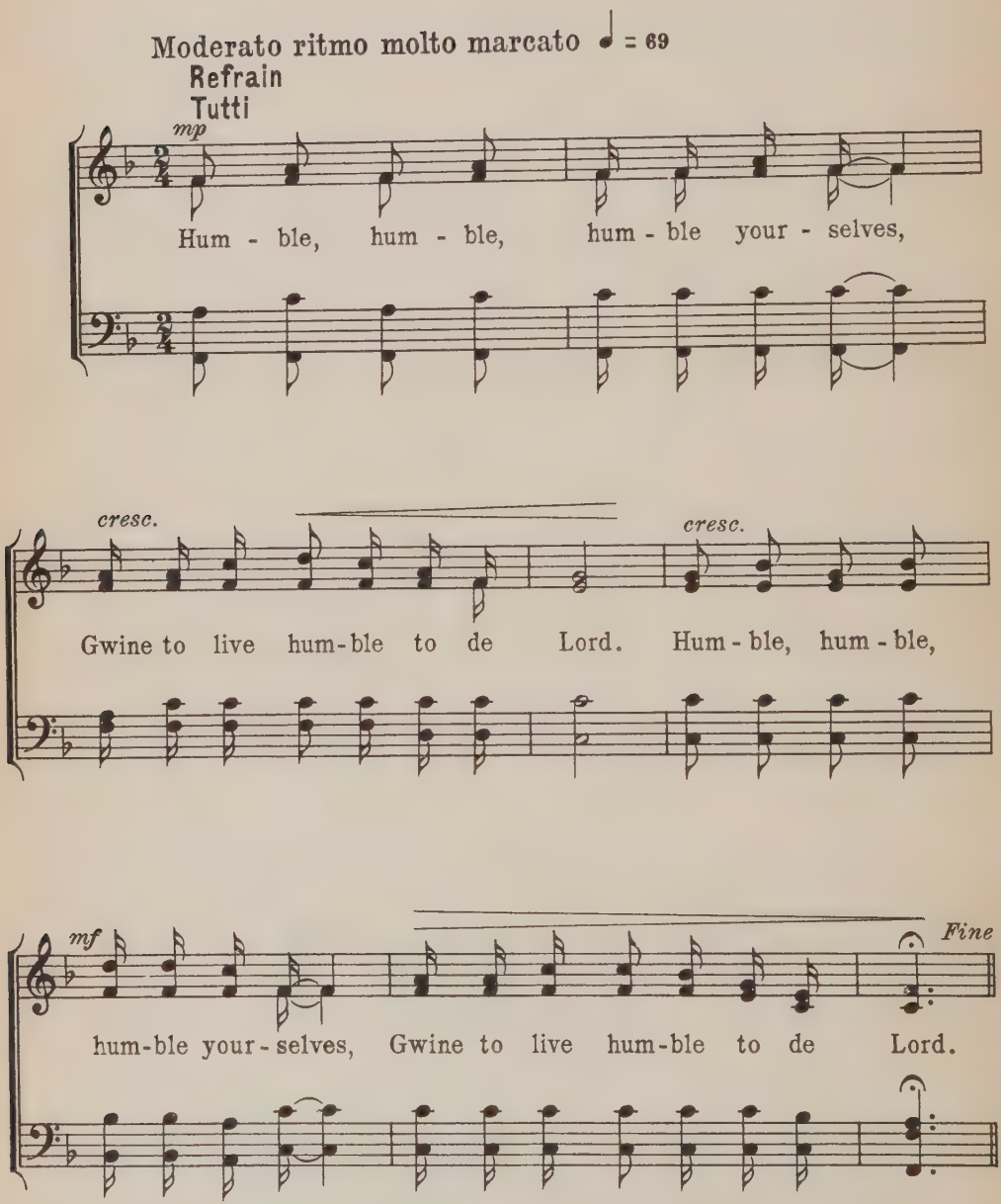
Oh, shout my sister, for you are free, De young lambs, etc.
For Christ hab bought your liberty, De young lambs, etc.
I raly do believe widout one doubt, De young lambs, etc.
Dat de Christian hab a mighty right to shout, De young lambs, etc.
Chorus – Oh, de ole sheep, etc.

3

My brudder, better mind how you walk on de cross, De young lambs, etc.
For your foot might slip, an' yer soul git lost, De young lambs, etc.
Better mind dat sun, and see how she run, De young lambs, etc.
An' mind don't let her catch ye wid yer works undone, De young lambs, etc.
Chorus – Oh, de ole sheep, etc.

Hymns of Admonition

Gwine to Live Humble to de Lord


Moderato ritmo molto marcato ♩ = 69
Refrain
Tutti
mp
Hum - ble, hum - ble, hum - ble your - selves,
cresc.
Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord.
cresc.
Hum - ble, hum - ble,
mf
hum-ble your-selves, Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord.
Fine

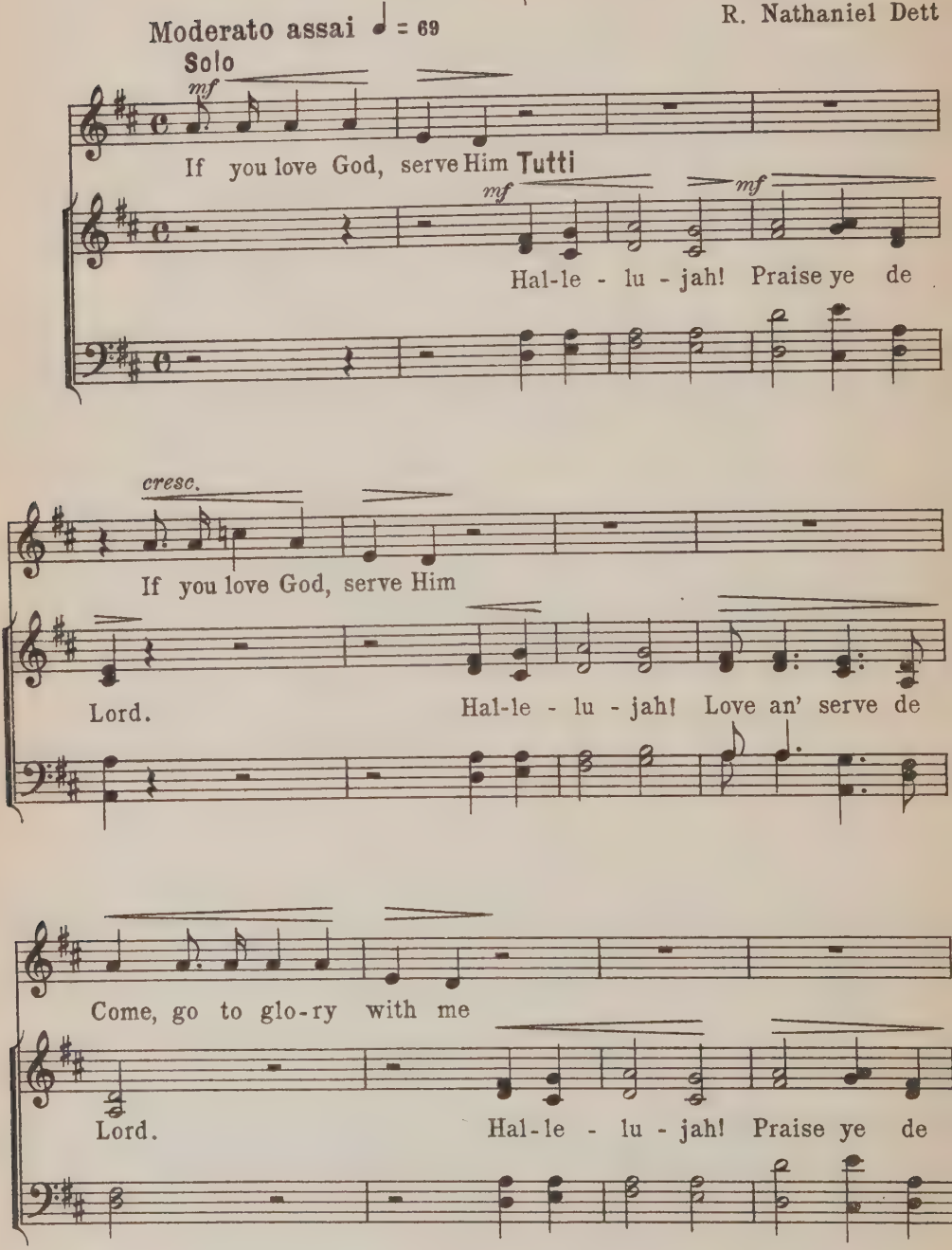
Solo
mp semplice
1 One day as I was walk - in' a - long,
2 Al - though you see me go - in' long so,
3 You say you're aim - in' for de skies,
4 If you get there be - fore I do,
Tutti
mf
mp
più cresc.
Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord. De el - e - ments o-pened an' de
Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord. I have my tri - als
Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord. Why don't you stop that
Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord. Look out for me I'm
Tutti
mf
p
D. C.
love came down, Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord.
here be - low, Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord.
tell - in' lies, Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord.
com - in' too, Gwine to live hum-ble to de Lord.

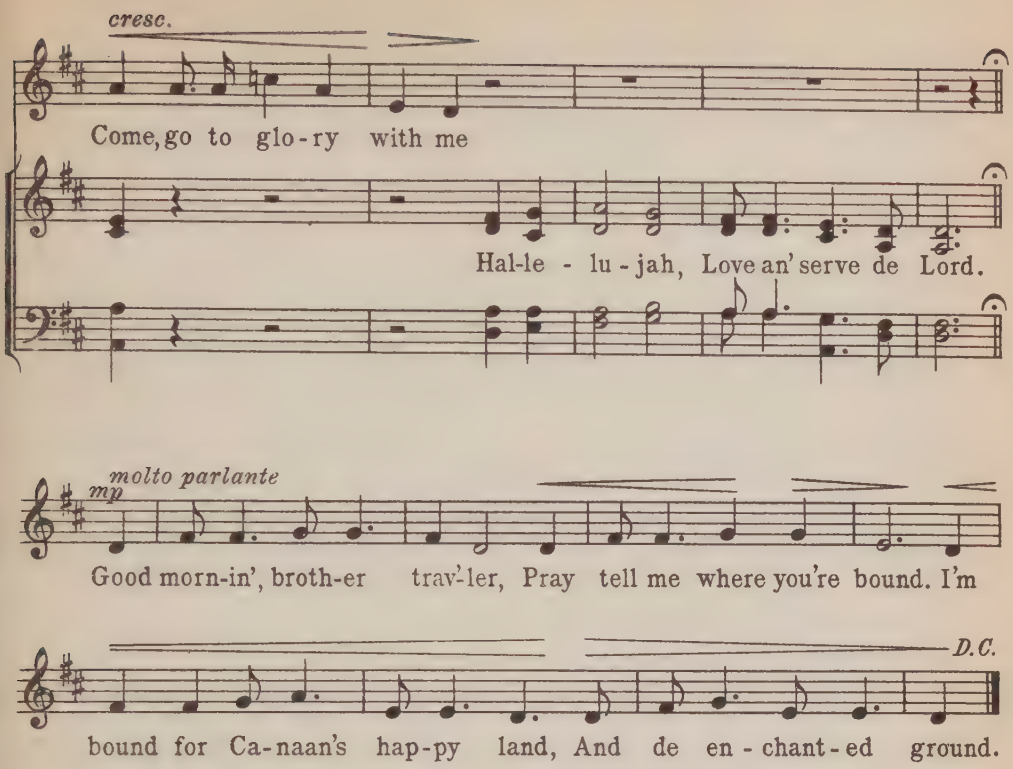
* This pause is not always observed in the singing of this song at Hampton Institute.— Editor

Hymns of Admonition

If You Love God, Serve Him

Transcribed by
R. Nathaniel Dett




cresc.
Come, go to glo-ry with me
Hal-le - lu-jah, Love an' serve de Lord.
mp molto parlante
Good morn-in', broth-er trav'-ler, Pray tell me where you're bound. I'm
D.C.
bound for Ca-naan's hap-py land, And de en-chant-ed ground.

2

Oh, when I was a sinner,
I like my way so well;
But when I come to find out,
I was on de road to hell.
Chorus – I fled to Jesus – Hallelujah! etc.
Oh, Jesus received me, Hallelujah, etc.

3

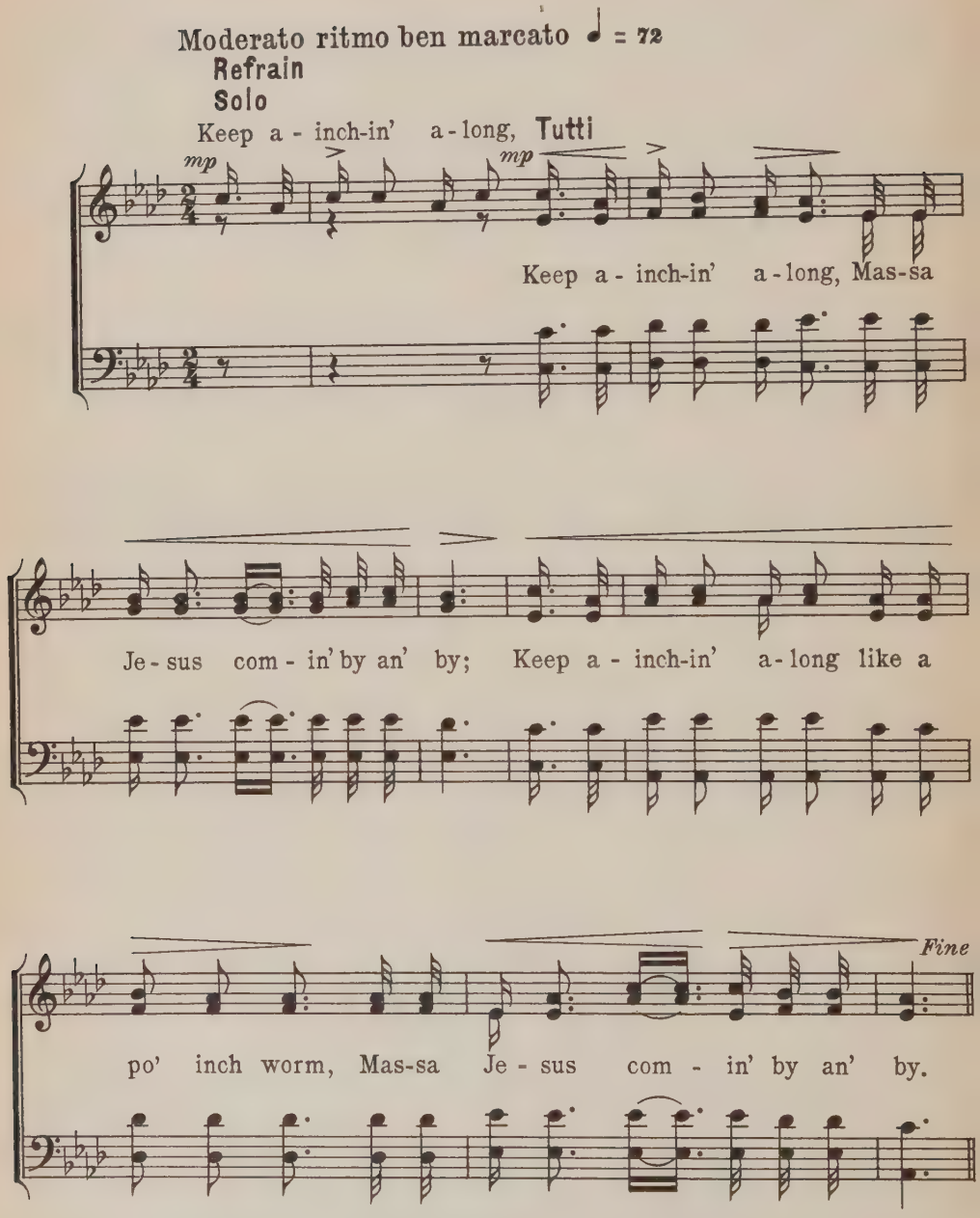
De Father, He looked on de Son and smiled,
De Son, He looked on me;
De Father, redeemed my soul from hell;
An' de Son, He set me free.
Chorus – I shouted Hallelujah! Hallelujah, etc.
I praised my Jesus, Hallelujah, etc.

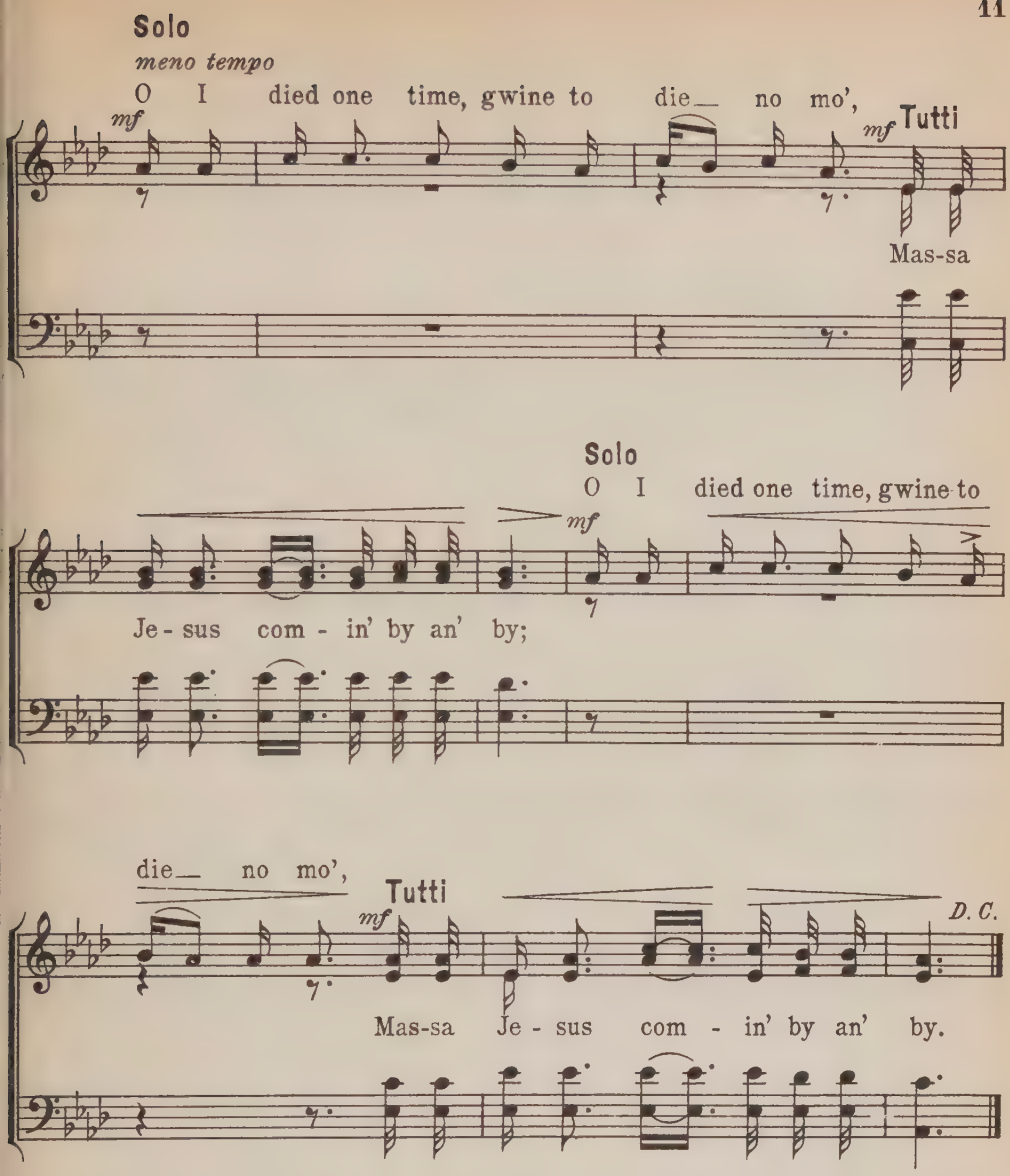
4

Oh, when we all shall get dere,
Upon dat-a heavenly sho',
We'll walk about dem-a golden streets,
An' nebber part no mo'.
Chorus – No rebukin' in de churches – Hallelujah, etc.
Ebery day be Sunday – Hallelujah, etc.

Hymns of Admonition

Keep a-Inchin' Along


Moderato ritmo ben marcato ♩ = 72
Refrain
Solo
Keep a - inch-in' a - long, Tutti
mp
mp
Keep a - inch-in' a - long, Mas-sa
Je - sus com - in' by an' by; Keep a - inch-in' a - long like a
Fine
po' inch worm, Mas-sa Je - sus com - in' by an' by.



2

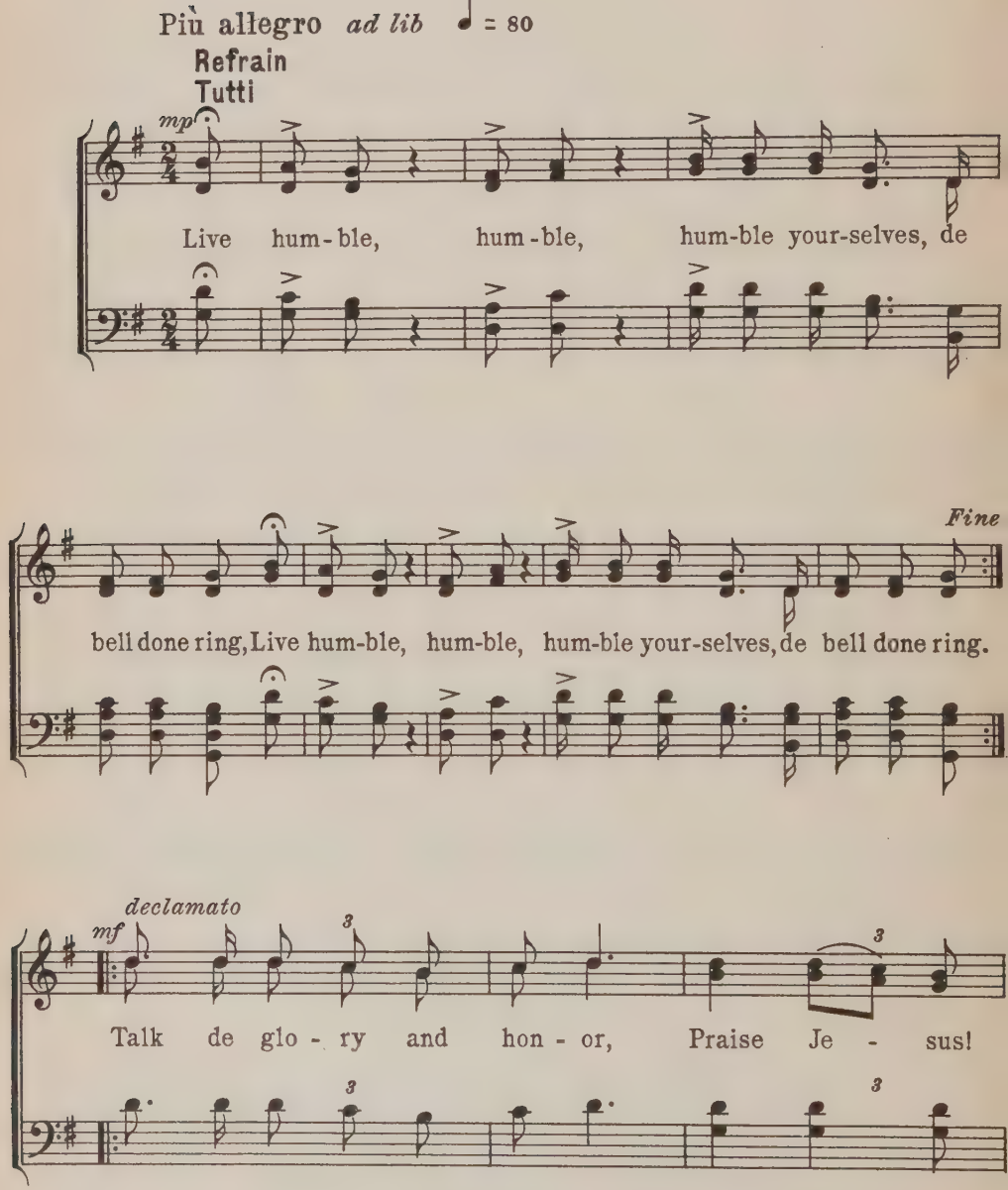
O you in de word an' de word in you,
Massa Jesus comin' by an' by;
O you in de word an' de word in you,
Massa Jesus comin' by an' by.
Chorus – Keep a-inchin', etc.

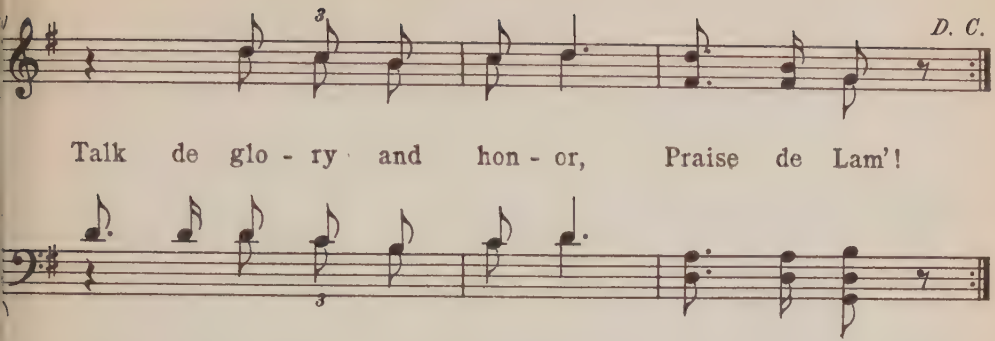
3

How can I die when I'm in de word?
Massa Jesus comin' by an' by;
How can I die when I'm in de word?
Massa Jesus comin' by an' by.
Chorus – Keep a-inchin', etc.

Hymns of Admonition

Live Humble

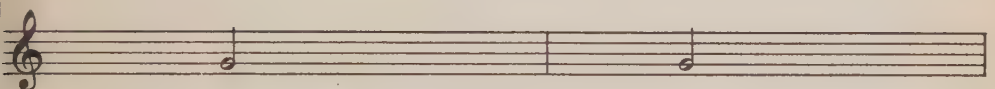

Più allegro ad lib ♩ = 80
Refrain
Tutti
mp
Live hum-ble, hum-ble, hum-ble your-selves, de
Fine
bell done ring, Live hum-ble, hum-ble, hum-ble your-selves, de bell done ring.
declamato
mf
Talk de glo - ry and hon - or, Praise Je - sus!



Solo

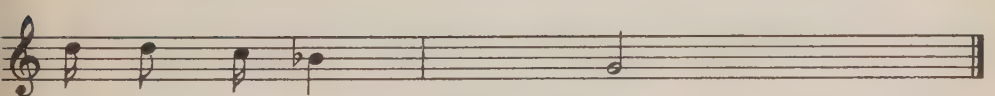
recitando rapido

1 Oh, my young Christians, I got lots for to tell you all, Jesus Christ, speaking thro' de organ of the clay, judge ye not,



for ye shall be judged false pretenders gettin' in Christian band. Live humble, etc.

2 False pretenders wear sheep's clothin' on his back, In his heart like a raving wolf

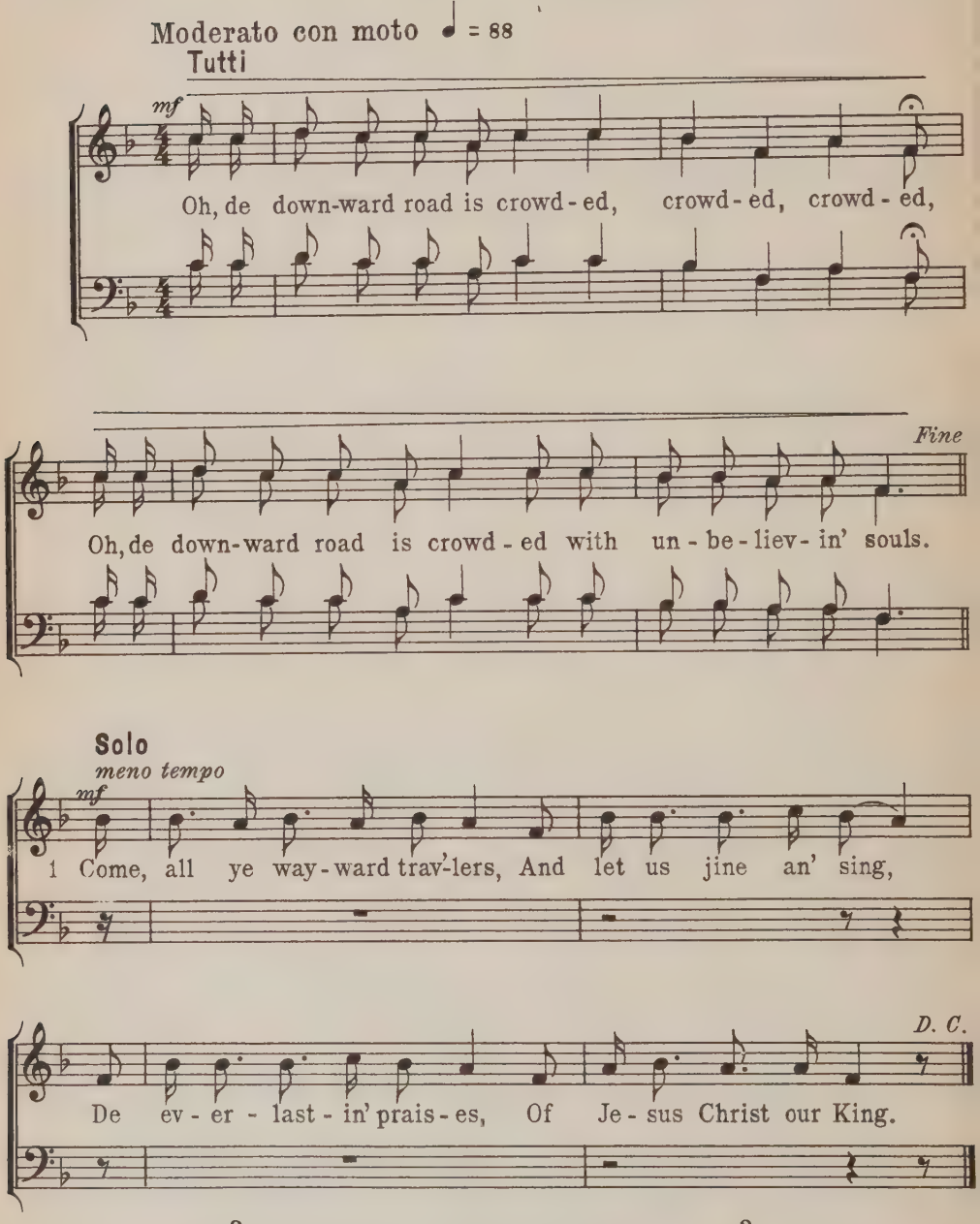


one day, one day,

When God goin' to call dem children from de distant land. Tombstones cra'king, graves bustin', hell and the seas gwine t' give up their dead. Live humble, etc.

Hymns of Admonition

Oh, de Downward Road Is Crowded


Moderato con moto ♩ = 88
Tutti
mf
Oh, de down-ward road is crowd-ed, crowd-ed, crowd-ed,
Fine
Oh, de down-ward road is crowd-ed with un-be-liev-in' souls.
Solo
meno tempo
mf
1 Come, all ye way-ward trav'-lers, And let us jine an' sing,
D. C.
De ev-er-last-in' prais-es, Of Je-sus Christ our King.

2

Ole Satan's mighty busy,
He follers me night and day,
An' everywhere I pinted,
Dere's somethin' in my way.

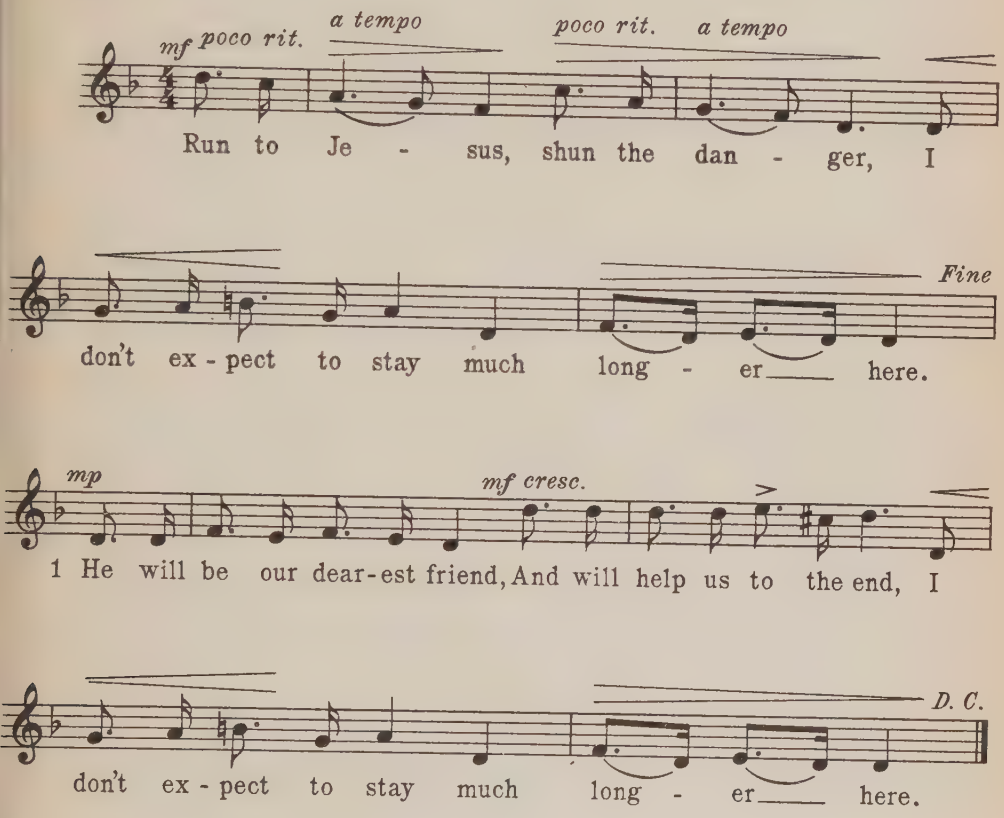
3

When I was a sinner,
I loved my distance well,
But when I come to fin' myself,
I was hanging over hell.

Hymns of Admonition

Run to Jesus*

This song was given to the Jubilee Singers by Hon. Frederick Douglass, at Washington D.C., with the interesting statement that it first suggested to him the thought of escaping from slavery.


mf poco rit.
a tempo
poco rit.
a tempo
Run to Je - sus, shun the dan - ger, I
Fine
don't ex - pect to stay much long - er here.
mp
mf cresc.
1 He will be our dear-est friend, And will help us to the end, I
D. C.
don't ex - pect to stay much long - er here.

2

Oh, I thought I heard them say,
There were lions in the way,
I don't expect, etc.

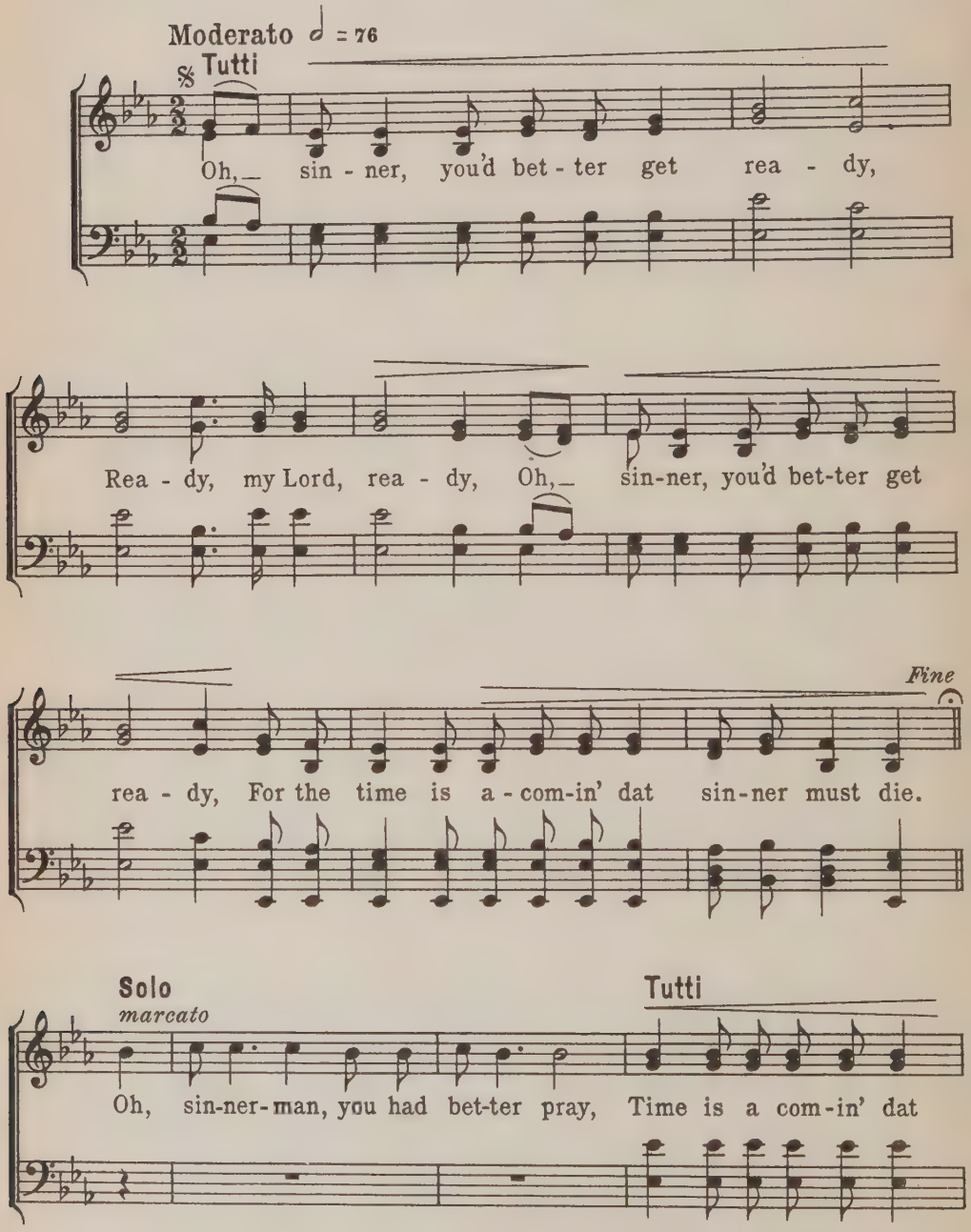
3

Many mansions there will be,
One for you and one for me,
I don't expect, etc.

*From the Fisk Collection, by permission

Hymns of Admonition

Oh, Sinner, You'd Better Get Ready


Moderato ♩ = 76
𝄋 Tutti
Oh, sin - ner, you'd bet - ter get rea - dy,
Rea - dy, my Lord, rea - dy, Oh, sin-ner, you'd bet-ter get
Fine
rea - dy, For the time is a - com-in' dat sin-ner must die.
Solo
marcato
Oh, sin-ner-man, you had bet-ter pray,
Tutti
Time is a com-in' dat

f
Solo
sin-ner must die; For it look-a like judg-ment eb-ry day.
mp Tutti
Solo
marcato
Time is a-com-in' dat sin-ner must die; I heard a lumb'rin' in de sky,
Tutti
f
Solo
Time is a-com-in' dat sin-ner must die, Dat make-a me t'ink my
Tutti
D. C. dal Segno
mf
time was nigh, Time is a-com-in' dat sin-ner must die.

2

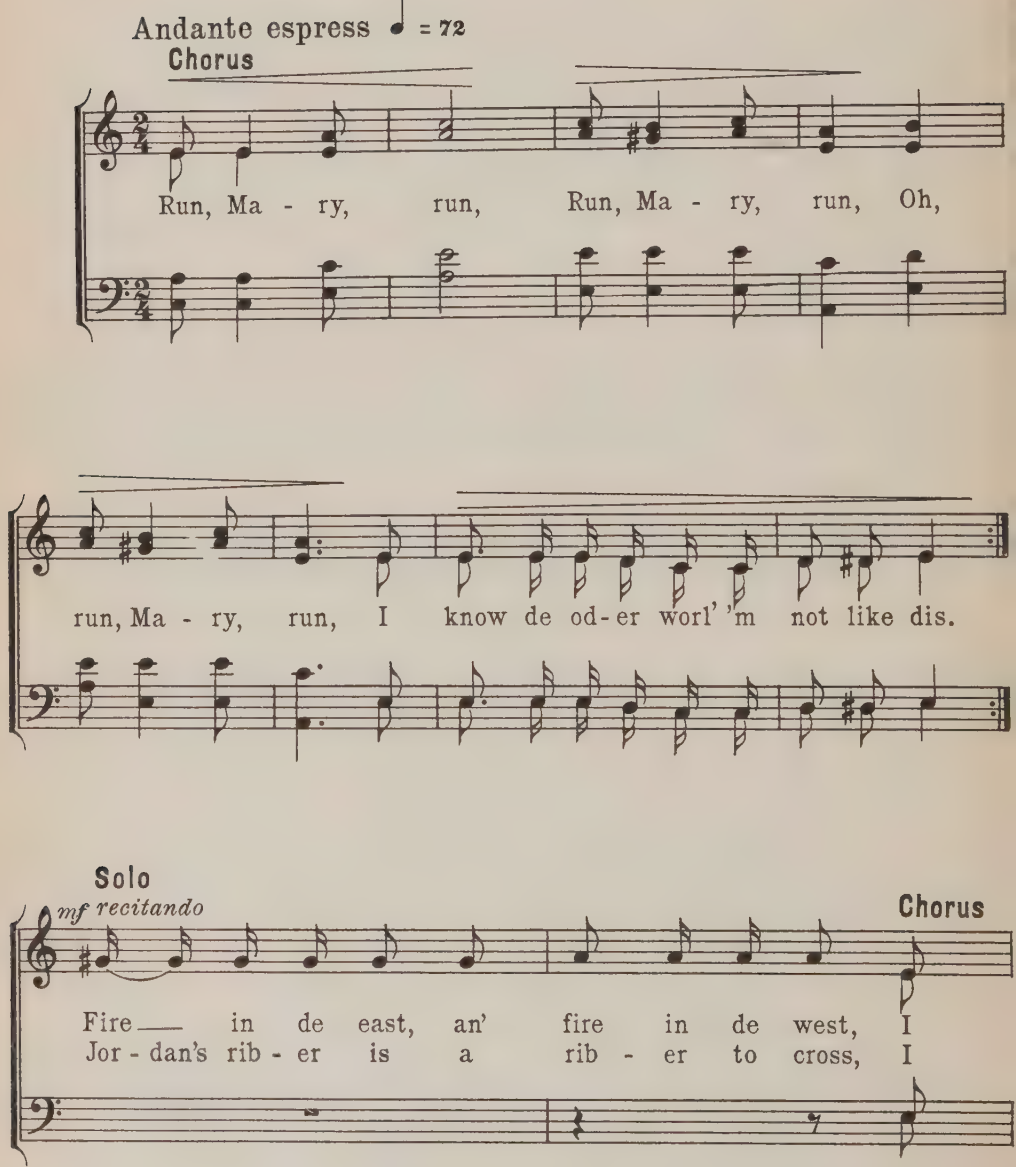
I heard of my Jesus a many one say –
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Could 'move poor sinner's sins away –
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Yes, I'd rather a-pray myself away –
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Dan to lie in hell an' burn-a one day –
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Chorus – Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, etc.

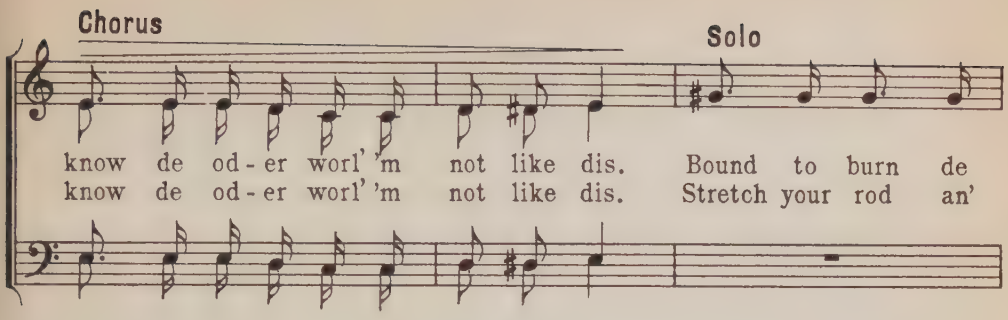
3

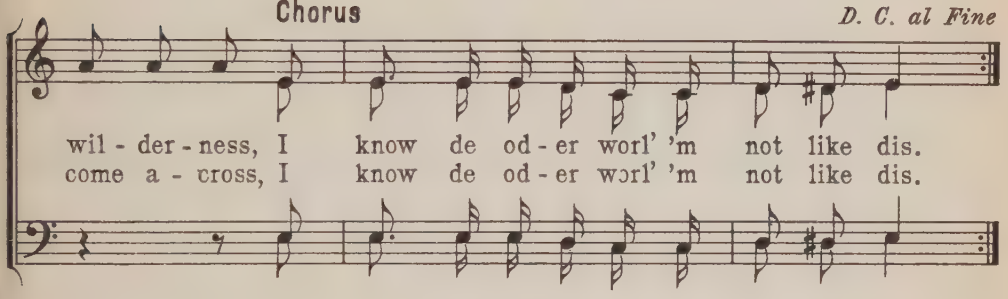
I think I heard-a my mother say –
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
'Twas a pretty thing-a to serve de Lord –
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Oh, when I get to Heaven I'll be able for to tell –
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Oh, how I shun dat dismal hell –
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Chorus – Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, etc.

Hymns of Admonition

Run, Mary, Run


Andante espress ♩ = 72
Chorus
Run, Ma - ry, run, Run, Ma - ry, run, Oh,
run, Ma - ry, run, I know de od-er worl' 'm not like dis.
Solo
mf recitando
Chorus
Fire in de east, an' fire in de west, I
Jor - dan's rib - er is a rib - er to cross, I





2

Swing low, chariot, into de east,
Let God's children hab some peace;
Swing low, chariot, into de west;
Let God's children hab some rest;
} I know de oder worl' 'm not like dis.

3

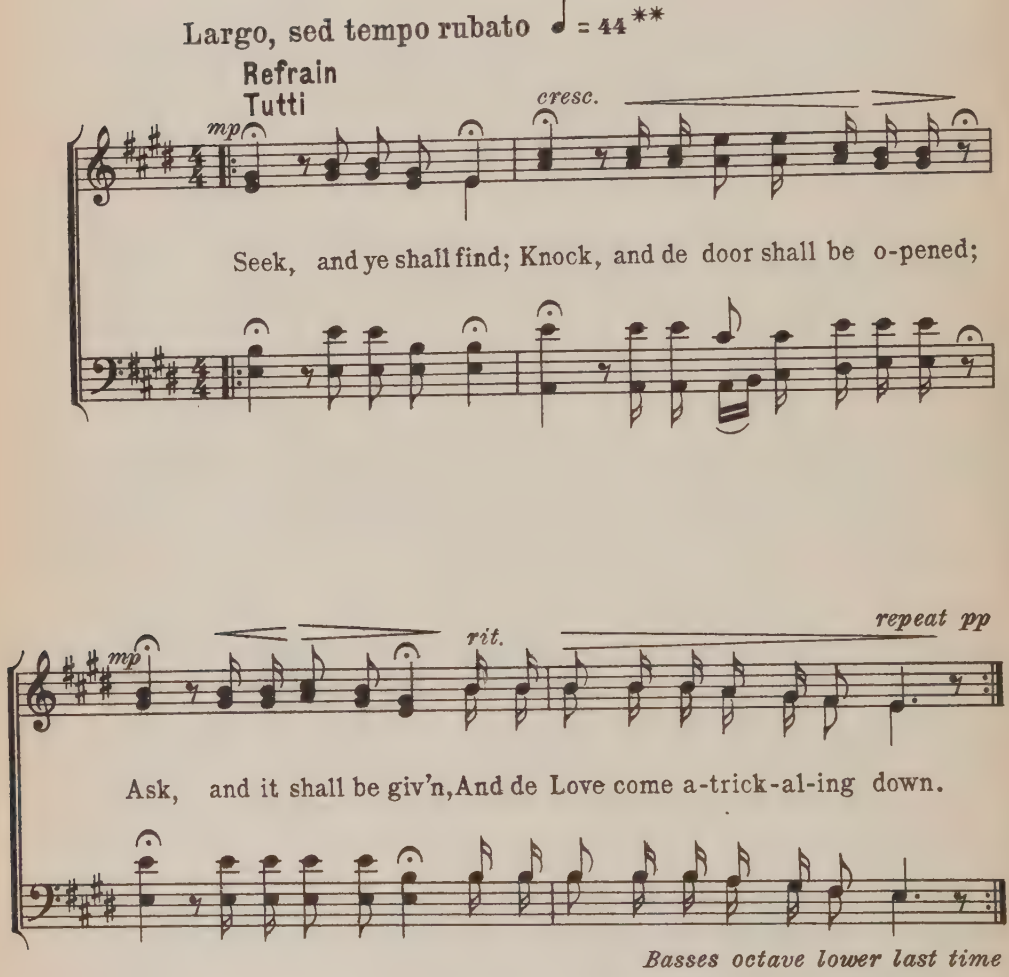
Swing low, chariot, into de north;
Gib me de gold widout de dross;
Swing low, chariot, into de south;
Let God's children sing and shout;
} I know de oder worl' 'm not like dis.

4

Ef dis day war judgment day,
Ebery sinner would want to pray;
Dat trouble it come like a gloomy cloud,
Gadder t'ick, an' t'under loud;
} I know de oder worl' 'm not like dis.

Hymns of Admonition

Seek and Ye Shall Find*


Largo, sed tempo rubato ♩ = 44**
Refrain
Tutti
mp
cresc.
Seek, and ye shall find; Knock, and de door shall be o-pened;
mp
rit.
repeat pp
Ask, and it shall be giv'n, And de Love come a-trick-al-ing down.
Basses octave lower last time

* From Tuskegee Collection, by permission

** The Tuskegee tempo mark was Andante. — Editor

Solo
quasi allegro
My broth-er, de Lord has been here,
My sis - ter, de Lord has been here,
Tutti
l'istesso tempo
mf
1
My broth-er, de Lord has been here, My
My sis - ter, de Lord has been here, My
poco rit. e dim.
D. C.
broth-er, de Lord has been here,
sis - ter, de Lord has been here,
And de Love come a-trick-al-ing down.

2

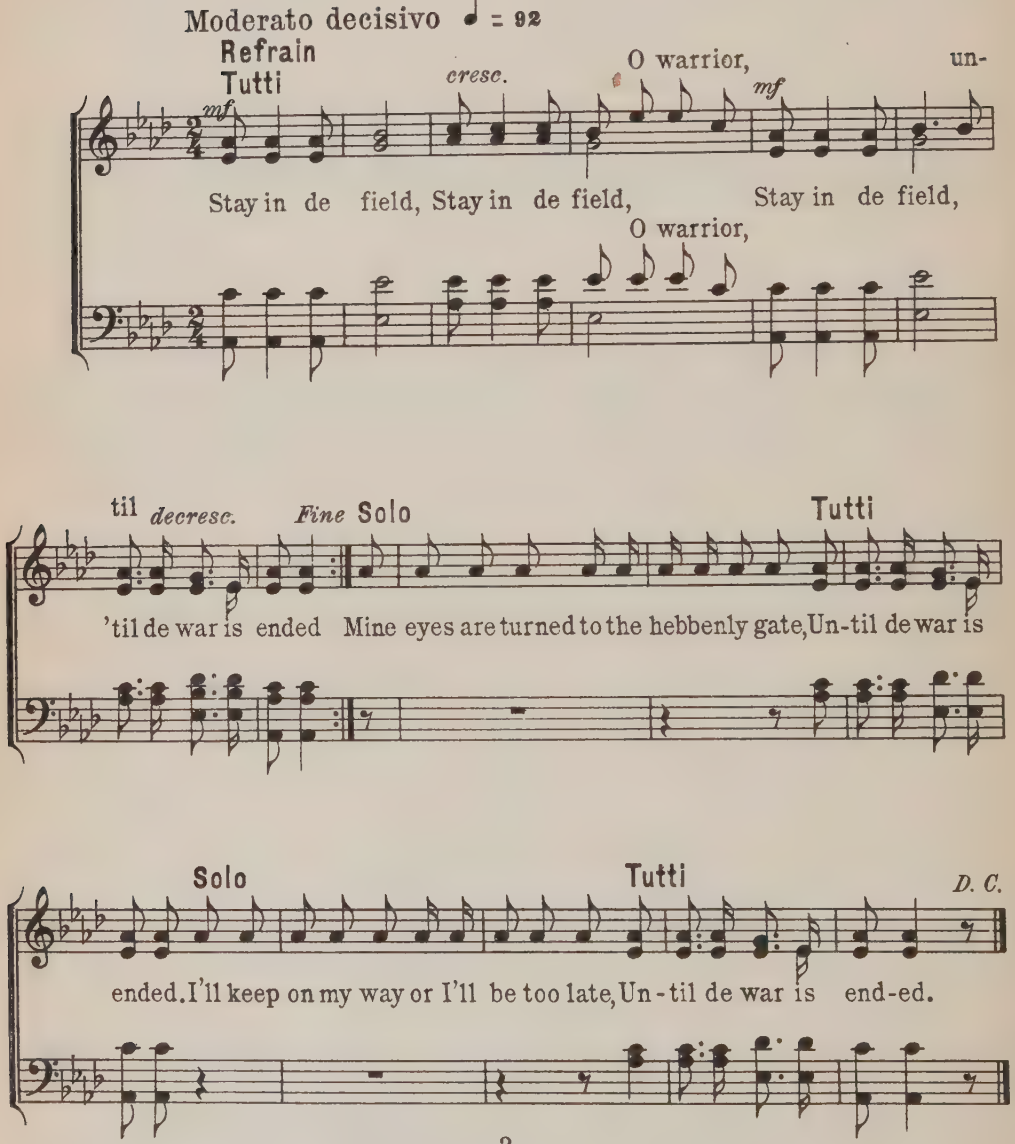
‖: Elder, de Lord has been here, :‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
‖: Deacon, de Lord has been here, :‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
Seek, and ye shall find, etc.

3

‖: Preacher, de Lord has been here, :‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
‖: Class-leader, de Lord has been here, :‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
Seek, and ye shall find, etc.

Hymns of Admonition

Stay in de Field



2

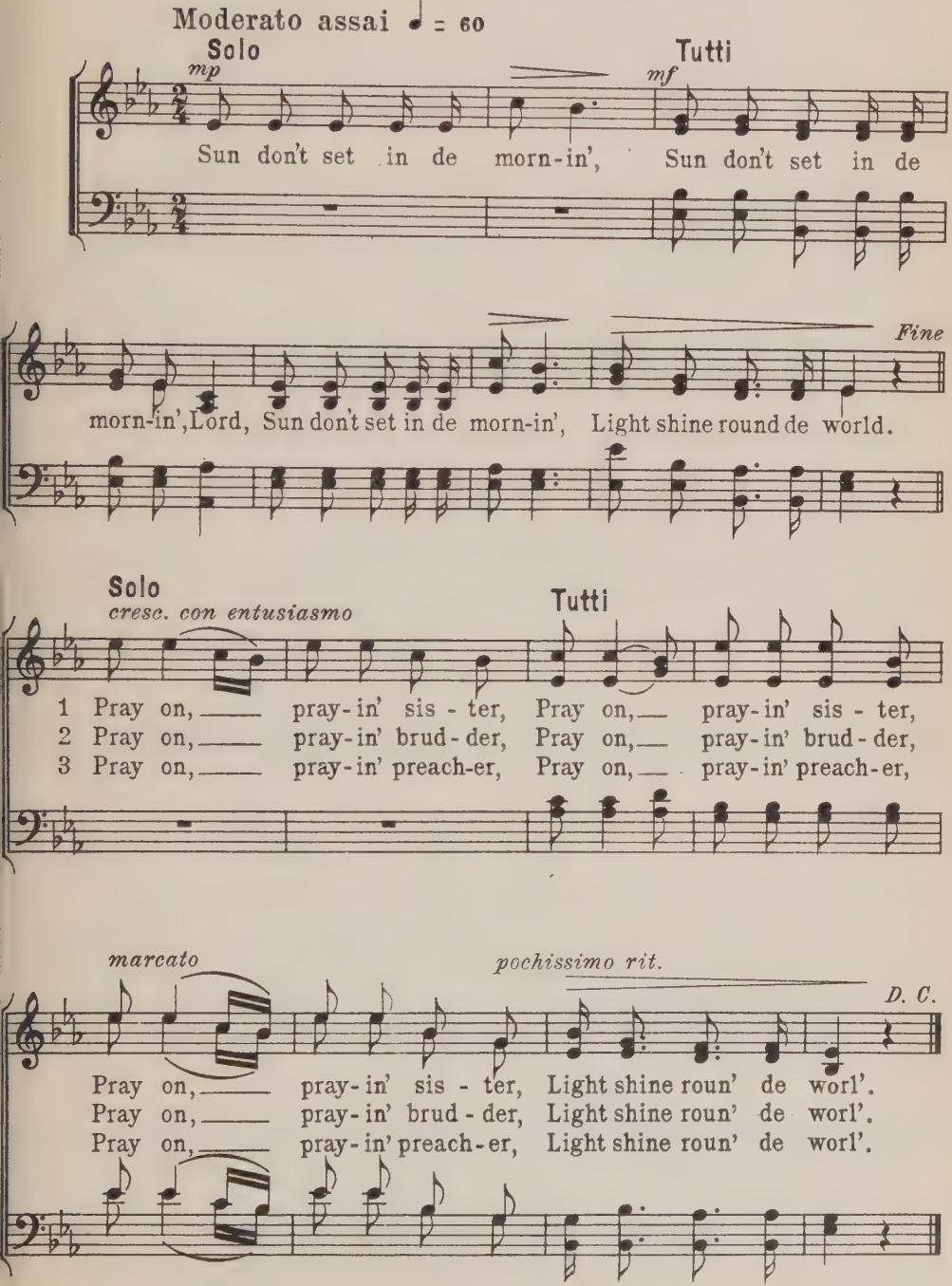
De tallest tree in Paradise, until de war is ended,
De Christian call de Tree of Life, until de war is ended.—*Refrain*

3

Green trees burning, why not de dry? until de war is ended,
My Saviour died, why not I? until de war is ended.—*Refrain*

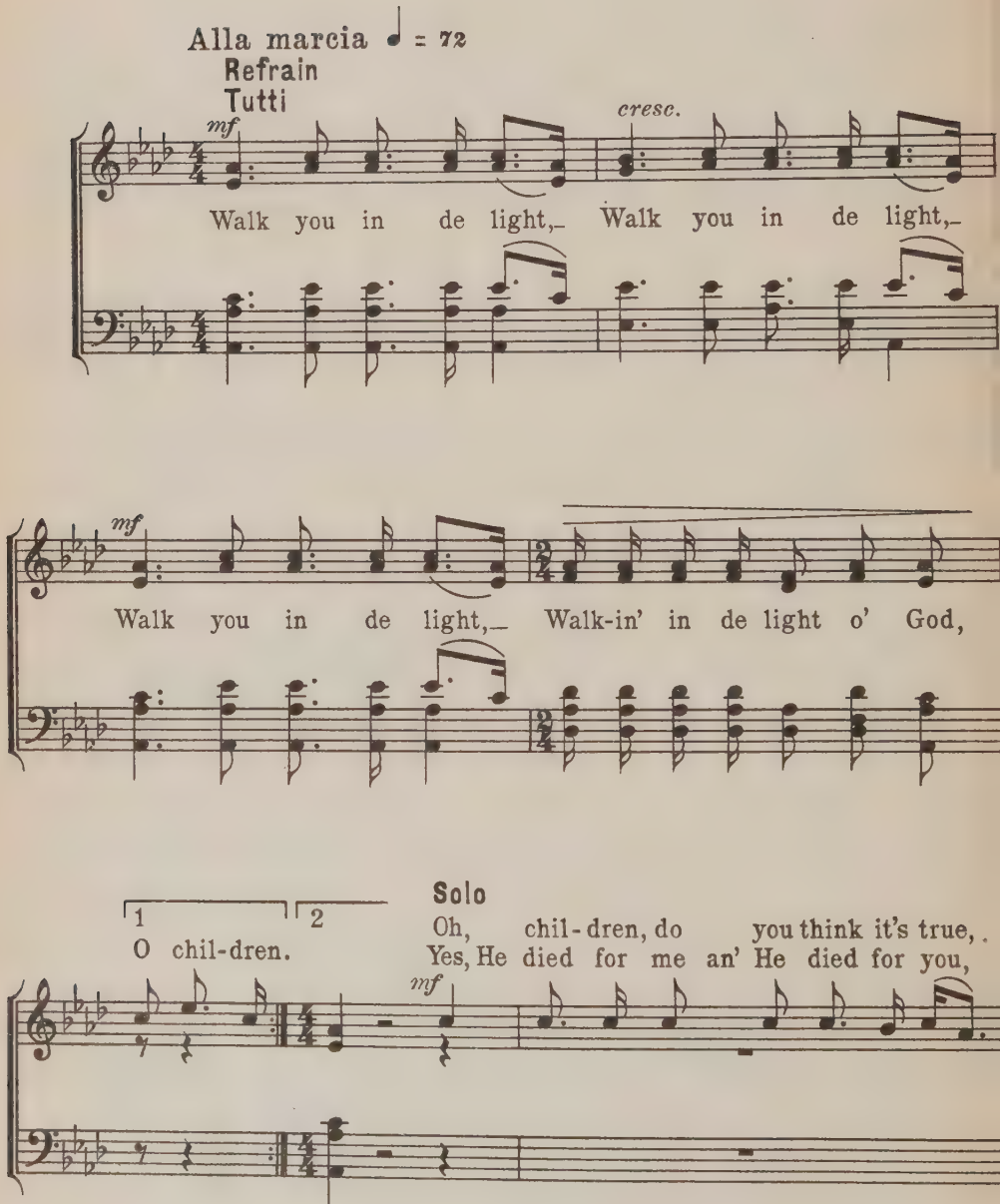
Hymns of Admonition

Sun Don't Set in de Mornin'


Moderato assai ♩ = 60
Solo
mp
Tutti
mf
Sun don't set in de morn-in', Sun don't set in de
Fine
morn-in', Lord, Sun don't set in de morn-in', Light shine round de world.
Solo
cresc. con entusiasmo
Tutti
1 Pray on, pray-in' sis - ter, Pray on, pray-in' sis - ter,
2 Pray on, pray-in' brud - der, Pray on, pray-in' brud - der,
3 Pray on, pray-in' preach-er, Pray on, pray-in' preach-er,
marcato
pochissimo rit.
D. C.
Pray on, pray-in' sis - ter, Light shine roun' de worl'.
Pray on, pray-in' brud - der, Light shine roun' de worl'.
Pray on, pray-in' preach-er, Light shine roun' de worl'.

Hymns of Admonition

Walk You in de Light



Solo
Dat Je - sus Christ did die for you,
For de Ho - ly Bi - ble does say so,
Tutti
mf
mf
Walk-in' in de light o' God,
1
2
D. C. dal Chorus
Oh, chil - dren.
Walk - in' in de light o' God.

2

I think I heard some children say,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat dey nebber heard de'r parents pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, parents, dat is not de way,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
But teach your children to watch an' pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Chorus—Oh, parents, walk you in de light,
Walk you in de light, walk you in de light,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

3

I love to shout, I love to sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
I love to praise my Heavenly King,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, sisters, can't you help me sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
For Moses' sister did help him,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Chorus—Oh, sisters, walk you in de light, etc.

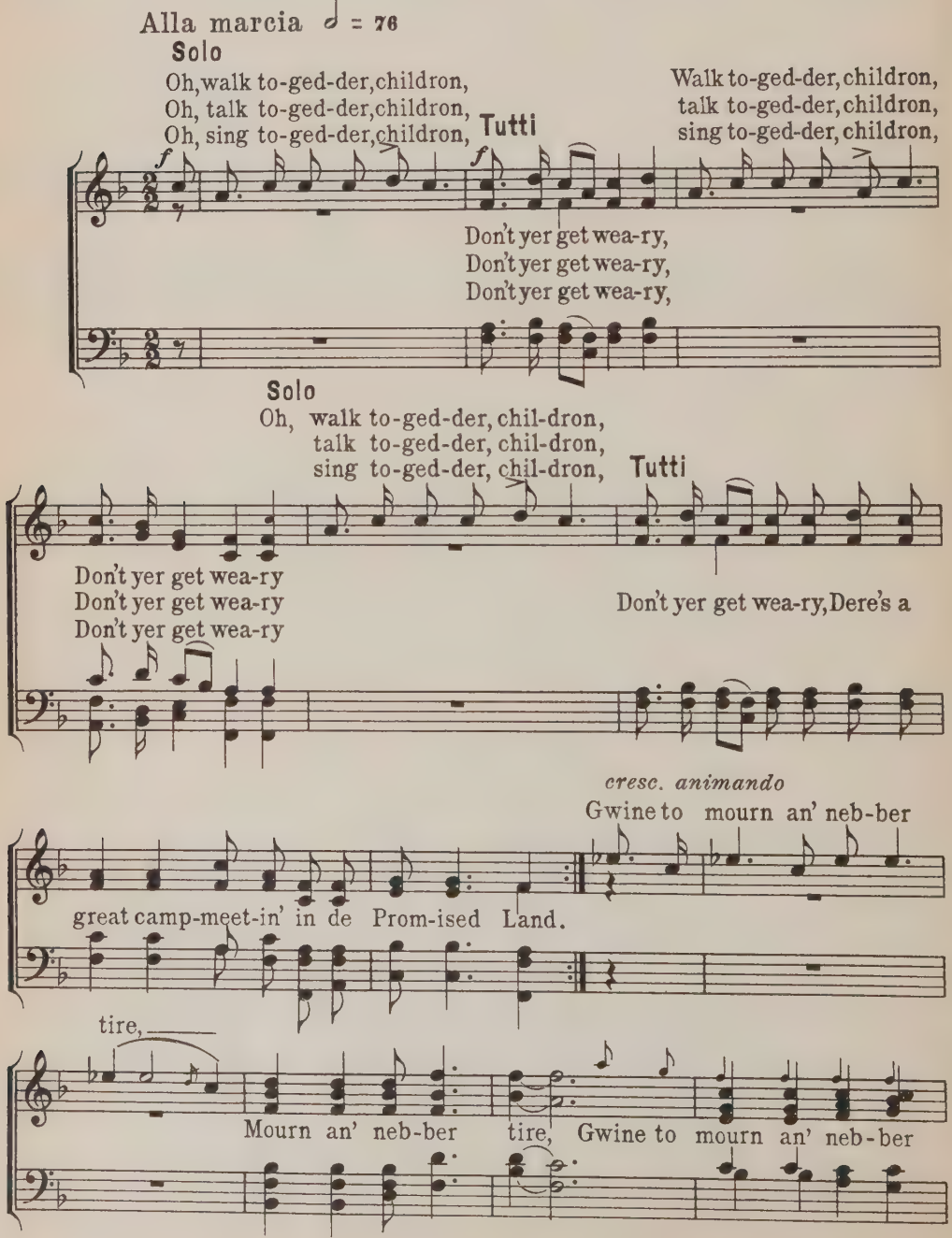
4

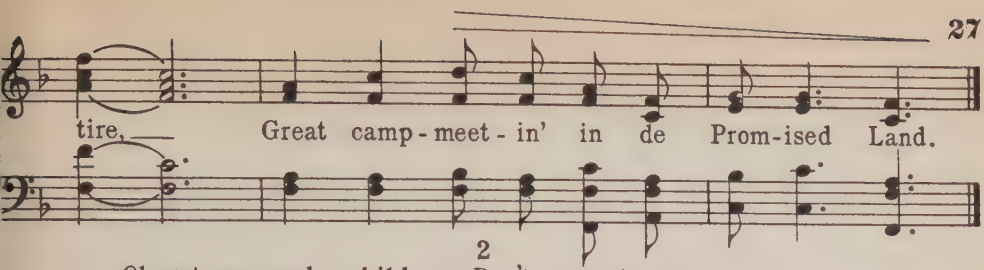
Oh, de heavenly lan' so bright an' fair,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
A very few dat enter dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
For good Elijah did declare,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat nothin' but de righteous shall go dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Chorus—Oh, Christians, walk you in de light, etc.

Hymns of Admonition

Walk Togedder, Childron

This hymn was made by a company of Slaves, who were not allowed to sing or pray anywhere the old master could hear them; and when he died their old mistress looked on them with pity, and granted them the privilege of singing and praying in the cabins at night. Then they sang this hymn, and shouted for joy, and gave God the honor and praise. — *J. B. Towe*





2

Oh, get you ready, children, Don't you get weary,
Get you ready, children, Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
For Jesus is a comin', Don't you get weary,
Jesus is a comin', Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Gwine to hab a happy meetin', Don't you get weary,
Hab a happy meetin', Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Chorus— Gwine to pray an' nebber tire,
Pray an' nebber tire, pray an' nebber tire,
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

3

Gwine to hab it in hebben, Don't you get weary,
Gwine to hab it in hebben, Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Gwine to shout in hebben, Don't you get weary,
Shout in hebben, Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Oh, will you go wid me? Don't you get weary,
Will you go wid me? Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Chorus— Gwine to shout an' nebber tire,
Shout an' nebber tire, shout an' nebber tire,
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

4

Dere's a better day a-comin', Don't you get weary,
Better day a-comin', Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Oh, slap your hands, children, Don't you get weary,
Slap your hands, children, Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Oh, pat your foot, children, Don't you get weary,
Pat your foot, children, Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Chorus— Gwine to live wid God forever,
Live wid God forever, Live wid God forever,
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

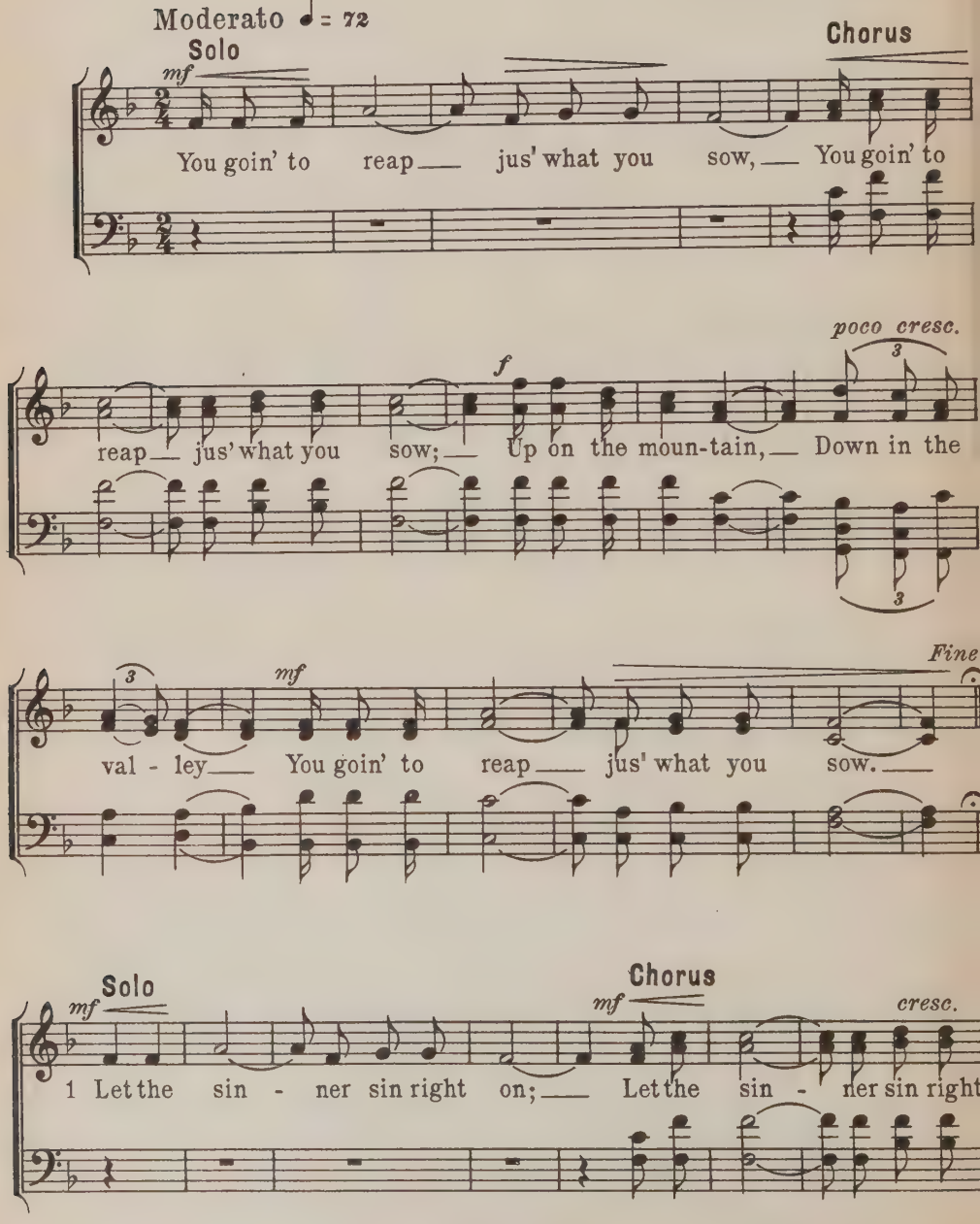
5

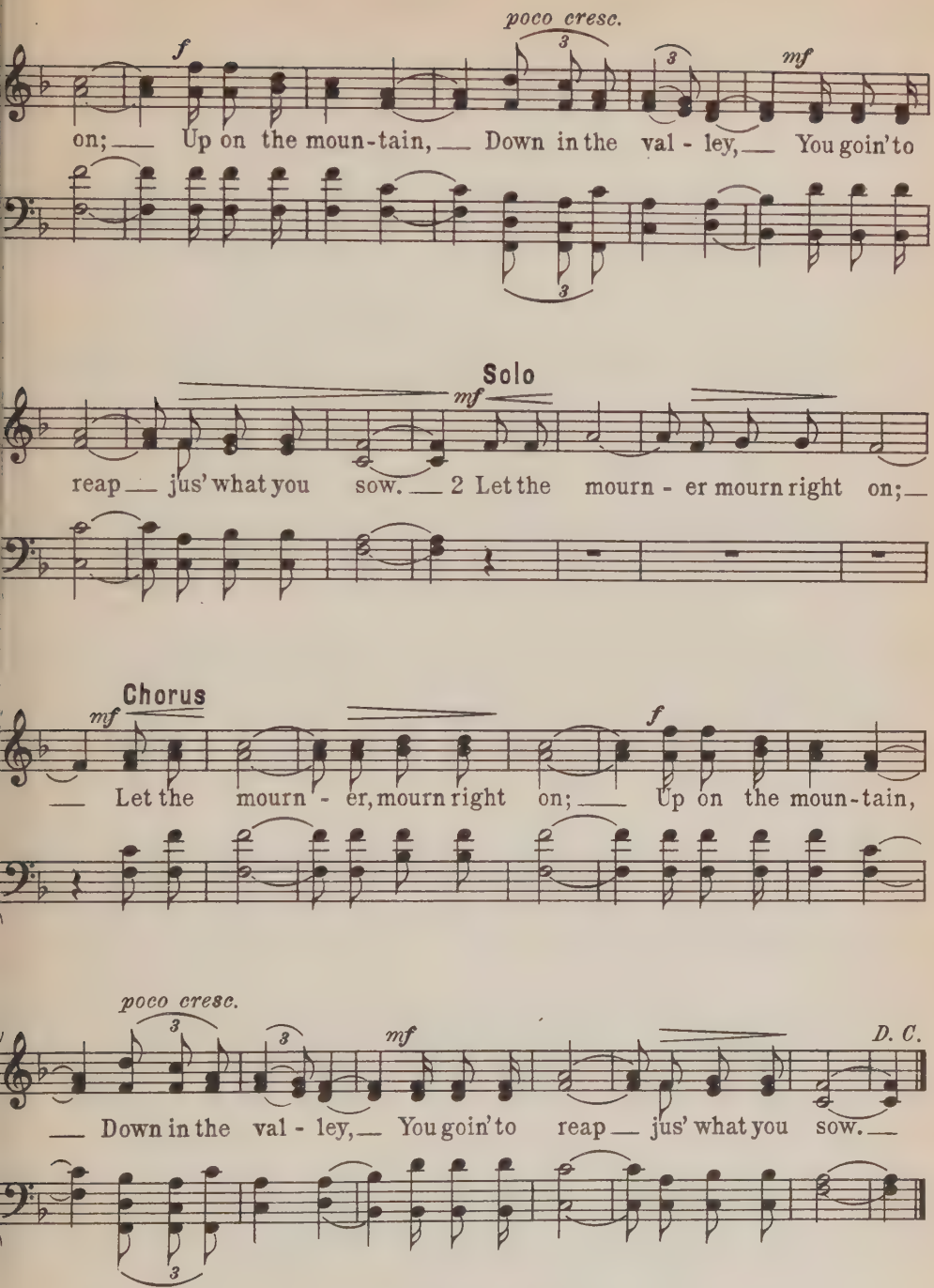
Oh, feel de Spirit a-movin', Don't you get weary,
Feel de Spirit a-movin', Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Oh, now I'm gettin' happy, Don't you get weary,
Now I'm gettin' happy, Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
I feel so happy, Don't you get weary,
Feel so happy, Don't you get weary, *(bis)*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Chorus— Oh, fly an' nebber tire,
Fly an' nebber tire, fly an' nebber tire,
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Hymns of Admonition

You Goin' to Reap Jus' What You Sow

Collected and transcribed by the editor from the singing of the Hampton students led by Paige I. Lancaster




poco cresc.
f
mf
on; Up on the moun-tain, Down in the val - ley, You goin' to
Solo
mf
reap jus' what you sow. 2 Let the mourn - er mourn right on;
Chorus
mf
f
Let the mourn - er, mourn right on; Up on the moun-tain,
poco cresc.
mf
D. C.
Down in the val - ley, You goin' to reap jus' what you sow.

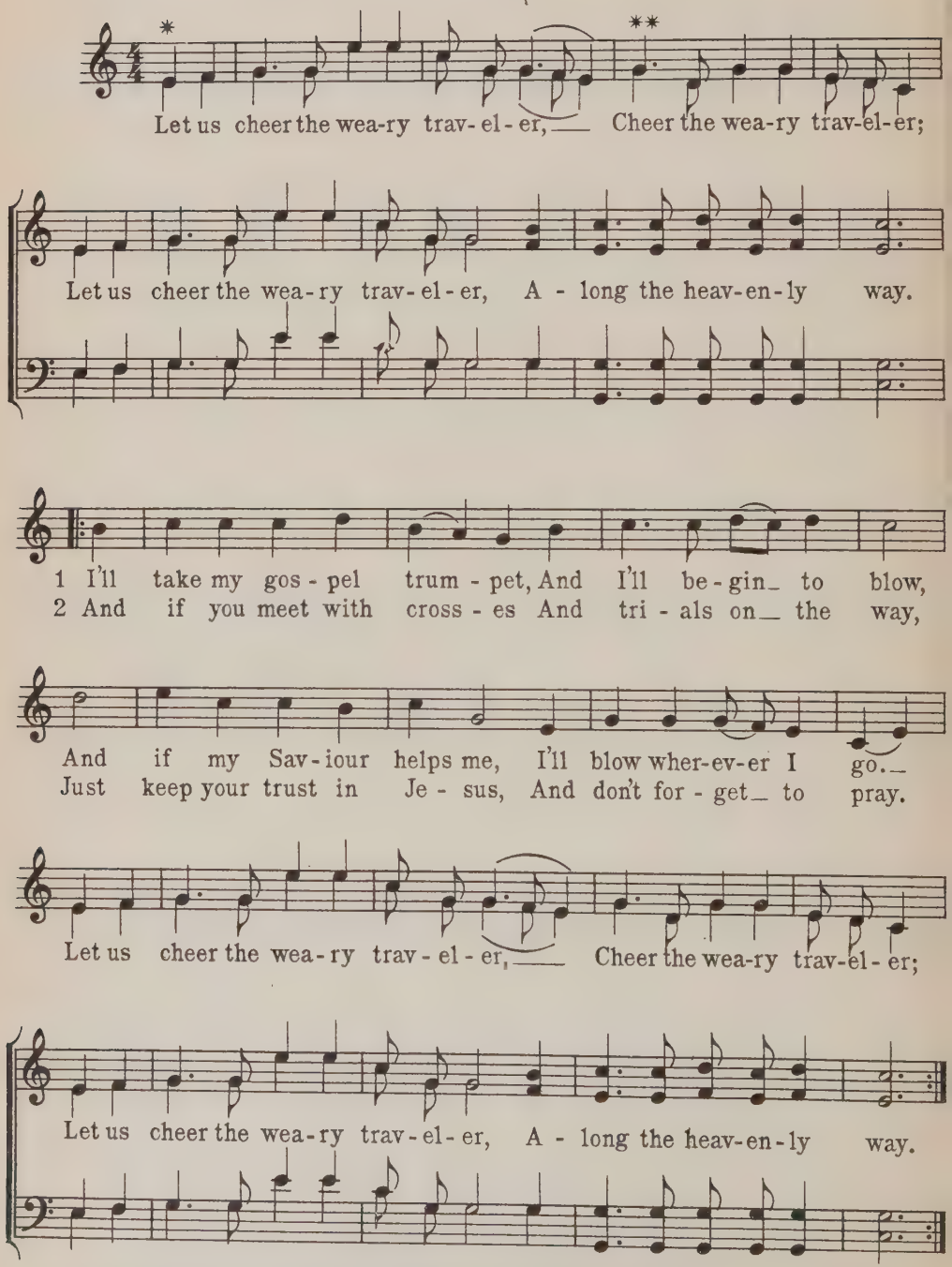
3 Let the deacon plead right on;

4 Let the preacher preach right on;

5 Let the liar lie right on;

Hymns of Admonition

Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler


Let us cheer the wea-ry trav-el-er, Cheer the wea-ry trav-el-er;
Let us cheer the wea-ry trav-el-er, A-long the heav-en-ly way.
1 I'll take my gos-pel trum-pet, And I'll be-gin to blow,
2 And if you meet with cross-es And tri-als on the way,
And if my Sav-iour helps me, I'll blow wher-ev-er I go.
Just keep your trust in Je-sus, And don't for-get to pray.
Let us cheer the wea-ry trav-el-er, Cheer the wea-ry trav-el-er;
Let us cheer the wea-ry trav-el-er, A-long the heav-en-ly way.

*At Hampton Institute the first two and a half measures are sung as a solo by the "leader"; the whole chorus joins in at the point marked.**

Hymns of Aspiration

Don't Leave Me, Lord

2

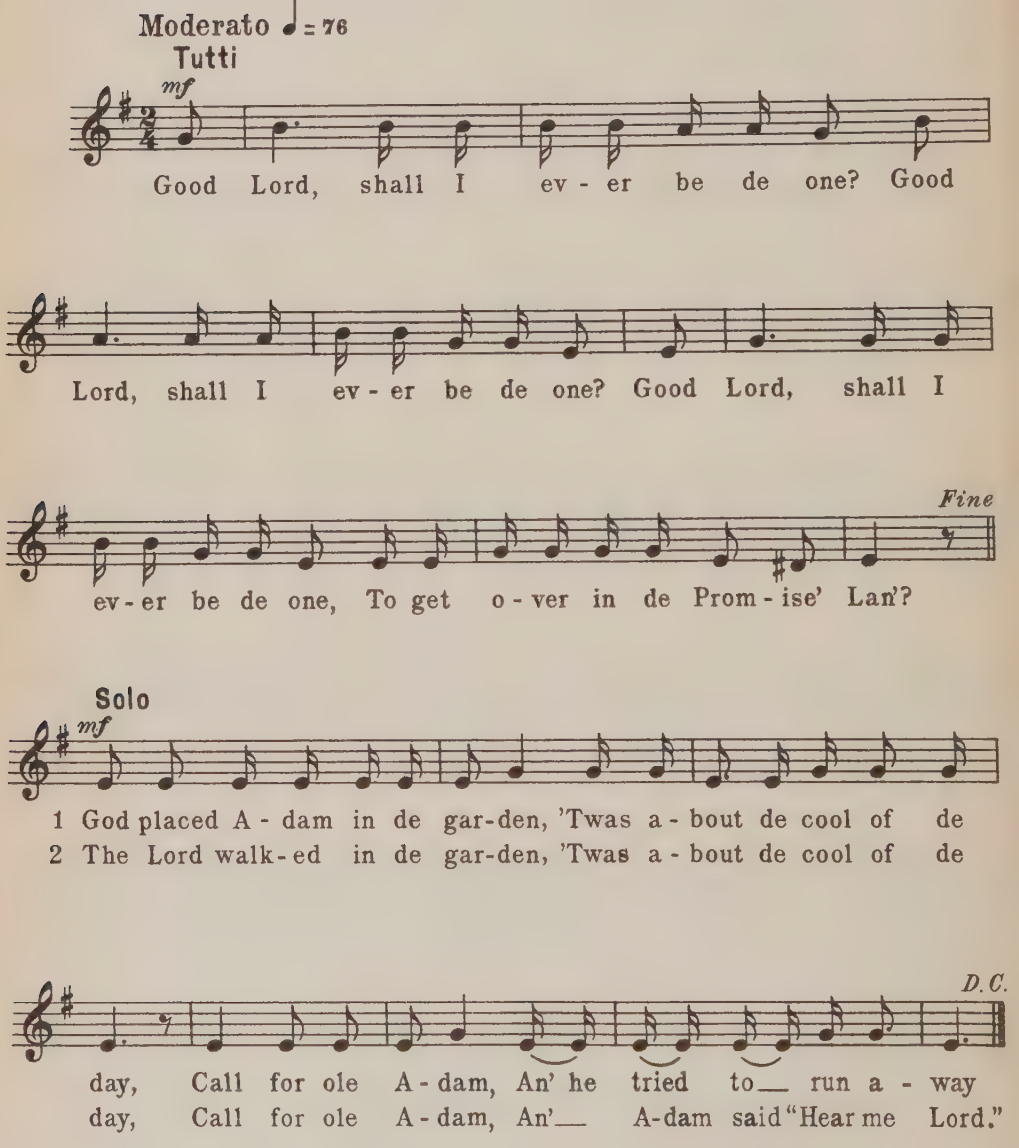
No use talkin' what you gwine t' do,
Don't 'tend t' 'ny my God for you.— *Refrain*

3

I don't wan' t' stumble an' I don't wan' t' stop,
I don't wan' t' be no stumblin' block.— *Refrain*

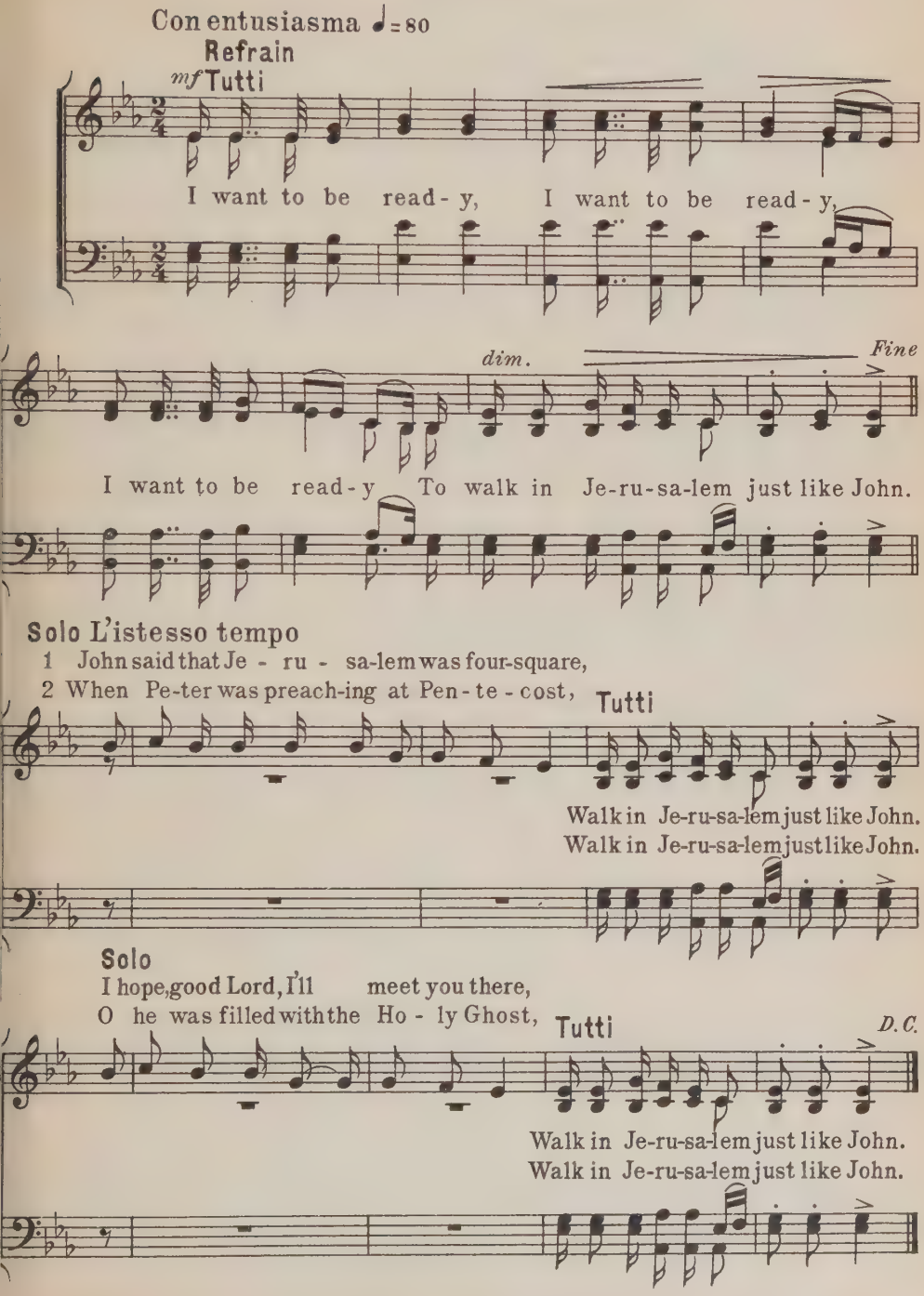
Hymns of Aspiration

Good Lord, Shall I Ever Be de One?


Moderato ♩ = 76
Tutti
mf
Good Lord, shall I ev - er be de one? Good
Lord, shall I ev - er be de one? Good Lord, shall I
Fine
ev - er be de one, To get o - ver in de Prom - ise' Lan'?
Solo
mf
1 God placed A - dam in de gar-den, 'Twas a - bout de cool of de
2 The Lord walk-ed in de gar-den, 'Twas a - bout de cool of de
D.C.
day, Call for ole A - dam, An' he tried to run a - way
day, Call for ole A - dam, An' A-dam said "Hear me Lord."

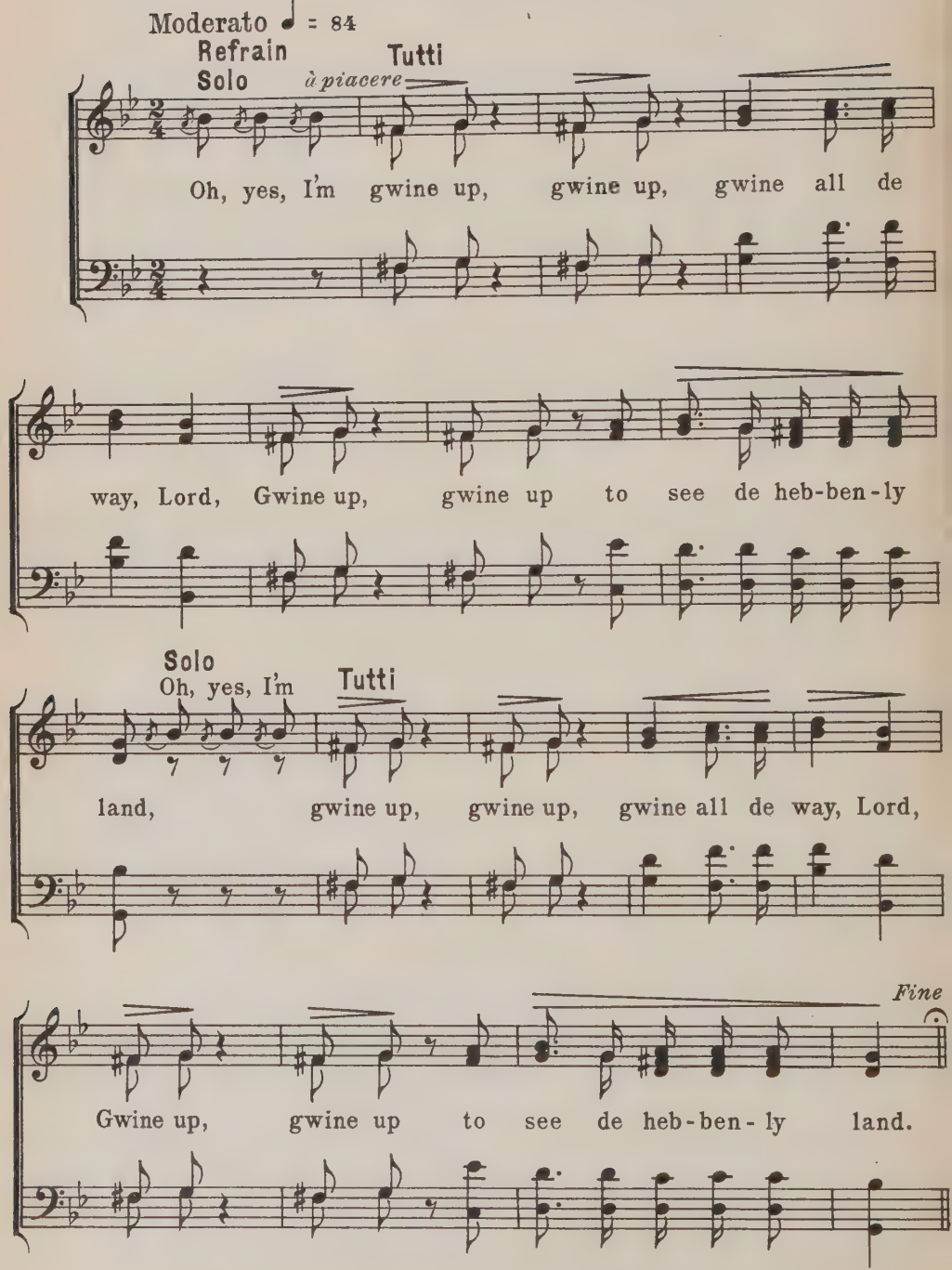
Hymns of Aspiration

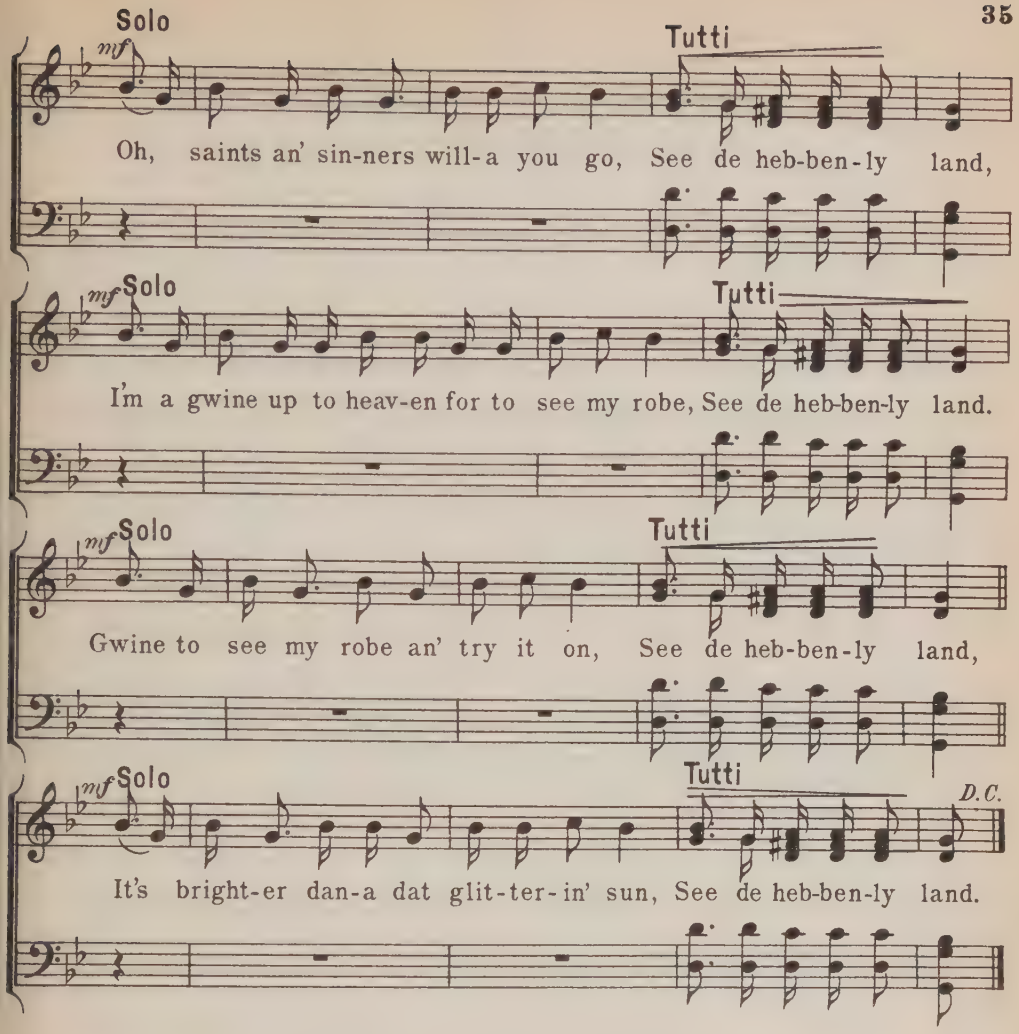
I Want to Be Ready


Con entusiasma ♩=80
Refrain
mf Tutti
I want to be read - y, I want to be read - y,
dim.
Fine
I want to be read - y To walk in Je-ru-sa-lem just like John.
Solo L'istesso tempo
1 John said that Je - ru - sa-lem was four-square,
2 When Pe-ter was preach-ing at Pen - te - cost,
Tutti
Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem just like John.
Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem just like John.
Solo
I hope, good Lord, I'll meet you there,
O he was filled with the Ho - ly Ghost,
Tutti
D.C.
Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem just like John.
Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem just like John.

Hymns of Aspiration

Gwine Up


Moderato ♩ = 84
Refrain
Solo
Tutti
à piacere
Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, gwine up, gwine all de
way, Lord, Gwine up, gwine up to see de heb-ben-ly
Solo
Oh, yes, I'm
Tutti
land, gwine up, gwine up, gwine all de way, Lord,
Fine
Gwine up, gwine up to see de heb-ben-ly land.



2

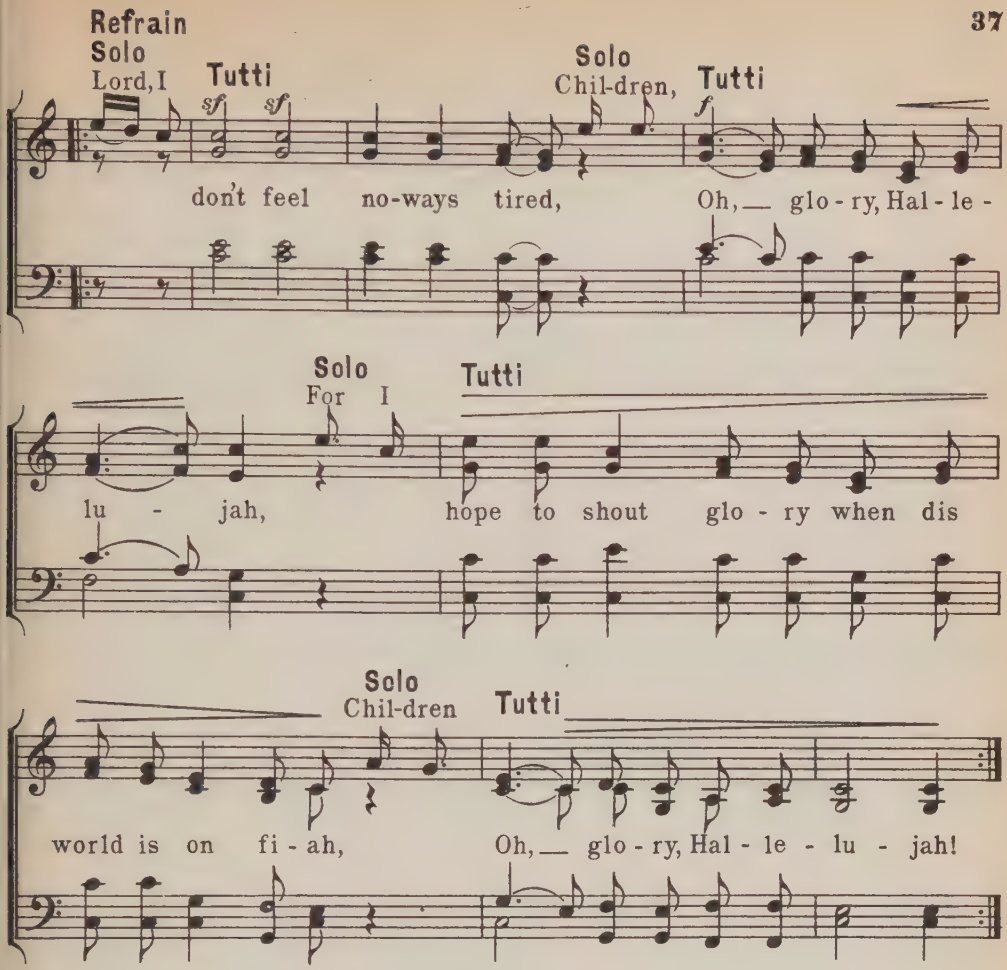
I'm a gwine to keep a-climbin' high—
See de hebbenly land;
Till I meet dem-er angels in-a de sky—
See de hebbenly lan'.
Dem pooty angels I shall see—
See de hebbenly lan';
Why don't de debbil let-a me be—
See de hebbenly lan'.
Refrain—Oh yes, I'm gwine up, etc.

3

I tell you what I like-a de best—
See de hebbenly lan';
It is dem a-shoutin' Methodess—
See de hebbenly lan';
We shout so loud de debbil look—
See de hebbenly lan';
An' he gets away wid his cluvven foot—
See de hebbenly lan'.
Refrain—Oh yes, I'm gwine up, etc.

Hymns of Aspiration

I Am Seekin' for a City



2

We will trabbel on together, Hallelujah, (*bis*)
Gwine to war agin de debbel, Hallelujah, (*bis*)
Gwine to pull down Satan's kingdom, Hallelujah, (*bis*)
Gwine to build up de walls o' Zion, Hallelujah. (*bis*)
Chorus.— Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, etc.

3

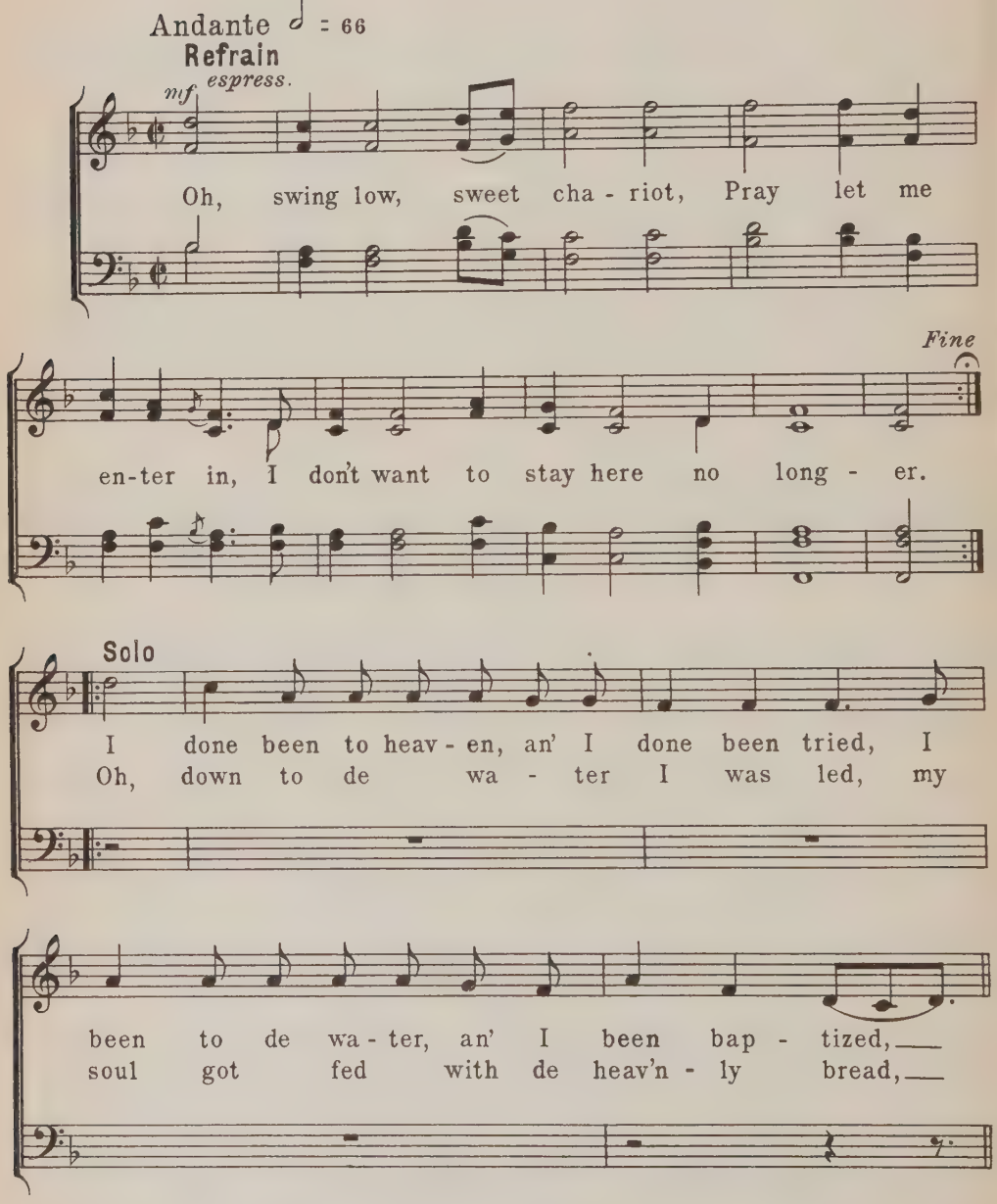
Dere is a better day a-comin', Hallelujah, (*bis*)
When I leave dis world o' sorrer, Hallelujah, (*bis*)
For to jine de holy number, Hallelujah, (*bis*)
Den we'll talk de trouble ober, Hallelujah. (*bis*)
Chorus.— Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, etc.

4

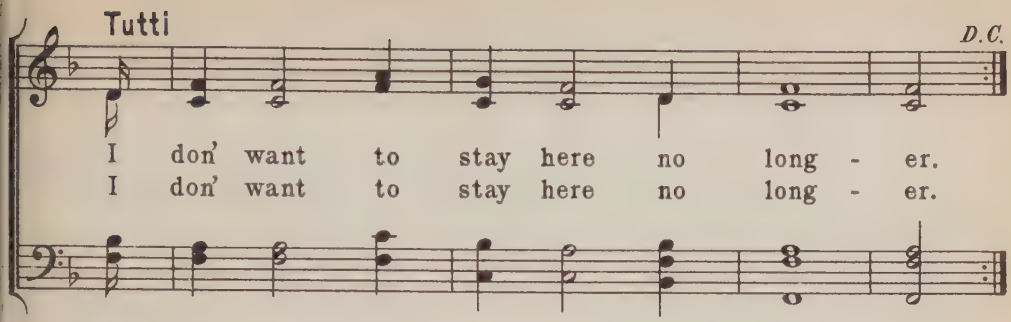
Gwine to walk about in Zion, Hallelujah, (*bis*)
Gwine to talk-a wid de angels, Hallelujah, (*bis*)
Gwine to tell God 'bout my crosses, Hallelujah, (*bis*)
Gwine to reign wid Him foreber, Hallelujah. (*bis*)
Chorus.— Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, etc.

Hymns of Aspiration

I Don't Want to Stay Here No Longer*


Andante ♩ = 66
Refrain
mf espress.
Oh, swing low, sweet cha - riot, Pray let me
Fine
en-ter in, I don't want to stay here no long - er.
Solo
I done been to heav - en, an' I done been tried, I
been to de wa - ter, an' I been bap - tized,
Oh, down to de wa - ter I was led, my
soul got fed with de heav'n - ly bread,

* Also known as "The Danville Chariot" — Editor



2

I had a little book, an' I read it through,
I got my Jesus as well as you;
I don' want to stay here no longer;
Oh, I got a mother in de promised land,
I hope my mother will feed dem lambs;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
Chorus— Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, etc.

3

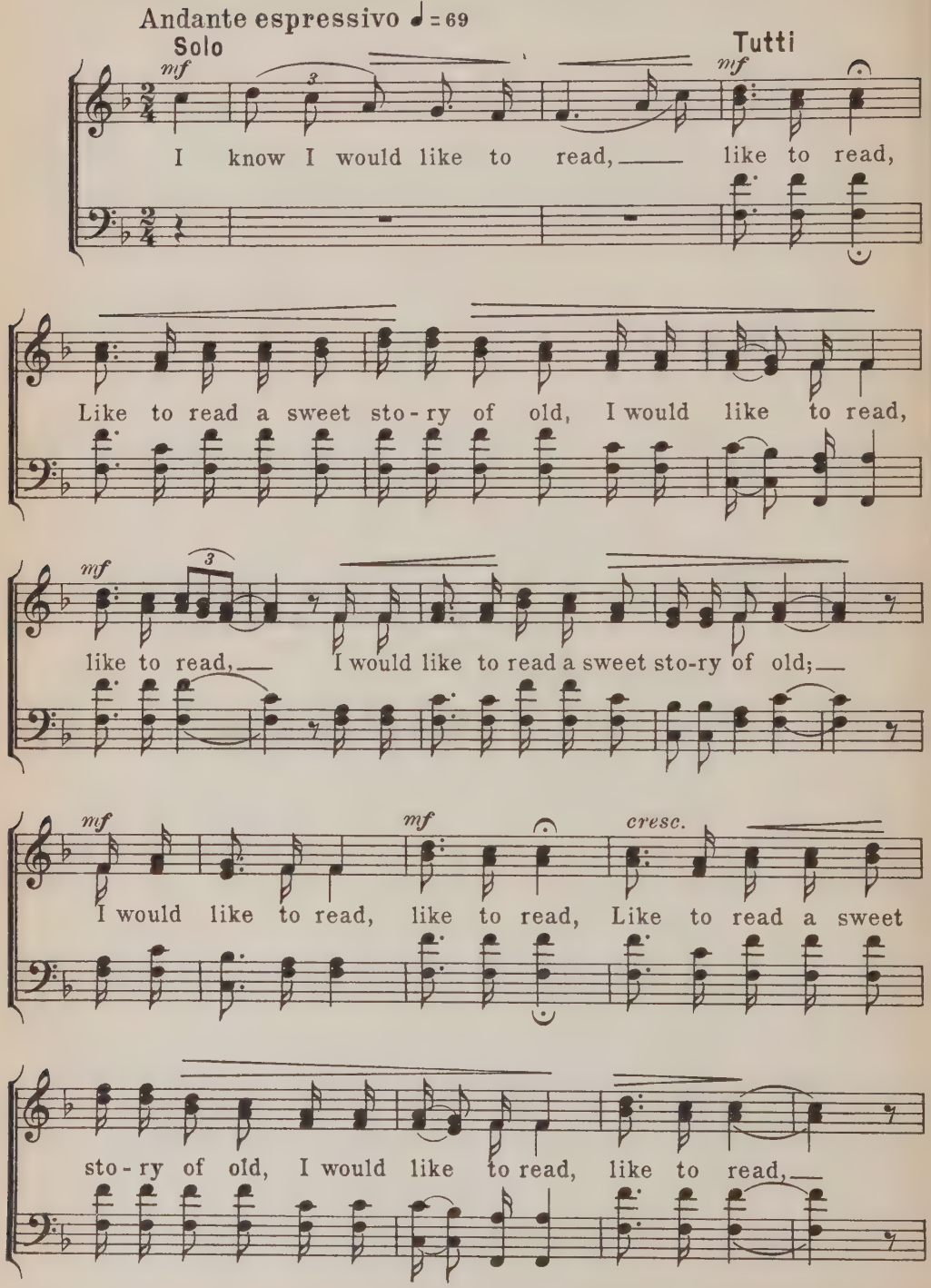
Oh, some go to church for to holler an' shout,
Before six months dey're all turned out;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
Oh, some go to church for to laugh an' talk,
But dey knows nothin' 'bout dat Christian walk;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
Chorus— Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, etc.

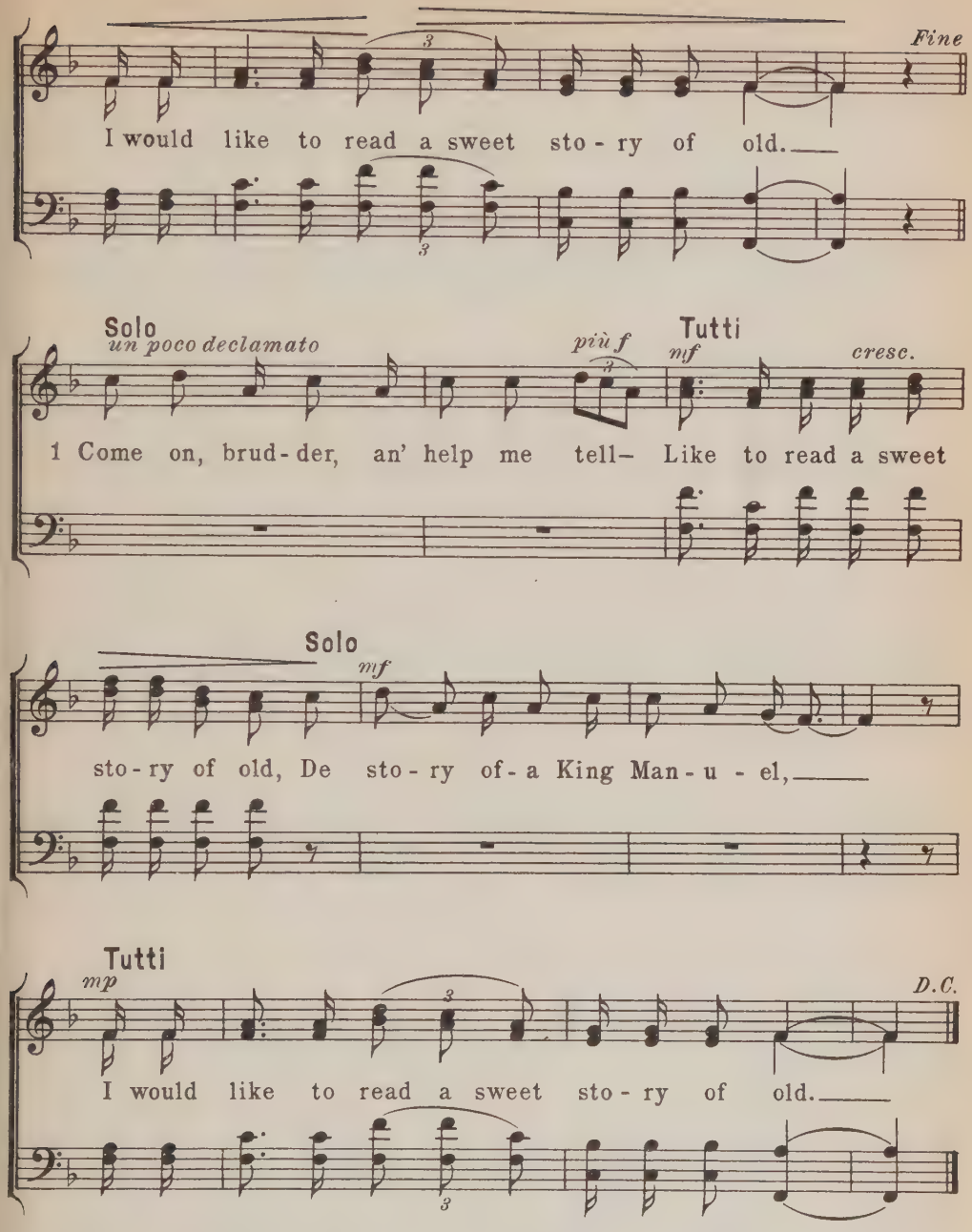
4

Oh, shout, shout, de deb'l is about;
Oh, shut your do' an' keep him out;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
For he is so much-a like-a snake-a in de grass,
Ef you don' mind he will get you at las',
I don' want to stay here no longer.
Chorus— Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, etc.

Hymns of Aspiration

I Would Like to Read


Andante espressivo ♩ = 69
Solo
Tutti
mf
I know I would like to read, like to read,
Like to read a sweet sto-ry of old, I would like to read,
like to read, I would like to read a sweet sto-ry of old;
cresc.
I would like to read, like to read, Like to read a sweet
sto-ry of old, I would like to read, like to read,


Fine
I would like to read a sweet sto - ry of old.
Solo
un poco declamato
più f
Tutti
mf
cresc.
1 Come on, brud - der, an' help me tell– Like to read a sweet
Solo
mf
sto - ry of old, De sto - ry of - a King Man - u - el,
Tutti
mp
D.C.
I would like to read a sweet sto - ry of old.

2

If ebber I get up on de other sho',
Like to read a sweet story of old,
By de grace of God I'll come here no mo',
I would like to read a sweet story of old.

Refrain

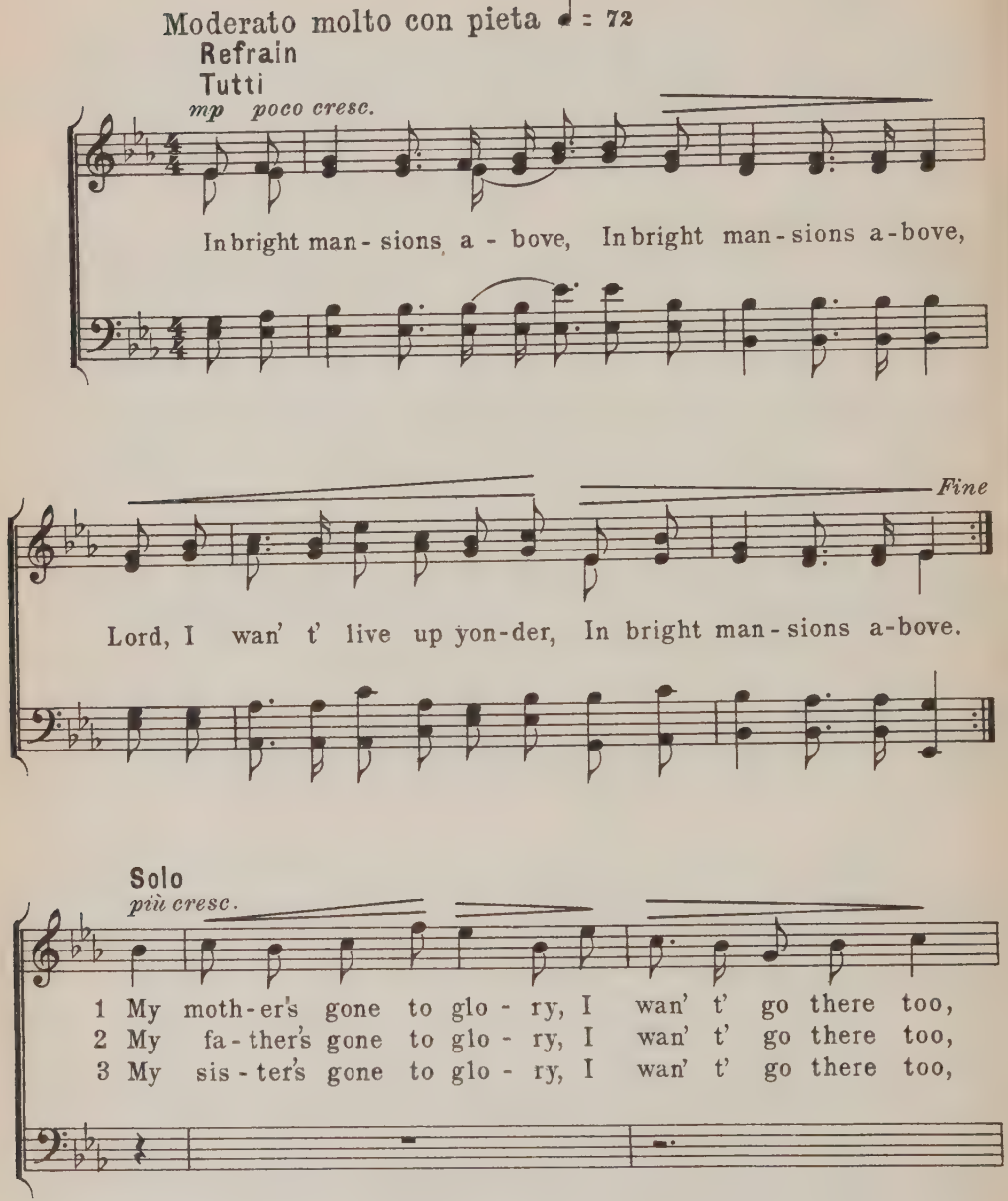
3

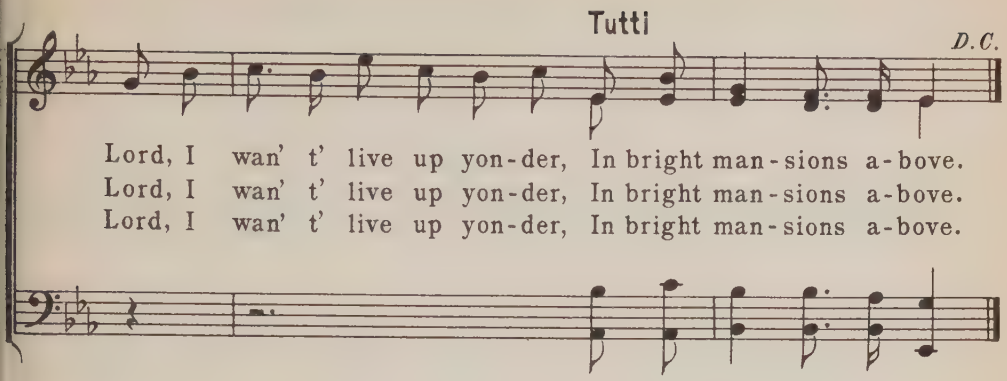
I des wan' to get up on de mountain top,
Like to read a sweet story of old,
I'll praise my God an' nebber stop,
I would like to read a sweet story of old.

Refrain

Hymns of Aspiration

In Bright Mansions Above


Moderato molto con pieta ♩ = 72
Refrain
Tutti
mp poco cresc.
In bright man - sions a - bove, In bright man - sions a - bove,
Fine
Lord, I wan' t' live up yon-der, In bright man - sions a-bove.
Solo
più cresc.
1 My moth-er's gone to glo - ry, I wan' t' go there too,
2 My fa - ther's gone to glo - ry, I wan' t' go there too,
3 My sis - ter's gone to glo - ry, I wan' t' go there too,


Tutti
D.C.
Lord, I wan' t' live up yon-der, In bright man-sions a-bove.
Lord, I wan' t' live up yon-der, In bright man-sions a-bove.
Lord, I wan' t' live up yon-der, In bright man-sions a-bove.

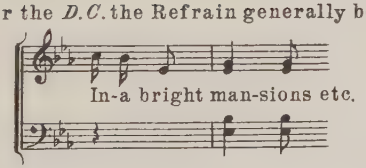
4

My brother's gone to glory,
I wan' t' go there too, Lord,
I wan' t' live up yonder,
In bright mansions above.

5

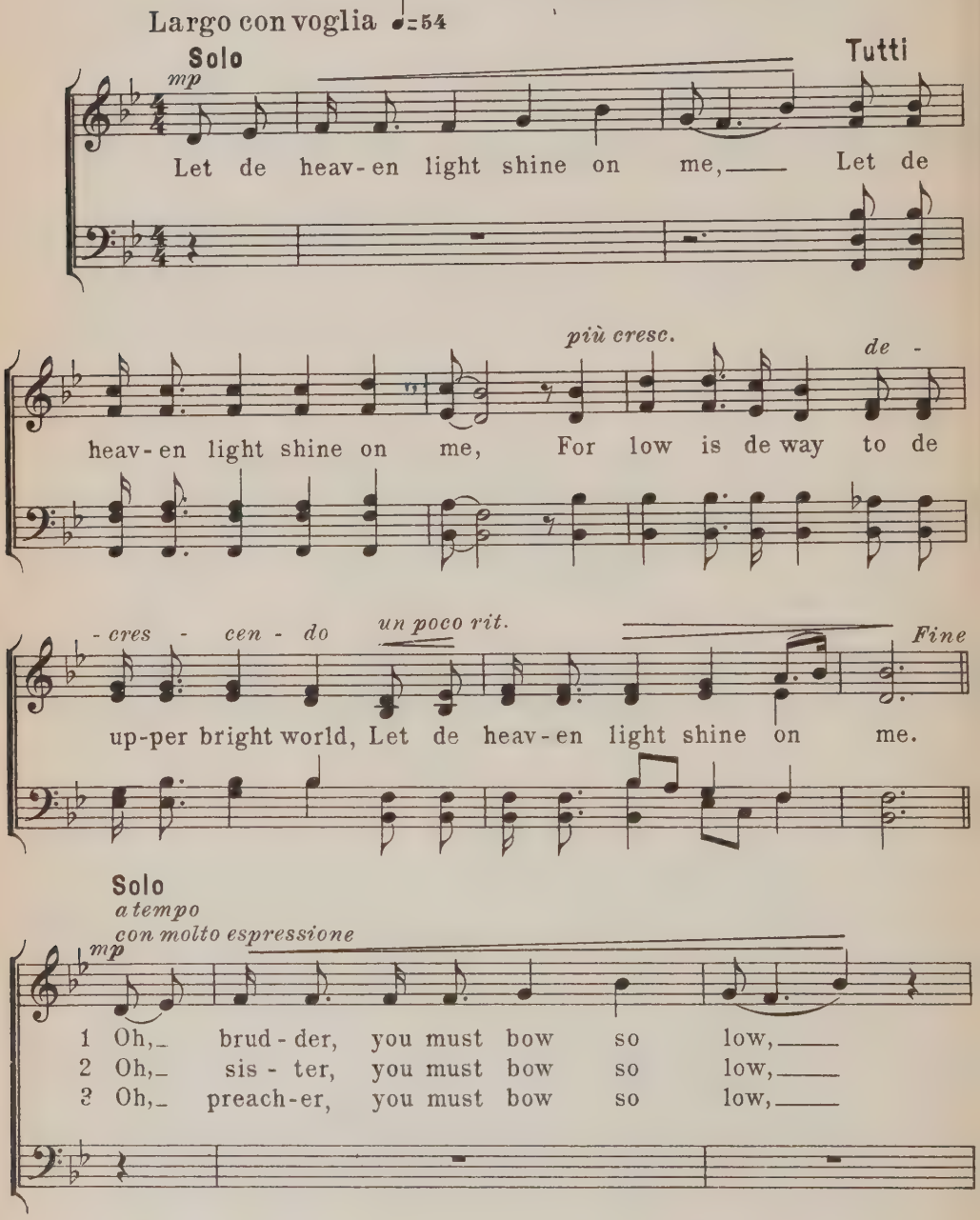
My Saviour's gone to glory,
I wan' t' go there too, Lord,
I wan' t' live up yonder,
In bright mansions above.

N. B. After the *D. C.* the Refrain generally begins thus



Hymns of Aspiration

Let de Heaven Light Shine on Me


Largo con voglia ♩=54
Solo
mp
Tutti
Let de heav-en light shine on me, Let de
più cresc.
de -
heav-en light shine on me, For low is de way to de
- cres - cen - do
un poco rit.
Fine
up-per bright world, Let de heav-en light shine on me.
Solo
a tempo
con molto espressione
mp
1 Oh, brud-der, you must bow so low,
2 Oh, sis-ter, you must bow so low,
3 Oh, preach-er, you must bow so low,

Tutti
mf subito
più cresc.
de -
Brud-der, you must bow so low, For low is de way to de
Sis - ter, you must bow so low, For low is de way to de
Preach-er, you must bow so low, For low is de way to de
- cres - - cen - do
un poco rit.
D.C.
up-per bright world, Let de heav - en light shine on me.
up-per bright world, Let de heav - en light shine on me.
up-per bright world, Let de heav - en light shine on me.

4

Class leader, you must bow so low,
Class leader, you must bow so low,
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de heaven light shine on me.
Chorus—Let de heaven light shine on me, etc.

5

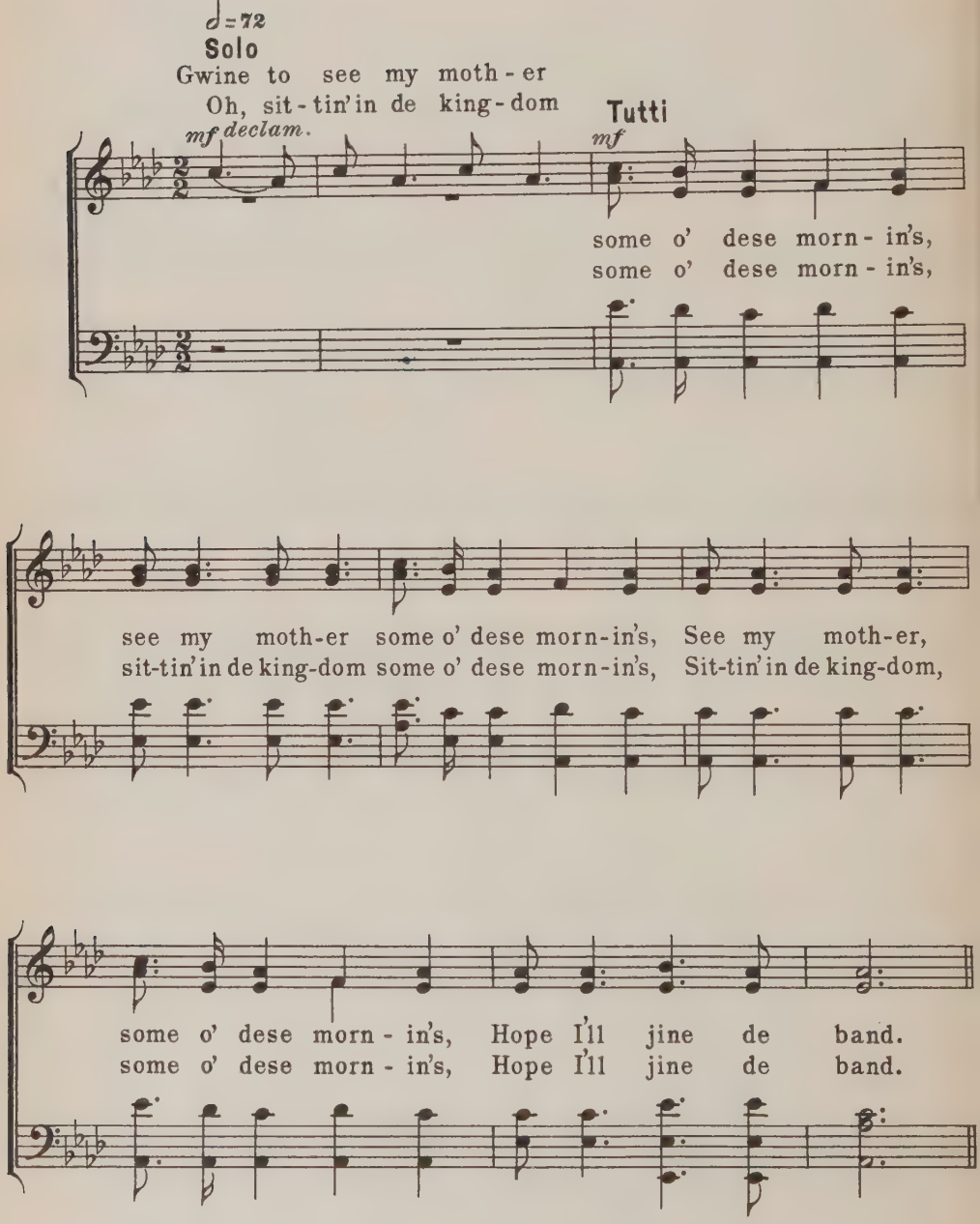
Oh, elder, you must bow so low,
Elder, you must bow so low,
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de heaven light shine on me.
Chorus—Let de heaven light shine on me, etc.

6

Oh, deacon, you must bow so low,
Deacon, you must bow so low,
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de heaven light shine on me.
Chorus—Let de heaven light shine on me, etc.

Hymns of Aspiration

Look Away


♩=72
Solo
Gwine to see my moth-er
Oh, sit-tin' in de king-dom
mf declam.
Tutti
mf
some o' dese morn-in's,
some o' dese morn-in's,
see my moth-er some o' dese morn-in's, See my moth-er,
sit-tin' in de king-dom some o' dese morn-in's, Sit-tin' in de king-dom,
some o' dese morn-in's, Hope I'll jine de band.
some o' dese morn-in's, Hope I'll jine de band.

Refrain ♩ = 80

TENOR I: Look a - way in de heav - en, Look a -

TENOR II / TENOR III: Look a - way in de heav - en,

TENOR IV: Look a - way in de heav - en, Look a -

SOPRANO / ALTO: Look a - way in de heav - en,

BASS: Look a-way in de heav - en,

way in de heav-en, Look a-way in de

Look a - way in de heav-en, in de

way in de heav-en, Look a-way in de

Look a - way in de heav-en, in de

Look a-way in de heav-en, Look a-way in de

heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-way in de

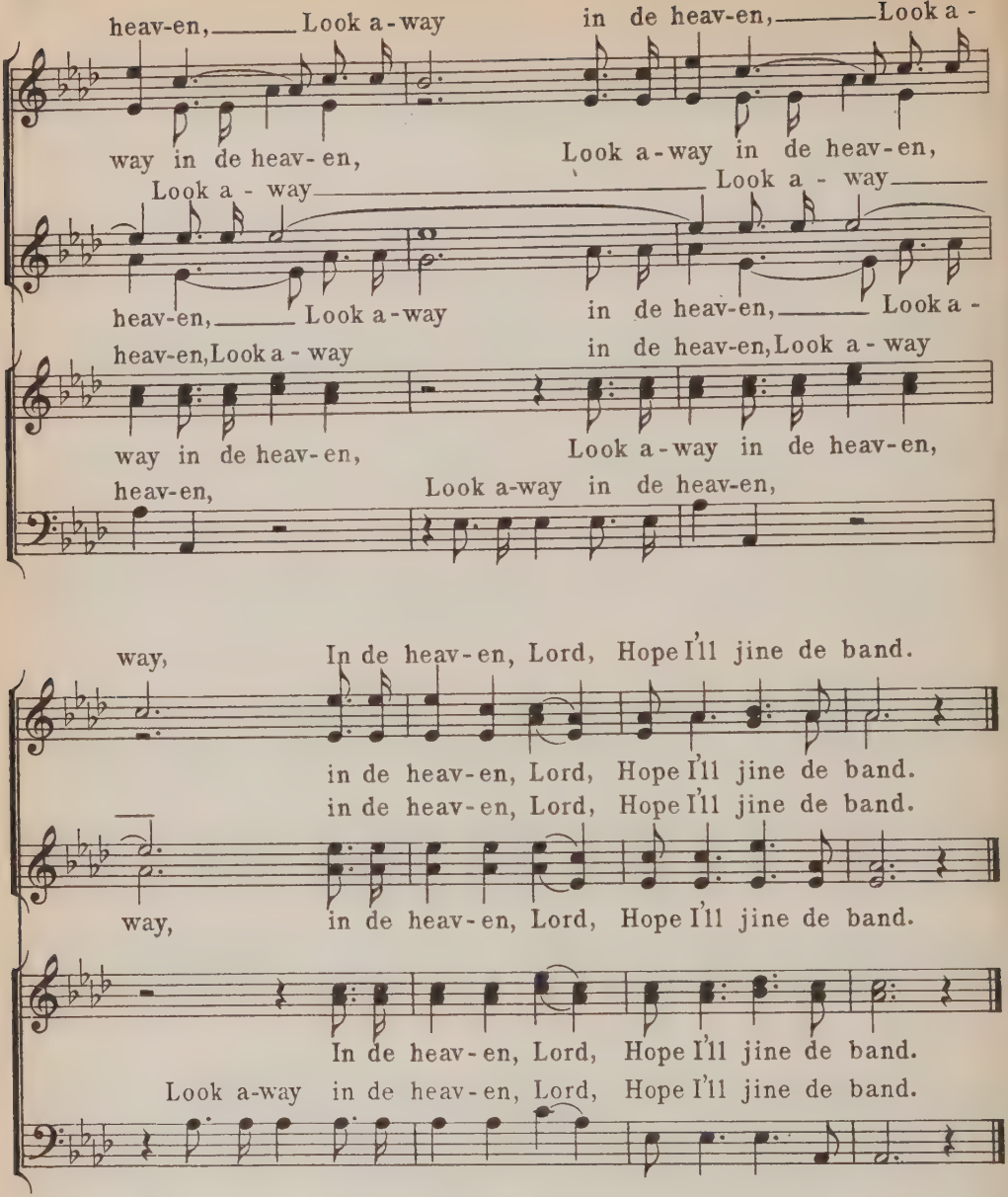
heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-

Look a - way

heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-way in de

heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-

heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-way in de


heav-en, Look a-way in de heav-en, Look a-
way in de heav-en, Look a-way in de heav-en,
Look a - way Look a - way
heav-en, Look a-way in de heav-en, Look a-
heav-en, Look a - way in de heav-en, Look a - way
way in de heav-en, Look a-way in de heav-en,
heav-en, Look a-way in de heav-en,
way, In de heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.
in de heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.
in de heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.
way, in de heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.
In de heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.
Look a-way in de heav-en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band.

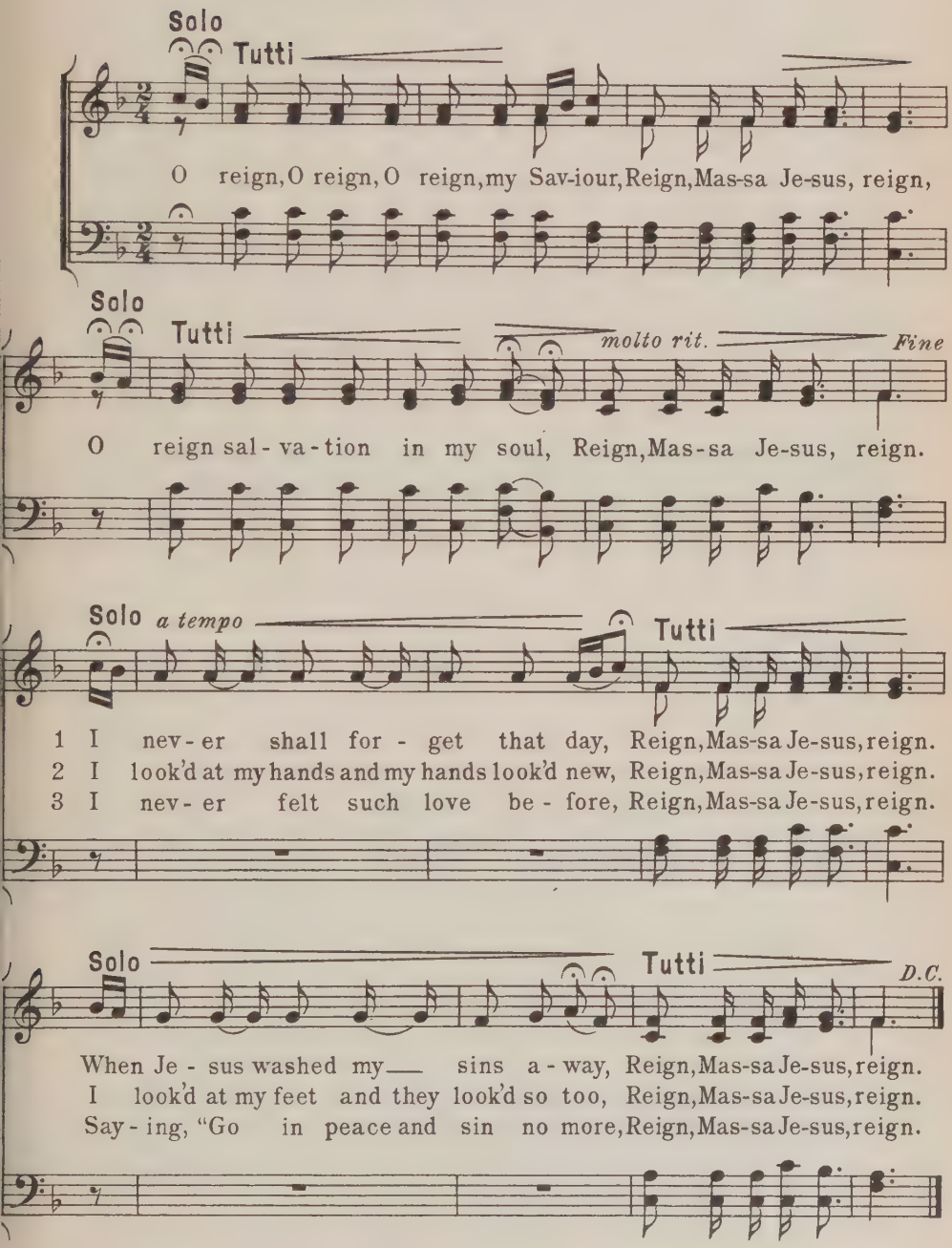
2
Gwine to see my brother some o' dese mornin's,
Oh, shouting in de heaven some o' dese mornin's,

3
Gwine to walk about in Zion some o' dese mornin's,
Gwine to talk-a with de angels some o' dese mornin's,

4
Gwine to talk de trouble ober some o' dese mornin's,
Gwine to see my Jesus some o' dese mornin's,

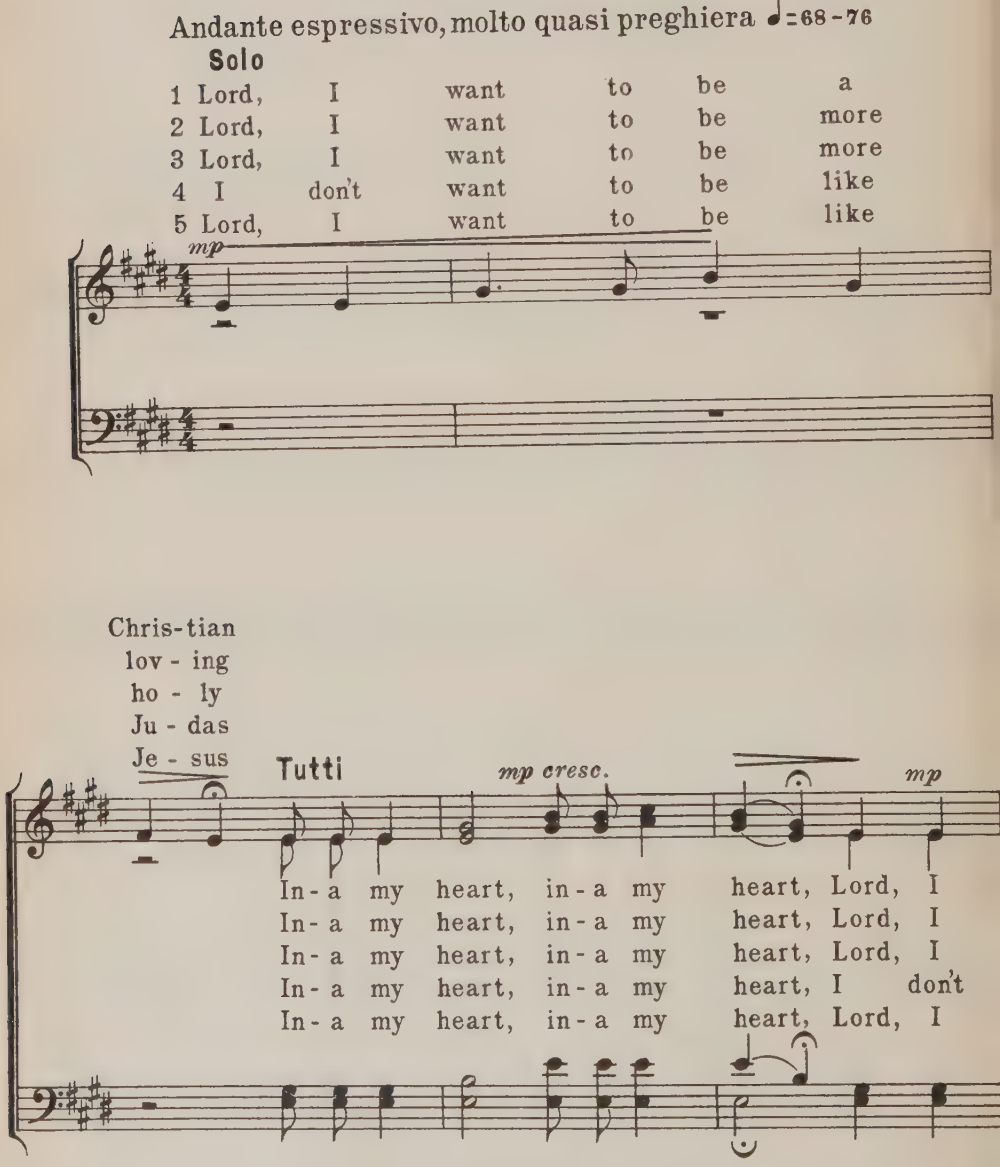
Hymns of Aspiration

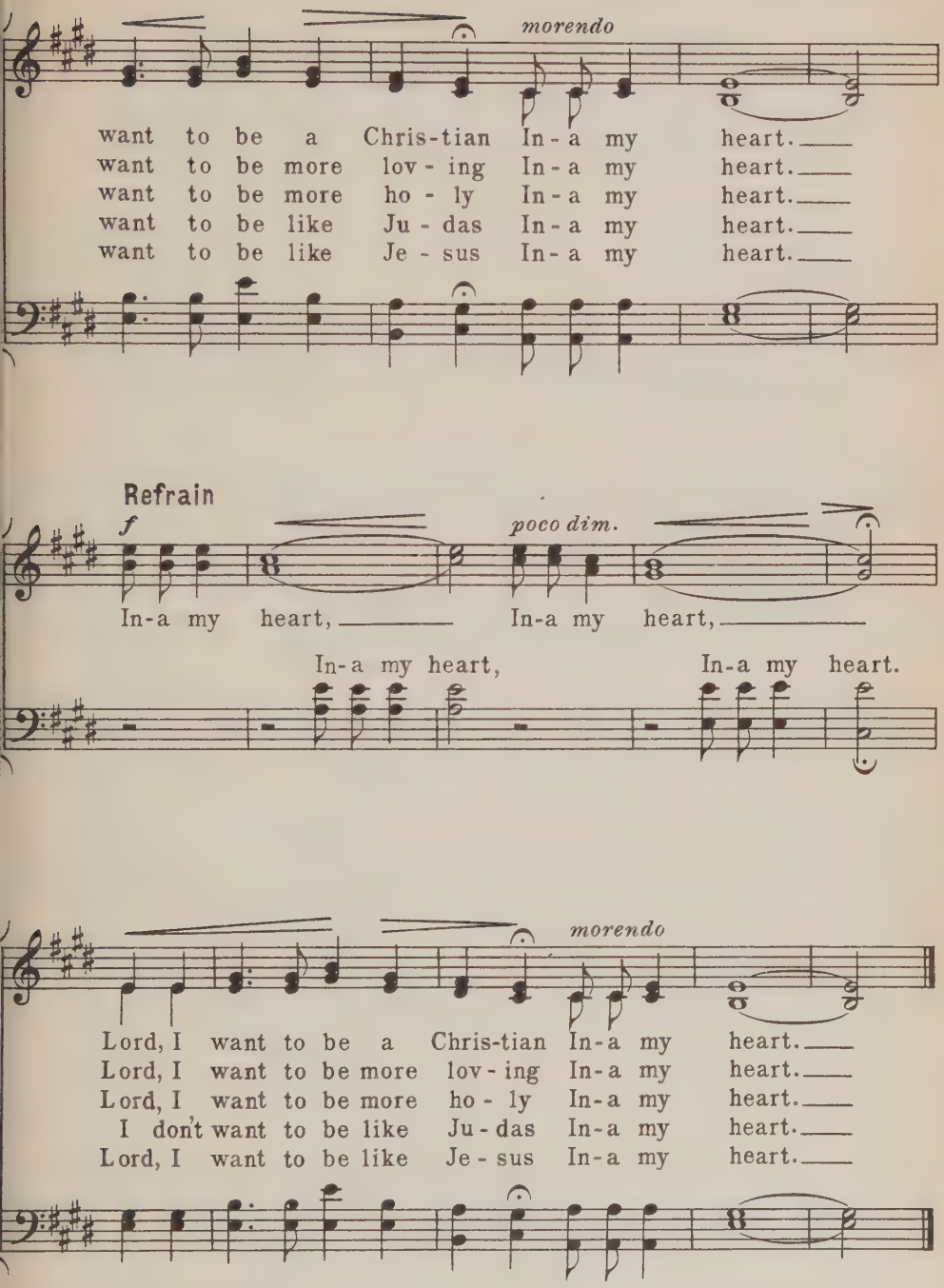
Reign, Massa Jesus


Solo
Tutti
O reign, O reign, O reign, my Sav-iour, Reign, Mas-sa Je-sus, reign,
Solo
Tutti
molto rit.
Fine
O reign sal-va-tion in my soul, Reign, Mas-sa Je-sus, reign.
Solo
a tempo
Tutti
1 I nev-er shall for-get that day, Reign, Mas-sa Je-sus, reign.
2 I look'd at my hands and my hands look'd new, Reign, Mas-sa Je-sus, reign.
3 I nev-er felt such love be-fore, Reign, Mas-sa Je-sus, reign.
Solo
Tutti
D.C.
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way, Reign, Mas-sa Je-sus, reign.
I look'd at my feet and they look'd so too, Reign, Mas-sa Je-sus, reign.
Say-ing, "Go in peace and sin no more, Reign, Mas-sa Je-sus, reign.

Hymns of Aspiration

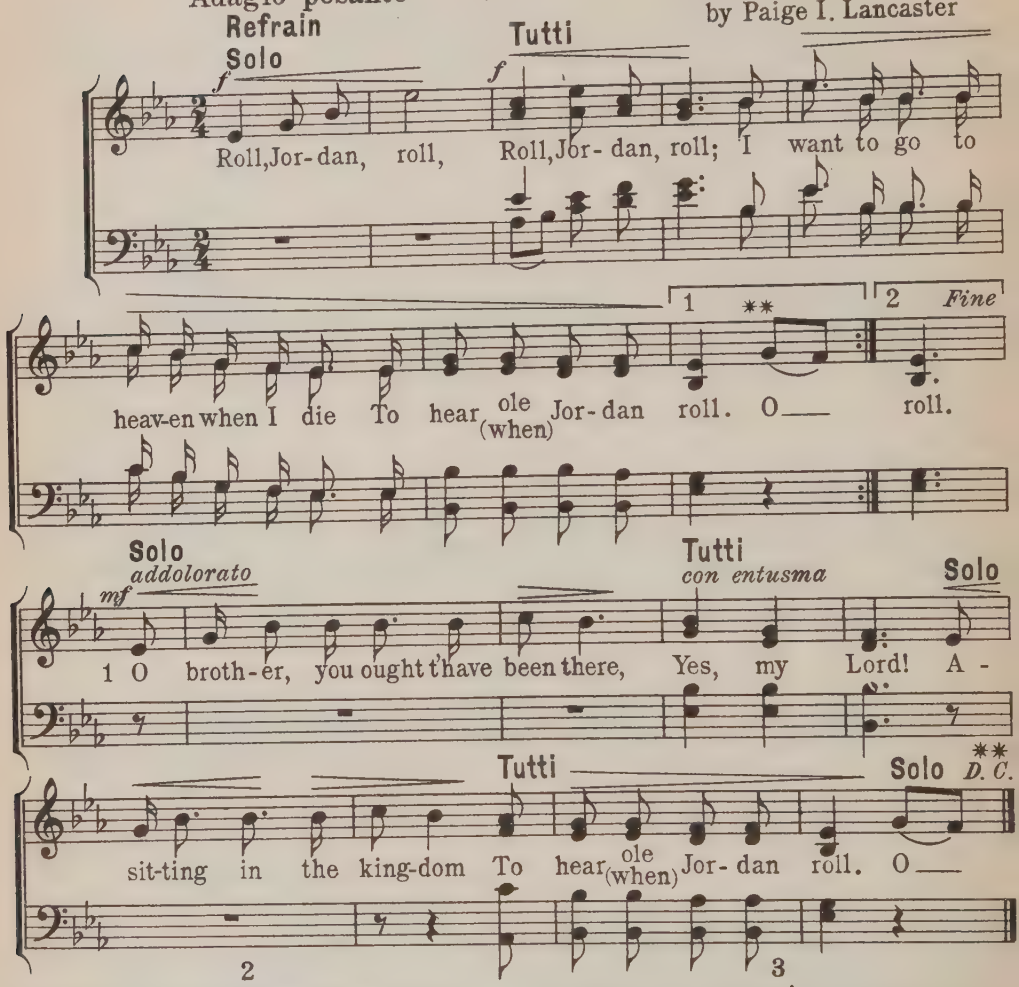
Lord, I Want to Be a Christian


Andante espressivo, molto quasi preghiera ♩=68-76
Solo
1 Lord, I want to be a
2 Lord, I want to be more
3 Lord, I want to be more
4 I don't want to be like
5 Lord, I want to be like
mp
Chris-tian
lov - ing
ho - ly
Ju - das
Je - sus
Tutti
mp cresc.
mp
In - a my heart, in - a my heart, Lord, I
In - a my heart, in - a my heart, Lord, I
In - a my heart, in - a my heart, Lord, I
In - a my heart, in - a my heart, I don't
In - a my heart, in - a my heart, Lord, I


morendo
want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart.
want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart.
want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart.
want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart.
want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart.
Refrain
f
poco dim.
In-a my heart, In-a my heart,
In-a my heart, In-a my heart.
morendo
Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart.
I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart.

Roll, Jordan, Roll*

Collected and transcribed by the editor from the singing of the Hampton students led by Paige I. Lancaster



2

O sister, you ought t'have been there,
Yes, my Lord!
A-sitting in the kingdom
To hear ole (when) Jordan roll.
Refrain

3

O preacher, you ought t'have been there,
Yes, my Lord!
A-sitting in the kingdom
To hear ole (when) Jordan roll.
Refrain

4

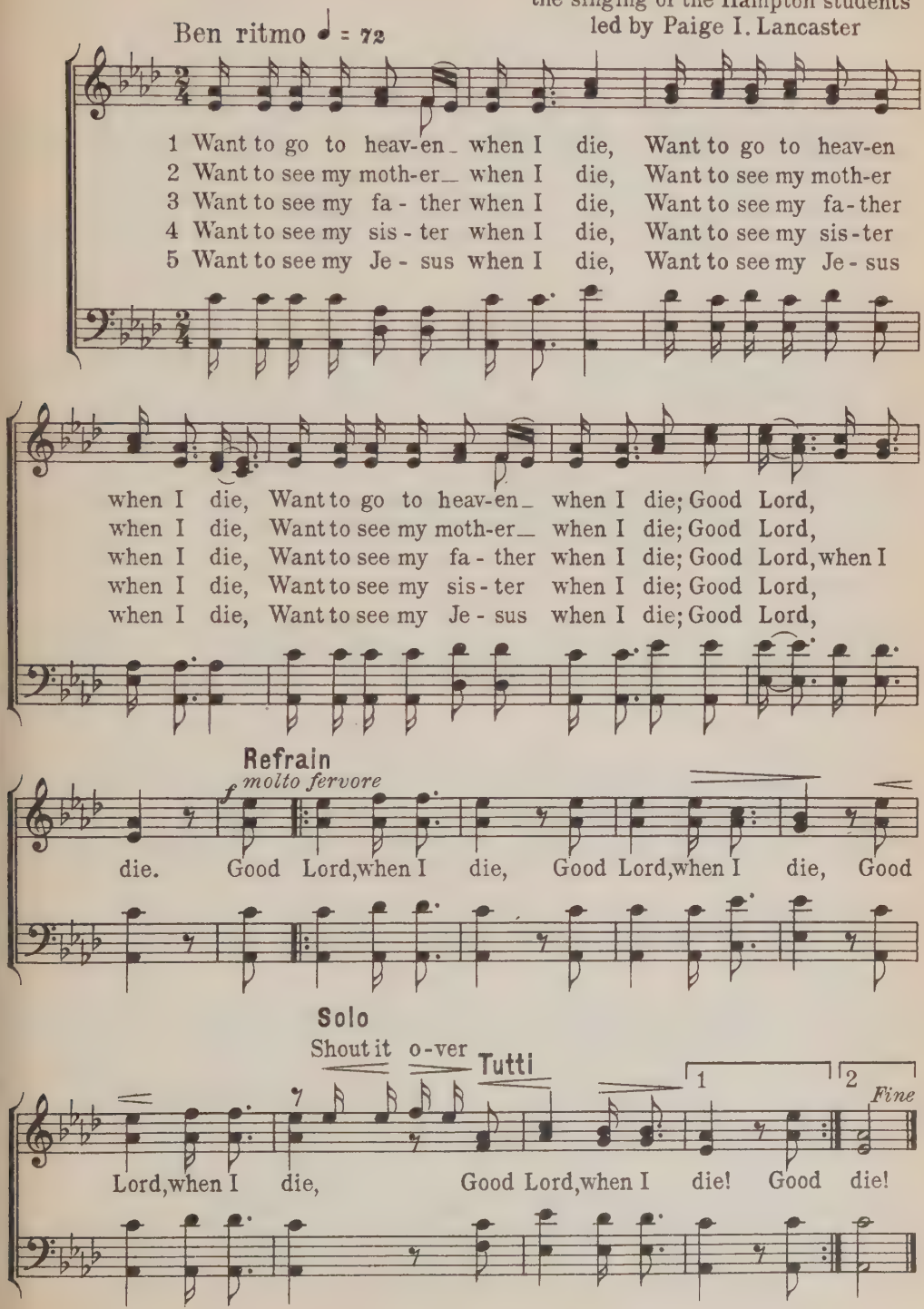
O sinners, you ought t'have been there,
Yes, my Lord!
A-sitting in the kingdom
To hear ole (when) Jordan roll.
Refrain

* See Appendix for the scoring of the original version of this song. This version, while possibl less striking, is by far the more popular.— Editor

** It is not infrequent or unusual on the repeats for the chorus to join in the melody with the sol (leader).— Editor

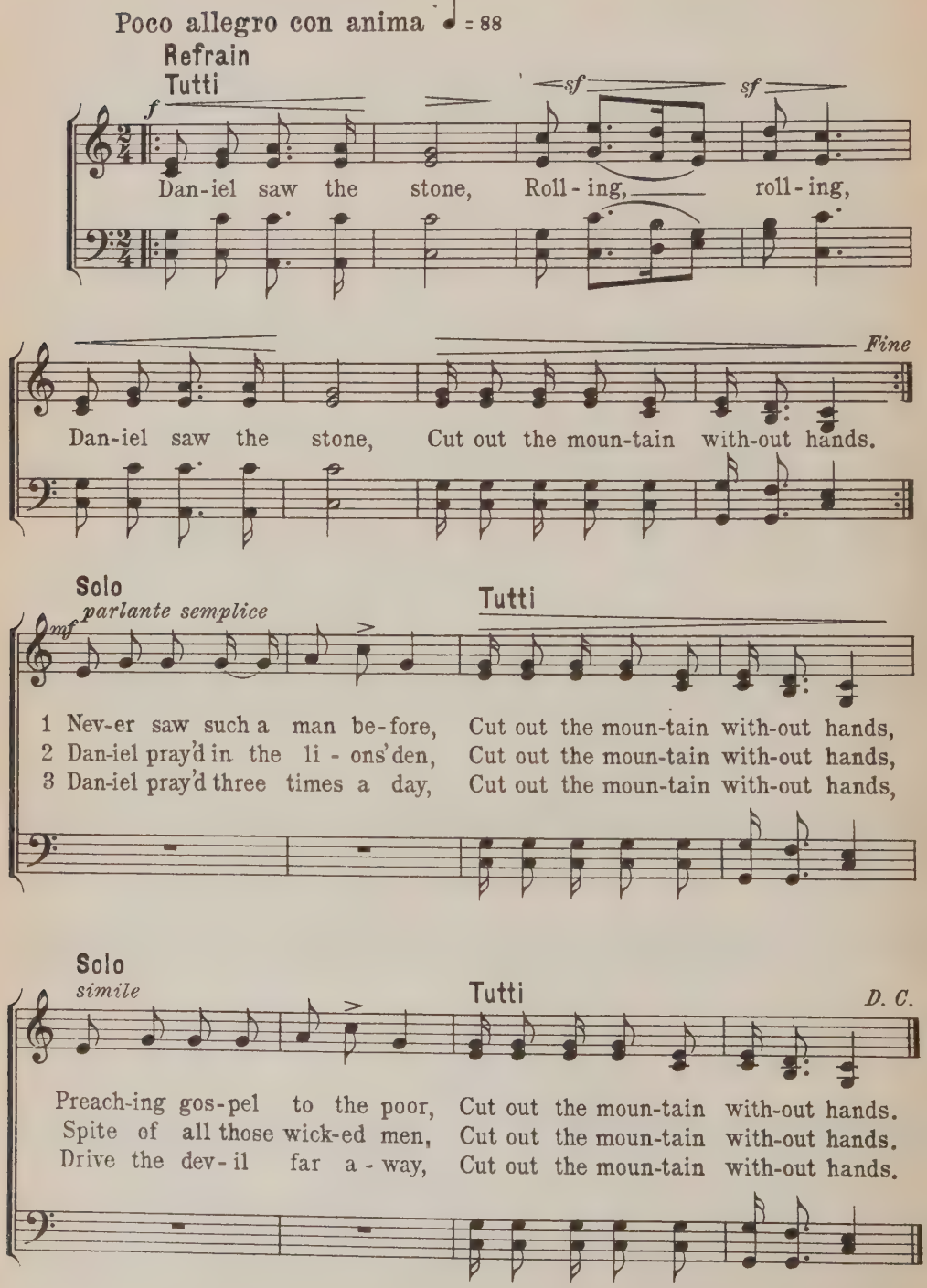
Want to Go to Heaven When I Die

Transcribed by the editor from
the singing of the Hampton students
led by Paige I. Lancaster

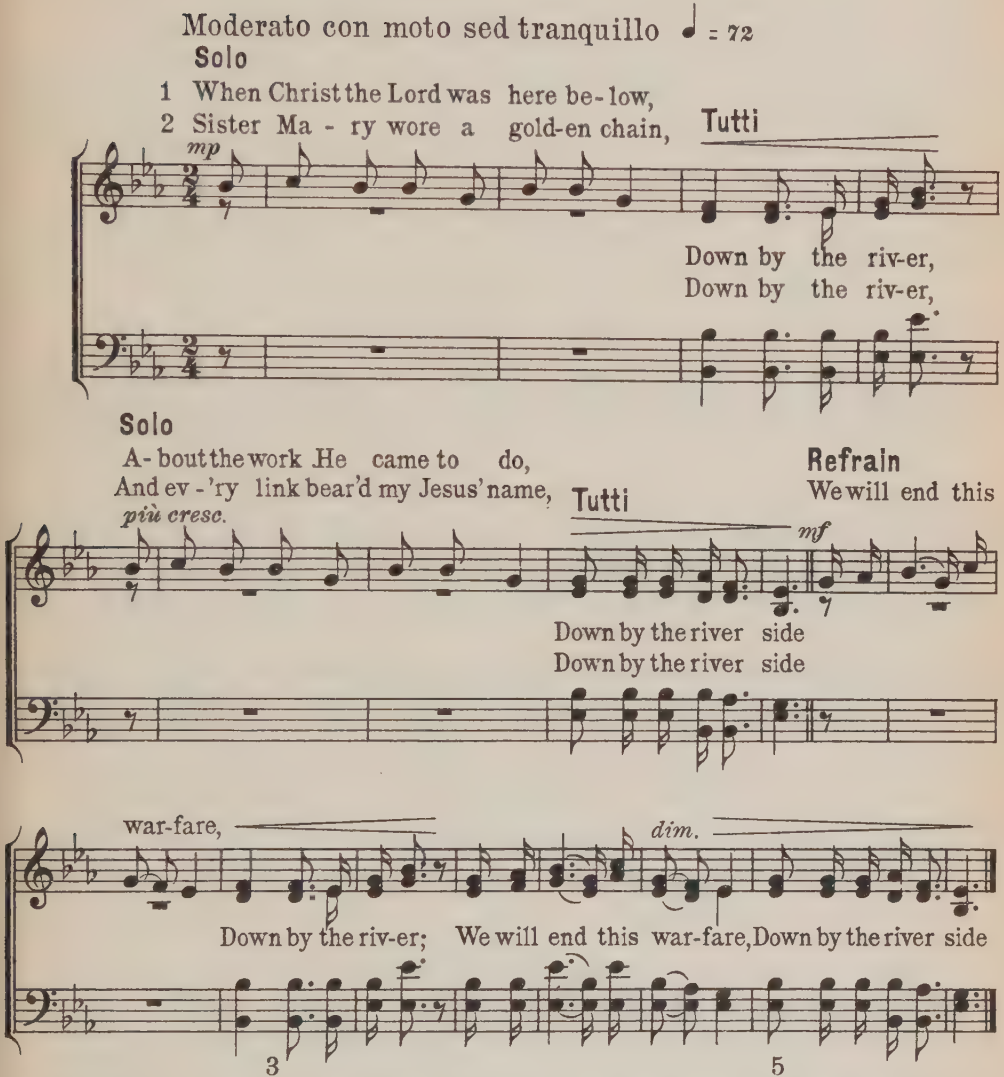

Ben ritmo ♩ = 72
1 Want to go to heav-en when I die, Want to go to heav-en
2 Want to see my moth-er when I die, Want to see my moth-er
3 Want to see my fa - ther when I die, Want to see my fa-ther
4 Want to see my sis - ter when I die, Want to see my sis-ter
5 Want to see my Je - sus when I die, Want to see my Je - sus
when I die, Want to go to heav-en when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my moth-er when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my fa - ther when I die; Good Lord, when I
when I die, Want to see my sis - ter when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my Je - sus when I die; Good Lord,
Refrain
f molto fervore
die. Good Lord, when I die, Good Lord, when I die, Good
Solo
Shout it o-ver
Tutti
1
2
Fine
Lord, when I die, Good Lord, when I die! Good die!

Hymns on Biblical Themes

Daniel Saw the Stone


Poco allegro con anima ♩. = 88
Refrain
Tutti
f
sf
sf
Dan-iel saw the stone, Roll-ing, roll-ing,
Fine
Dan-iel saw the stone, Cut out the moun-tain with-out hands.
Solo
parlante semplice
mf
Tutti
1 Nev-er saw such a man be-fore, Cut out the moun-tain with-out hands,
2 Dan-iel pray'd in the li-ons' den, Cut out the moun-tain with-out hands,
3 Dan-iel pray'd three times a day, Cut out the moun-tain with-out hands,
Solo
simile
Tutti
D. C.
Preach-ing gos-pel to the poor, Cut out the moun-tain with-out hands.
Spite of all those wick-ed men, Cut out the moun-tain with-out hands.
Drive the dev-il far a-way, Cut out the moun-tain with-out hands.

Down by the River


Moderato con moto sed tranquillo ♩ = 72
Solo
1 When Christ the Lord was here be-low,
2 Sister Ma - ry wore a gold-en chain,
Tutti
mp
Down by the riv-er,
Down by the riv-er,
Solo
A-bout the work He came to do,
And ev-'ry link bear'd my Jesus' name,
Refrain
We will end this
più cresc.
Tutti
mf
Down by the river side
Down by the river side
war-fare,
dim.
Down by the riv-er; We will end this war-fare, Down by the river side

3

Pilate called for water to wash his hands,
Down by the river;
"I find no fault of this good man,"
Down by the river side.
Refrain—

4

O fishin' Peter led the way,
Down by the river;
But nothing was caught till the break of day,
Down by the river side.
Refrain—

5

Sister Mary wept and Martha cried,
Down by the river;
When Christ the Lord was crucified,
Down by the river side.
Refrain—

6

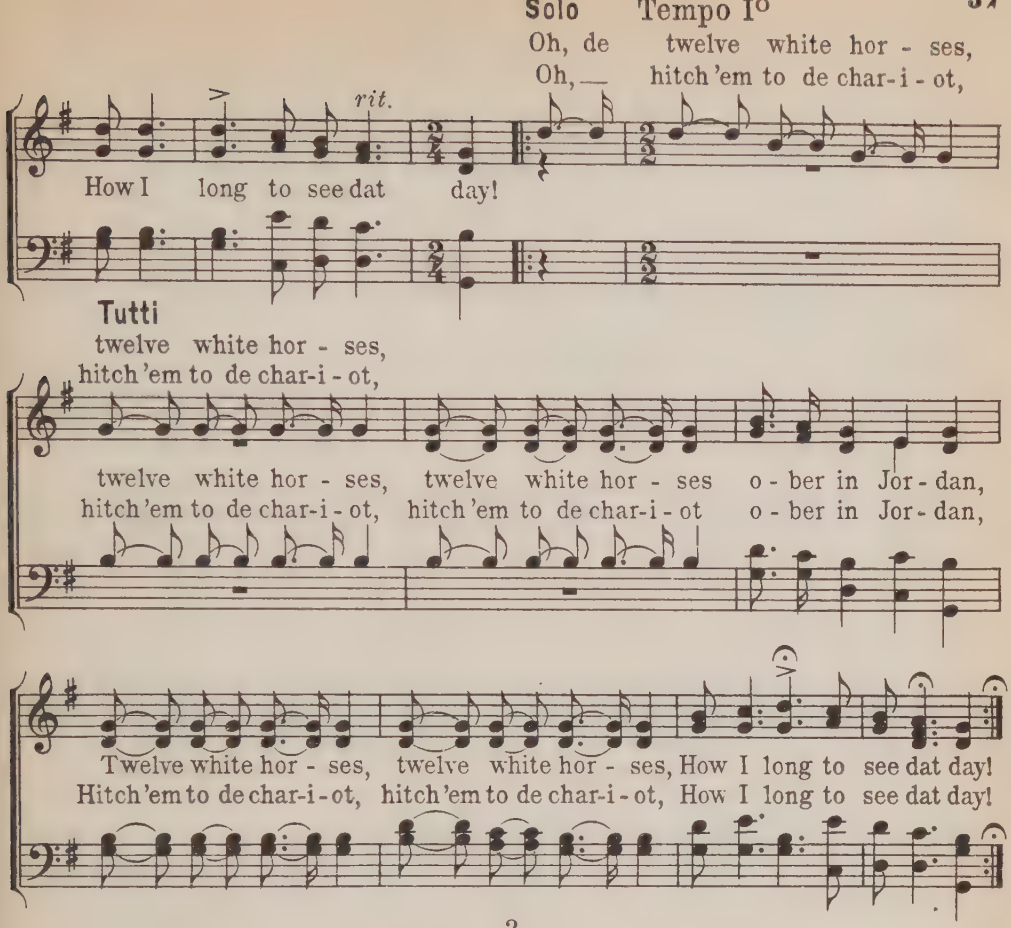
When we meet in the middle of the air,
Down by the river;
We hope to meet our friends all there,
Down by the river side.
Refrain—

Band ob Gideon

The explanation which has been given us of the origin of this curious hymn is, we think, invaluable as an example of the manner in which external facts grew to have a strange symbolical meaning in the imaginative mind of the Negro race.

In a little town in one of the Southern States, a Scriptural panorama was exhibited in which Gideon's Band held a prominent place, the leader being conspicuously mounted upon a white horse. The black people of the neighborhood crowded to see it, and suddenly, and to themselves inexplicably, this swinging "Milk-White Horses" sprang up among them, establishing itself soon as a standard church and chimney-corner hymn. — *Thomas P. Fenner*

Allegro giusto ♩ = 80
Solo
Tutti
Oh, de band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on,
Oh, de milkwhite hor-ses, milkwhite hor-ses,
mf
band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on,
milkwhite hor-ses, milkwhite hor-ses,
sf
o-ber in Jor-dan, Band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on,
o-ber in Jor-dan, Milk-white hor-ses, milk-white hor-ses,
rit.
Andante espressivo
Duet
How I long to see dat day. I I hail to my sis-ter, my
sis-ter she bow low, Say-ing don't you want to go to heb-ben?


Solo
Tempo I°
Oh, de twelve white hor - ses,
Oh, — hitch 'em to de char-i - ot,
rit.
How I long to see dat day!
Tutti
twelve white hor - ses,
hitch 'em to de char-i - ot,
twelve white hor - ses, twelve white hor - ses o - ber in Jor - dan,
hitch 'em to de char-i - ot, hitch 'em to de char-i - ot o - ber in Jor - dan,
Twelve white hor - ses, twelve white hor - ses, How I long to see dat day!
Hitch 'em to de char-i - ot, hitch 'em to de char-i - ot, How I long to see dat day!

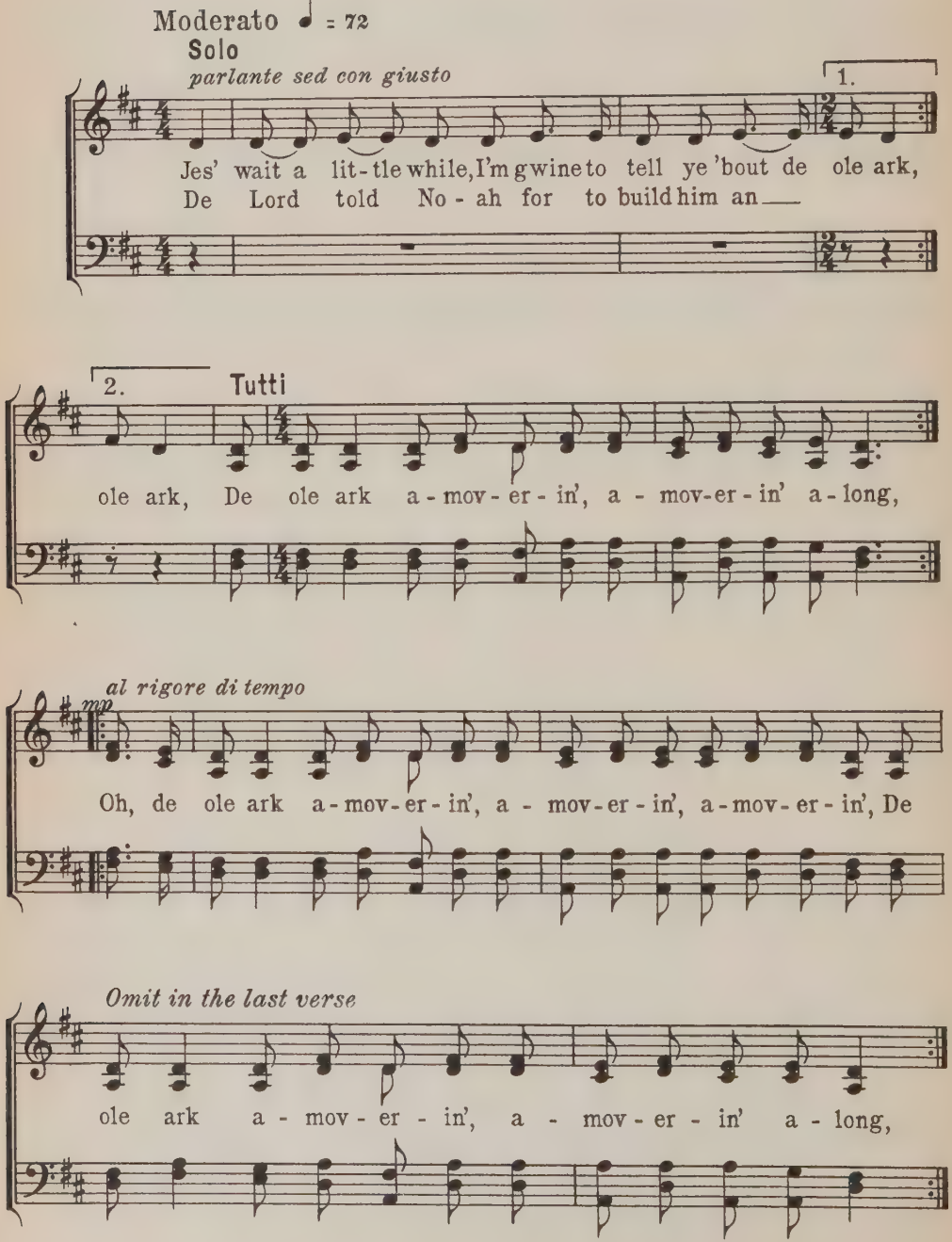
2

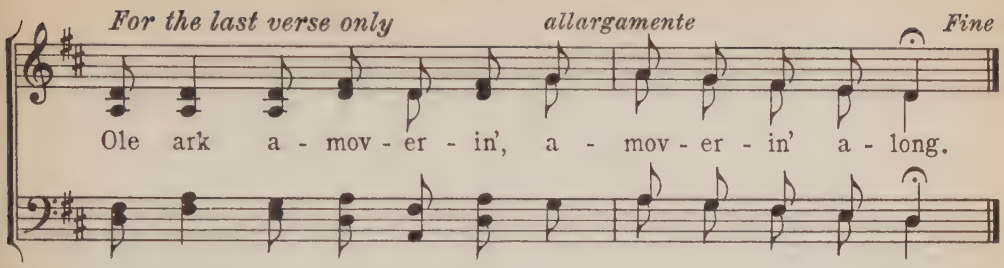
Duo — I hail to my brudder, my brudder he bow low,
Saying, don't you want to go to hebben? —
How I long to see dat day!
Chorus — Oh, ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot,
Ride up in de chariot ober in Jordan;
Ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot —
How I long to see dat day!
It's a golden chariot, a golden chariot,
Golden chariot ober in Jordan;
Golden chariot, a golden chariot —
How I *long* to see dat day!

3

Duo — I hail to de mourner, de mourner he bow low,
Saying, don't you want to go to hebben? —
How I long to see dat day!
Chorus — Oh, de milk an' honey, milk an' honey,
Milk an' honey ober in Jordan;
Milk an' honey, milk an' honey —
How I long to see dat day!
Oh, de healin' water, de healin' water,
Healin' water ober in Jordan;
Healin' water, de healin' water —
How I *long* to see dat day!

De Ole Ark a-Moverin' Along


Moderato ♩ = 72
Solo
parlante sed con giusto
1.
Jes' wait a lit-tle while, I'm gwine to tell ye 'bout de ole ark,
De Lord told No-ah for to build him an—
2.
Tutti
ole ark, De ole ark a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in' a-long,
al rigore di tempo
mp
Oh, de ole ark a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in', De
Omit in the last verse
ole ark a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in' a-long,



2

Den Noah an' his sons went to work upon de dry lan',
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,
Dey built dat ark jes' accordin' to de comman',
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,
Noah an' his sons went to work upon de timber,
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,
De proud began to laugh, an' de silly point de'r finger,
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.
Chorus – De ole ark a-moverin', etc.

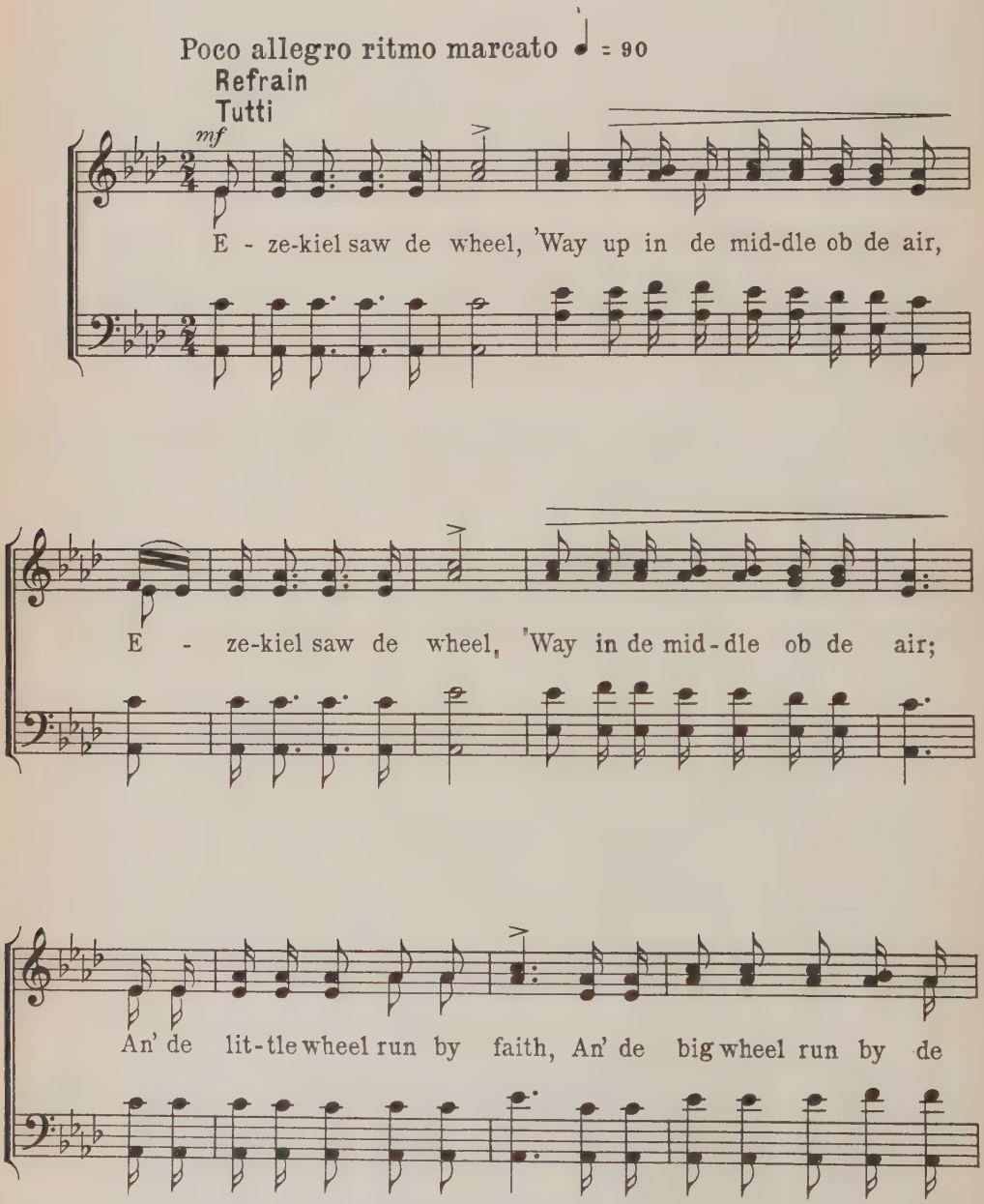
3

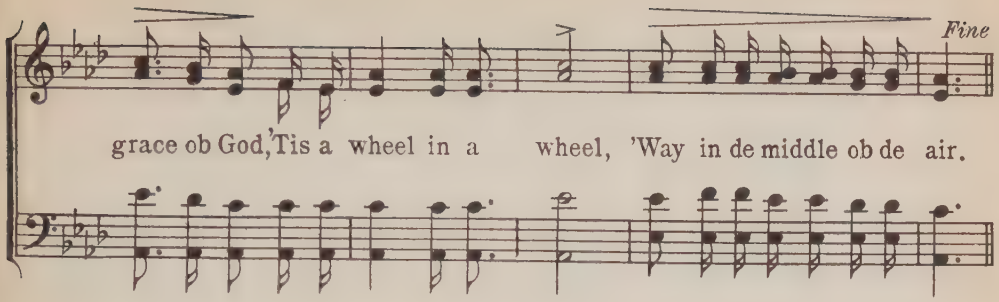
When de ark was finished jes' accordin' to de plan,
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,
Massa Noah took in his family, both animal an' man,
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,
When de rain began to fall an' de ark began to rise,
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,
De wicked hung around wid de'r groans an' de'r cries,
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.
Chorus – De ole ark a-moverin', etc.

4

Forty days an' forty nights, de rain it kep' a fallin',
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,
De wicked clumb de trees, an' for help dey kep' a callin',
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,
Dat awful rain, she stopped at last, de waters dey subsided,
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,
An' dat ole ark wid all on board on Ararat she rided,
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.
Chorus – De ole ark a-moverin', etc.

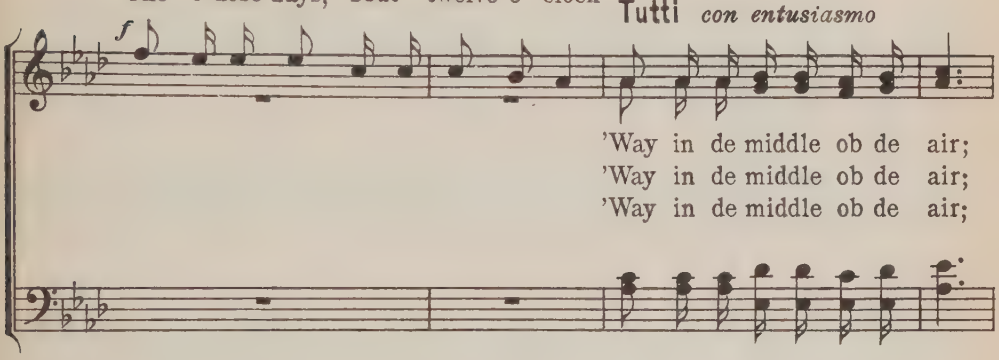
Ezekiel Saw de Wheel


Poco allegro ritmo marcato ♩ = 90
Refrain
Tutti
mf
E - ze-kiel saw de wheel, 'Way up in de mid-dle ob de air,
E - ze-kiel saw de wheel, 'Way in de mid-dle ob de air;
An' de lit-tle wheel run by faith, An' de big wheel run by de



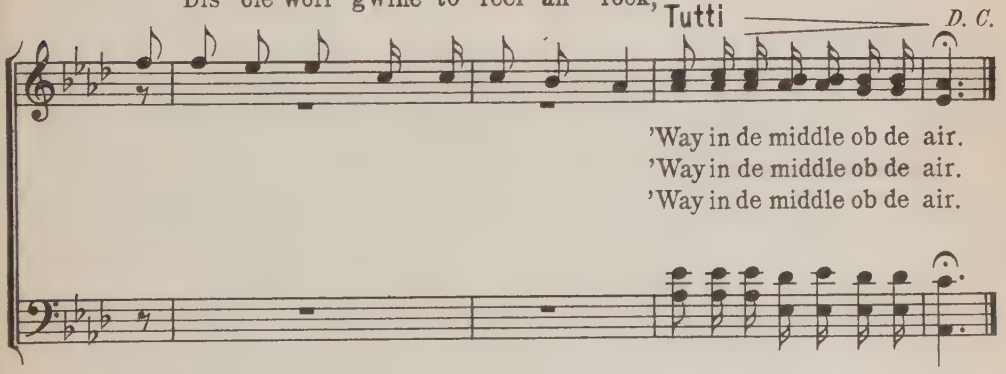
Solo *quasi extempore sed meme ritmo*

Some go to church fo' to sing an' shout,
Let me tell you what a hypocrit'll do,
One o' dese days, 'bout twelve o'- clock



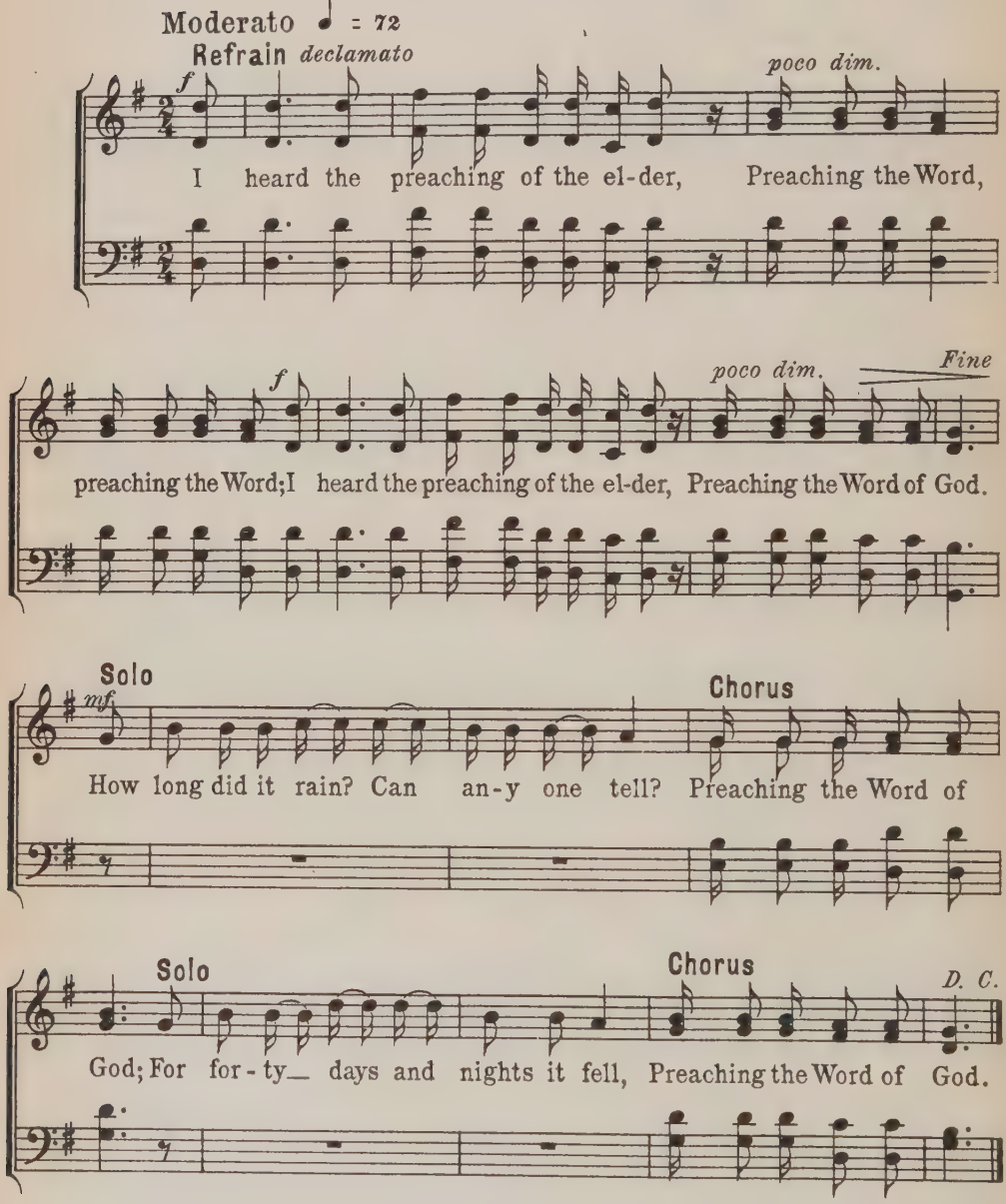
Solo *capriccioso*

Be - fo' six months dey are all turned out,
He'll talk 'bout me an' he'll talk 'bout you,
Dis ole worl' gwine to reel an' rock,



Hymns on Biblical Themes

I Heard the Preaching of the Elder


Moderato ♩ = 72
Refrain declamato
f
poco dim.
I heard the preaching of the el-der, Preaching the Word,
f
poco dim.
Fine
preaching the Word; I heard the preaching of the el-der, Preaching the Word of God.
Solo
mf
Chorus
How long did it rain? Can an-y one tell? Preaching the Word of
Solo
Chorus
D. C.
God; For for-ty_ days and nights it fell, Preaching the Word of God.

2

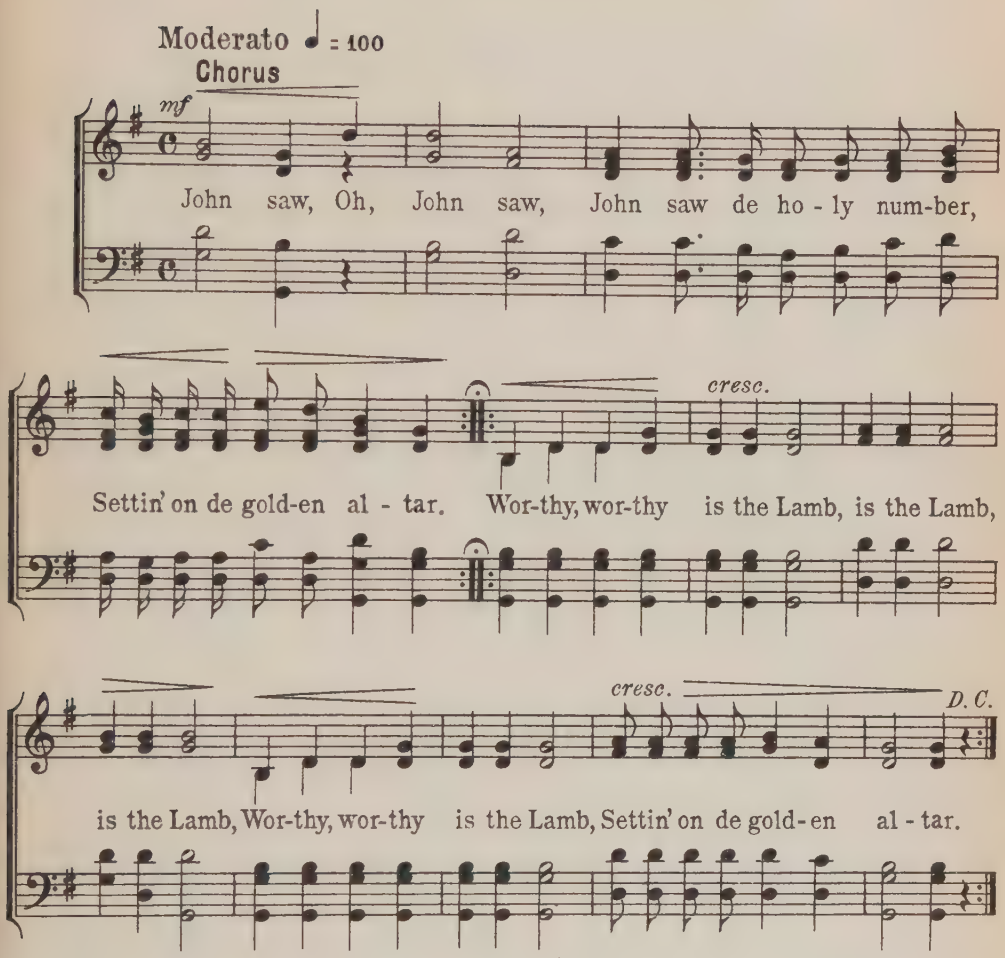
How long was Jonah in the belly of the whale,
Preaching the Word of God?
For three whole days and nights he sailed,
Preaching the Word of God.

3

When I was a mourner just like you,
Preaching the Word of God;
I prayed and prayed till I came through,
Preaching the Word of God.

Hymns on Biblical Themes

John Saw


Moderato ♩ = 100
Chorus
mf
John saw, Oh, John saw, John saw de ho - ly num-ber,
cresc.
Settin' on de gold-en al - tar. Wor-thy, wor-thy is the Lamb, is the Lamb,
cresc.
D. C.
is the Lamb, Wor-thy, wor-thy is the Lamb, Settin' on de gold-en al - tar.

2

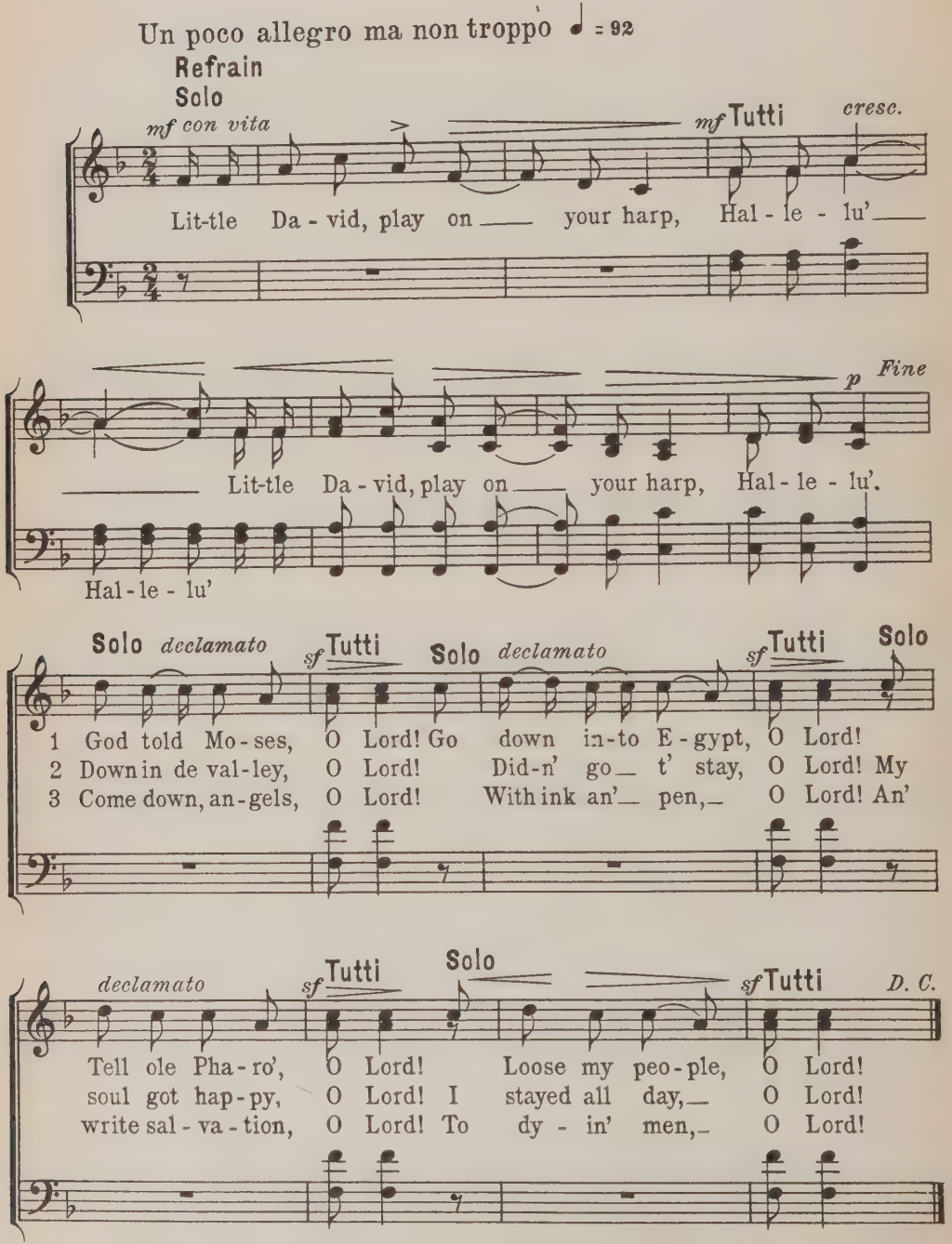
Mary wept, an' Martha cried – Settin' on, etc.
To see de'r Saviour crucified – Settin' on, etc.
Weepin' Mary, weep no more – Settin' on, etc.
Jesus say He gone before – Settin' on, etc.
Chorus – John saw, etc.

3

Want to go to hebben when I die – Settin' on, etc.
Shout salvation as I fly – Settin' on, etc.
It's a little while longer here below – Settin' on, etc.
Den-a home to glory we shall go – Settin' on, etc.
Chorus – John saw, etc.

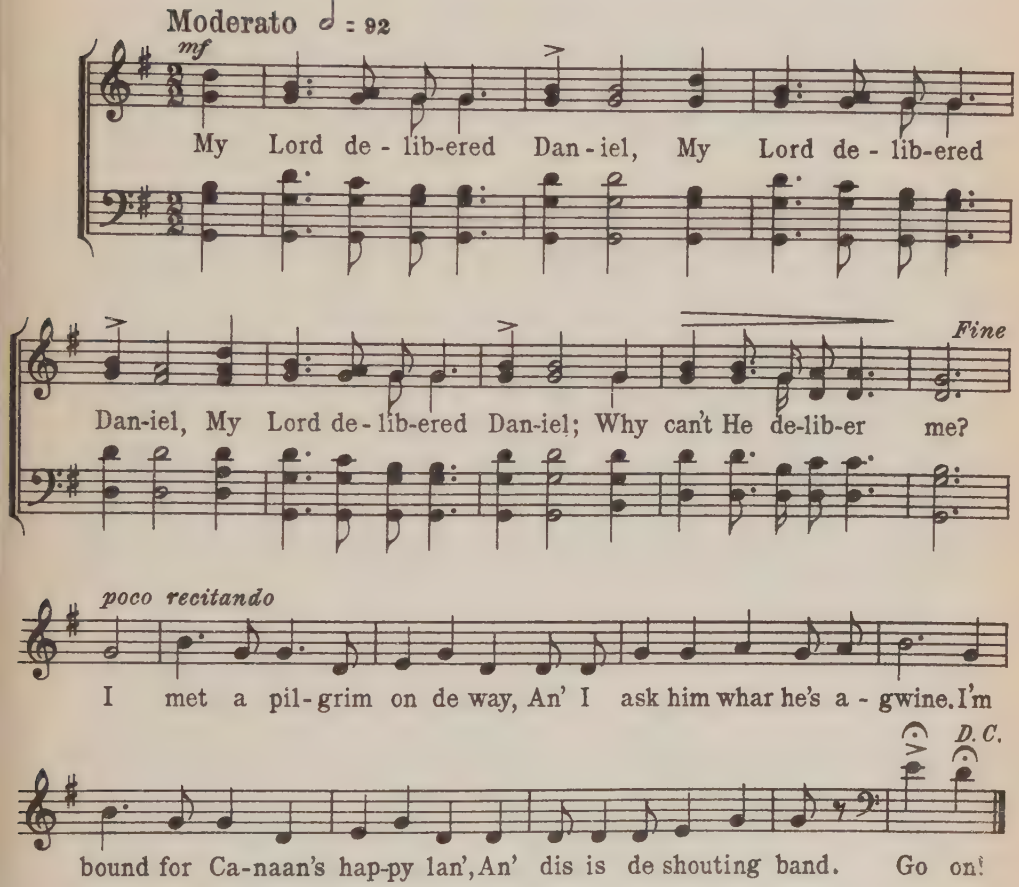
Hymns on Biblical Themes

Little David, Play on Your Harp


Un poco allegro ma non troppo ♩ = 92
Refrain
Solo
mf con vita
mf Tutti
cresc.
Lit-tle Da - vid, play on your harp, Hal - le - lu'
p
Fine
Lit-tle Da - vid, play on your harp, Hal - le - lu'.
Hal - le - lu'
Solo declamato
sf Tutti
Solo declamato
sf Tutti
Solo
1 God told Mo - ses, O Lord! Go down in-to E - gypt, O Lord!
2 Down in de val-ley, O Lord! Did-n' go t' stay, O Lord! My
3 Come down, an-gels, O Lord! With ink an' pen, O Lord! An'
declamato
sf Tutti
Solo
sf Tutti
D. C.
Tell ole Pha - ro', O Lord! Loose my peo - ple, O Lord!
soul got hap - py, O Lord! I stayed all day, O Lord!
write sal - va - tion, O Lord! To dy - in' men, O Lord!

Hymns on Biblical Themes

My Lord Delibered Daniel


Moderato ♩ = 92
mf
My Lord de - lib-ered Dan-iel, My Lord de - lib-ered
Dan-iel, My Lord de-lib-ered Dan-iel; Why can't He de-lib-er me?
Fine
poco recitando
I met a pil-grim on de way, An' I ask him whar he's a - gwine. I'm
bound for Ca-naan's hap-py lan', An' dis is de shouting band. Go on!
D.C.

2

Some say dat John de Baptist
Was nothing but a Jew,
But de Bible doth inform us
Dat he was a preacher, too;
Yes, he was!
Chorus– My Lord delibered Daniel.

3

Oh, Daniel cast in de lions' den,
He pray both night an' day,
De angel came from Galilee,
An' lock de lions' jaw.
Dat's so!
Chorus– My Lord delibered Daniel.

4

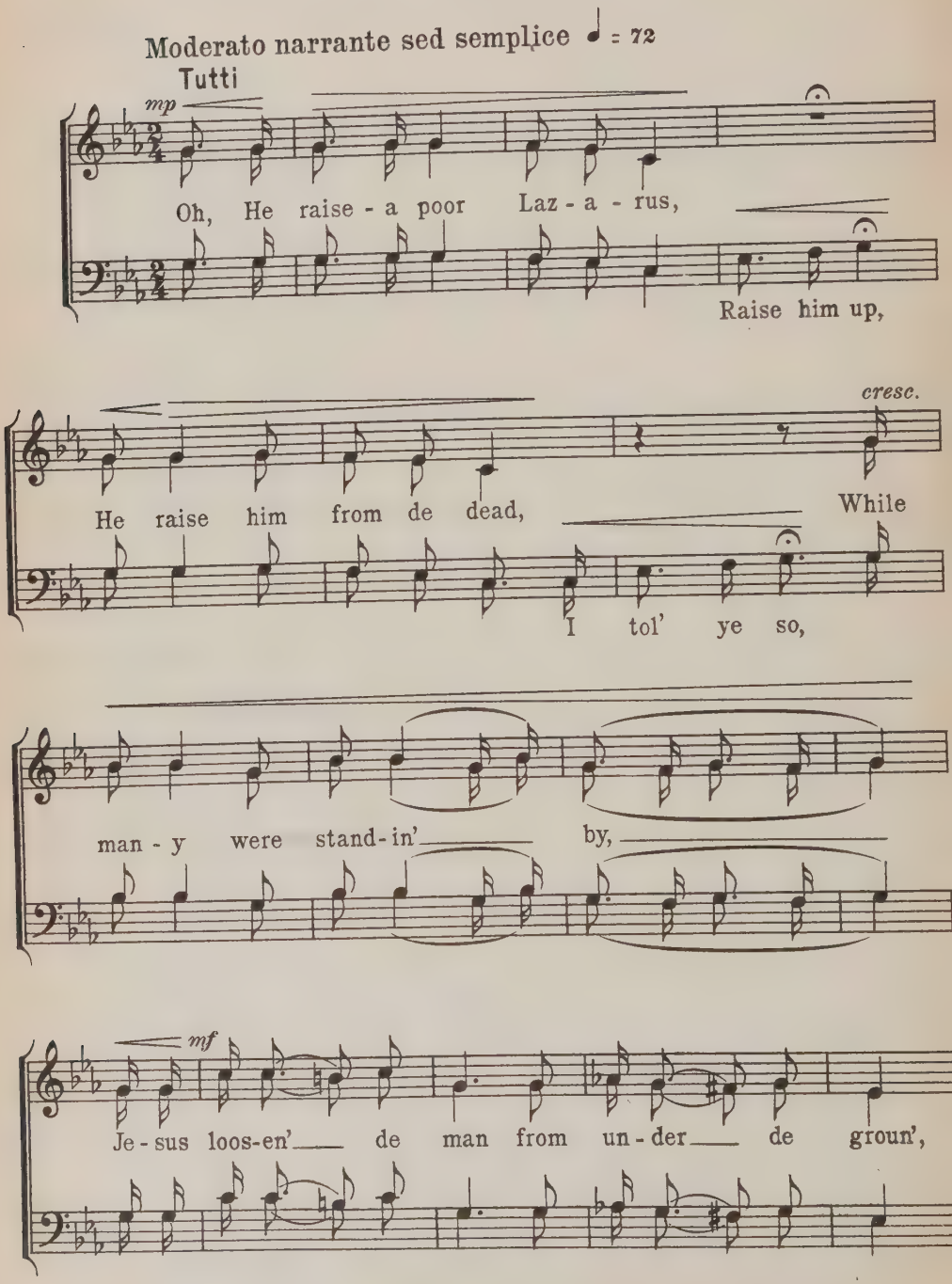
He delibered Daniel from de lions' den,
Jonah from de belly ob de whale,
And de Hebrew children from de fiery furnace,
And why not ebery man?
Oh, yes!
Chorus– My Lord delibered Daniel.

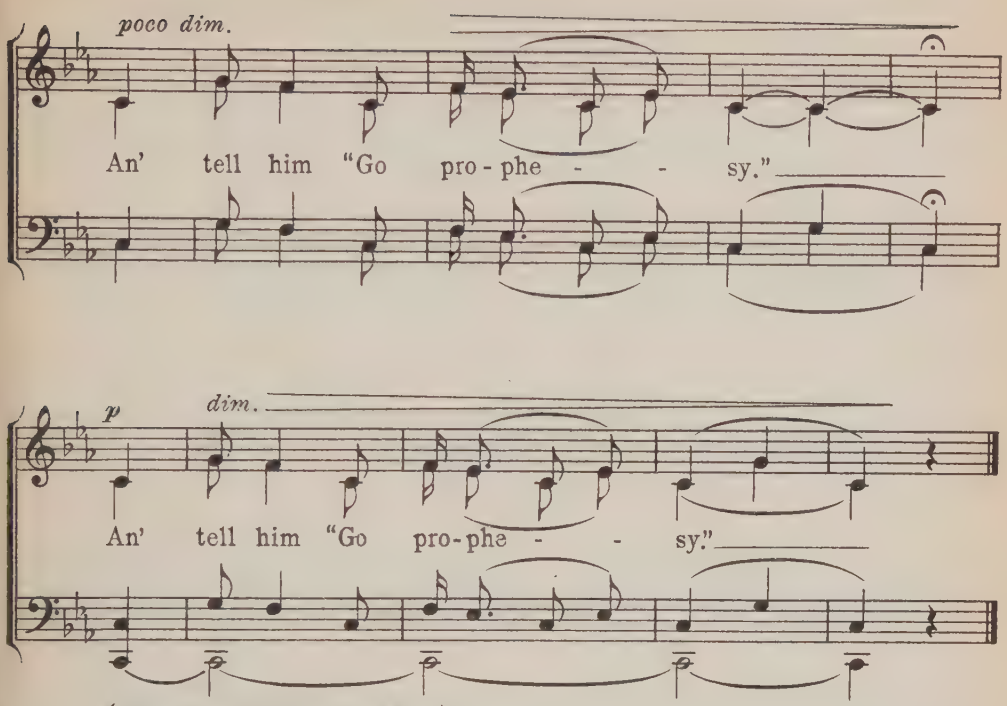
5

De richest man dat eber I saw
Was de one dat beg de most,
His soul was filled wid Jesus,
And wid de Holy Ghost.
Yes, it was!
Chorus– My Lord delibered Daniel.

Hymns on Biblical Themes

Oh, He Raise-a Poor Lazarus


Moderato narrante sed semplice ♩ = 72
Tutti
mp
Oh, He raise - a poor Laz - a - rus,
Raise him up,
cresc.
He raise him from de dead,
While
I tol' ye so,
man - y were stand - in' by,
mf
Je - sus loos-en' de man from un - der de groun',



(Bass hum with closed lips)

2

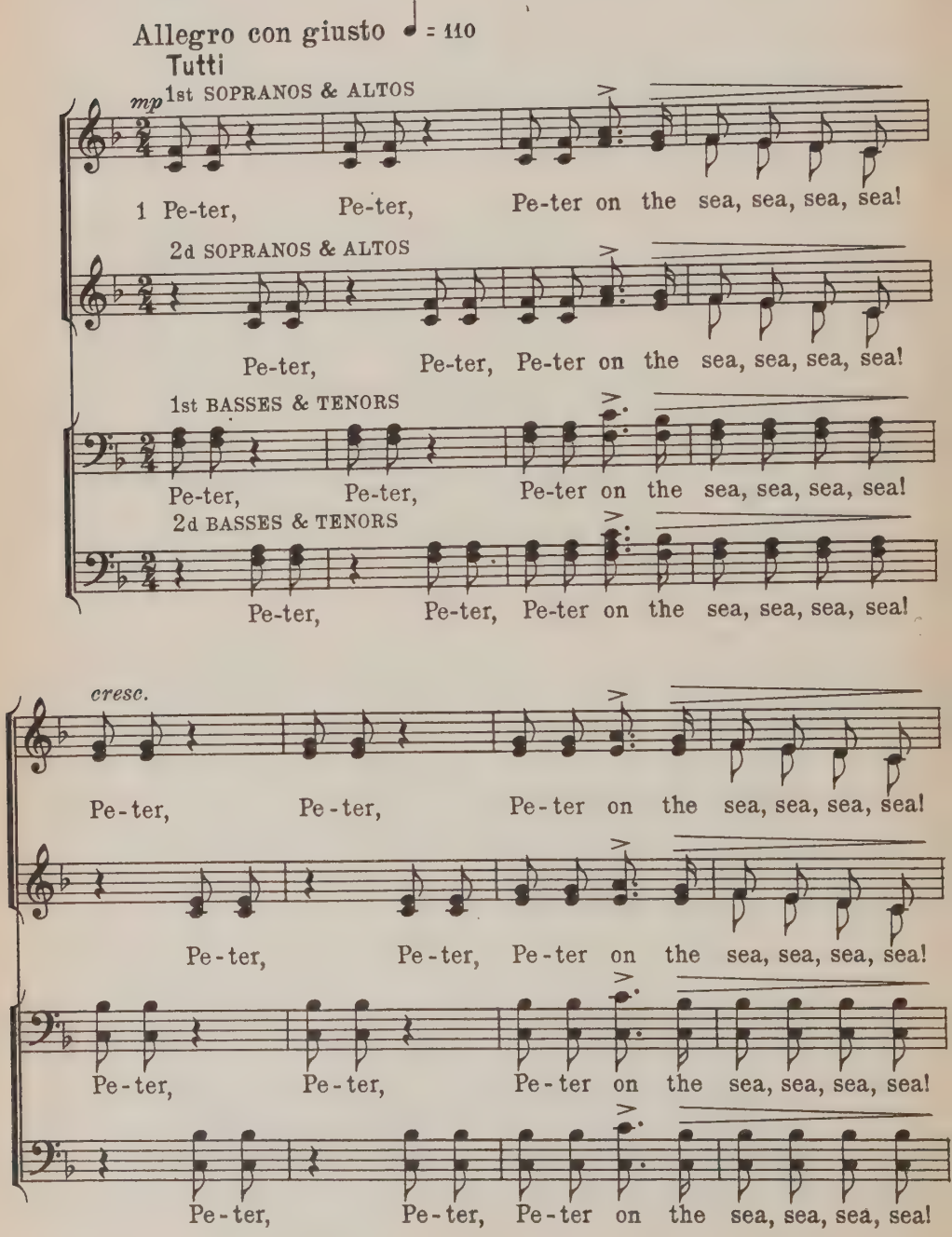
He give heal unto de sick—yes, He did,
He give sight unto de blin'—I know He did,
He done 'able de cripple to walk,
Oh, He raise de dead from under de groun'
An' give dem permission to talk.

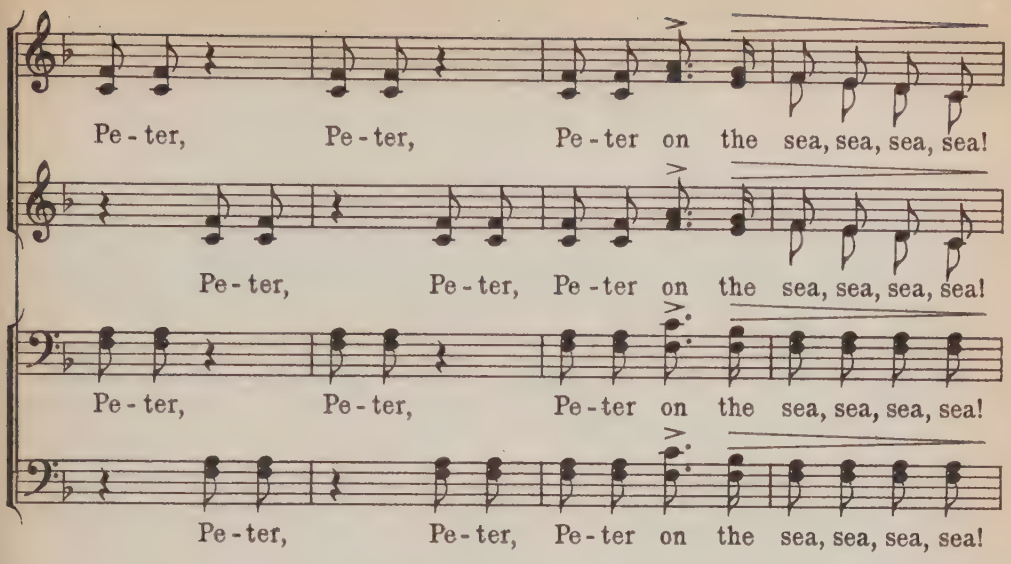
3

Oh, moan along,—moan along,
Oh, ye moanin' souls—ye moanin' souls
Heaven is my home—
Jesus been here one time, Lord, He's comin' agin,
Git ready and let us go home.

Hymns on Biblical Themes

Peter on the Sea


Allegro con giusto ♩ = 110
Tutti
mp
1st SOPRANOS & ALTOS
1 Pe-ter, Pe-ter, Pe-ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
2d SOPRANOS & ALTOS
Pe-ter, Pe-ter, Pe-ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
1st BASSES & TENORS
Pe-ter, Pe-ter, Pe-ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
2d BASSES & TENORS
Pe-ter, Pe-ter, Pe-ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
cresc.
Pe-ter, Pe-ter, Pe-ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
Pe-ter, Pe-ter, Pe-ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
Pe-ter, Pe-ter, Pe-ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
Pe-ter, Pe-ter, Pe-ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!


Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

mf
mp
Drop your nets and fol - low, Drop your nets and fol - low me.
Drop your nets and fol - low, Drop your nets and fol - low me.
Drop your nets and fol - low, Drop your nets and fol - low me.
Drop your nets and fol - low, Drop your nets and fol - low me.

2

‖: Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, blow your trump, trump, trump, trump! :‖
Gabriel, blow your trumpet, Gabriel, blow your trumpet loud!

3

‖: Daniel, Daniel, Daniel in the lions', lions', :‖
Daniel in the lions', Daniel in the lions' den.

4

‖: Who did, who did, who did swallow Jonah, Jonah? :‖
Who did swallow Jonah, who did swallow Jonah whole?

5

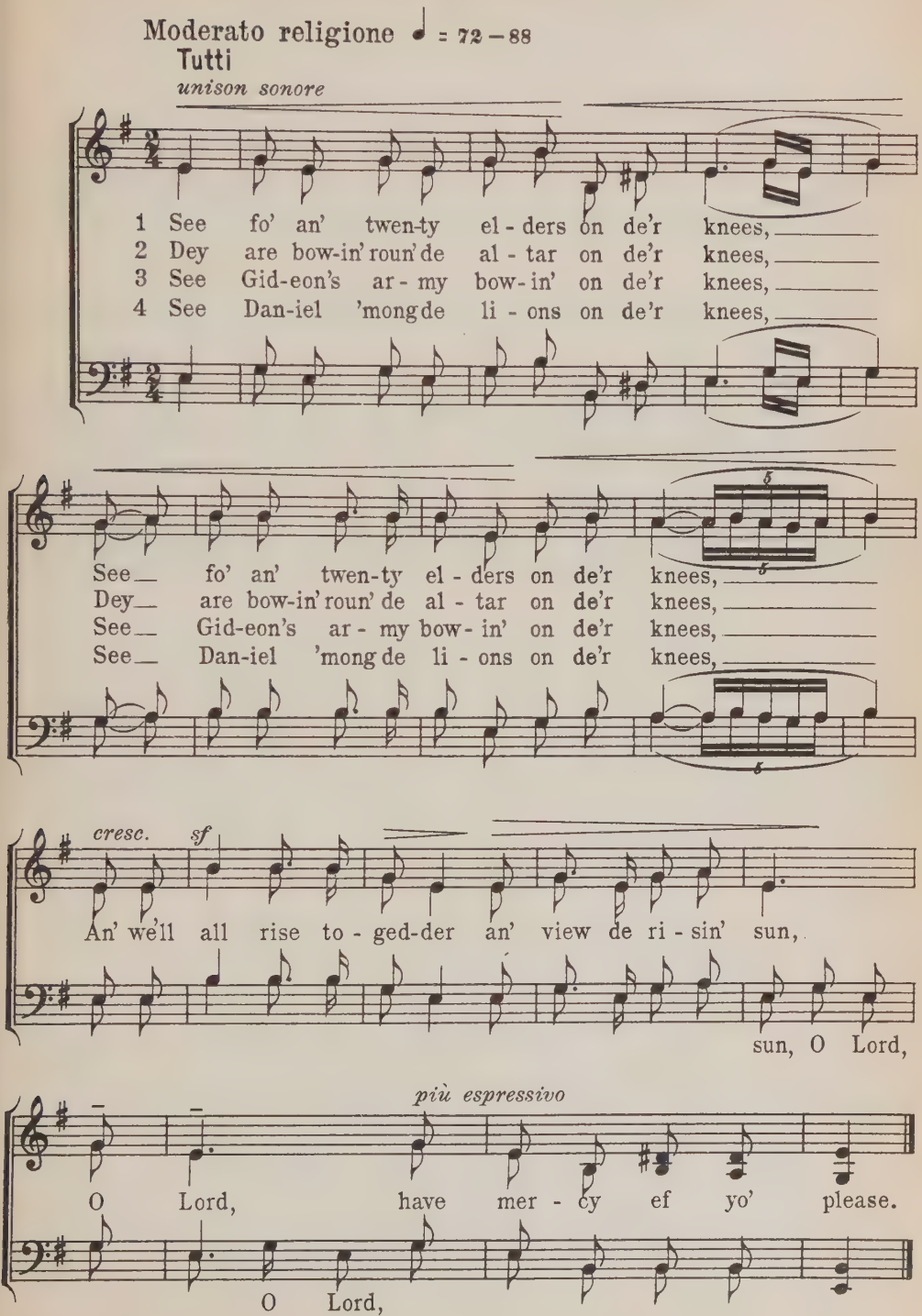
‖: Whale did, whale did, whale did swallow Jonah, Jonah, :‖
Whale did swallow Jonah, whale did swallow Jonah whole!

Hymns on Biblical Themes

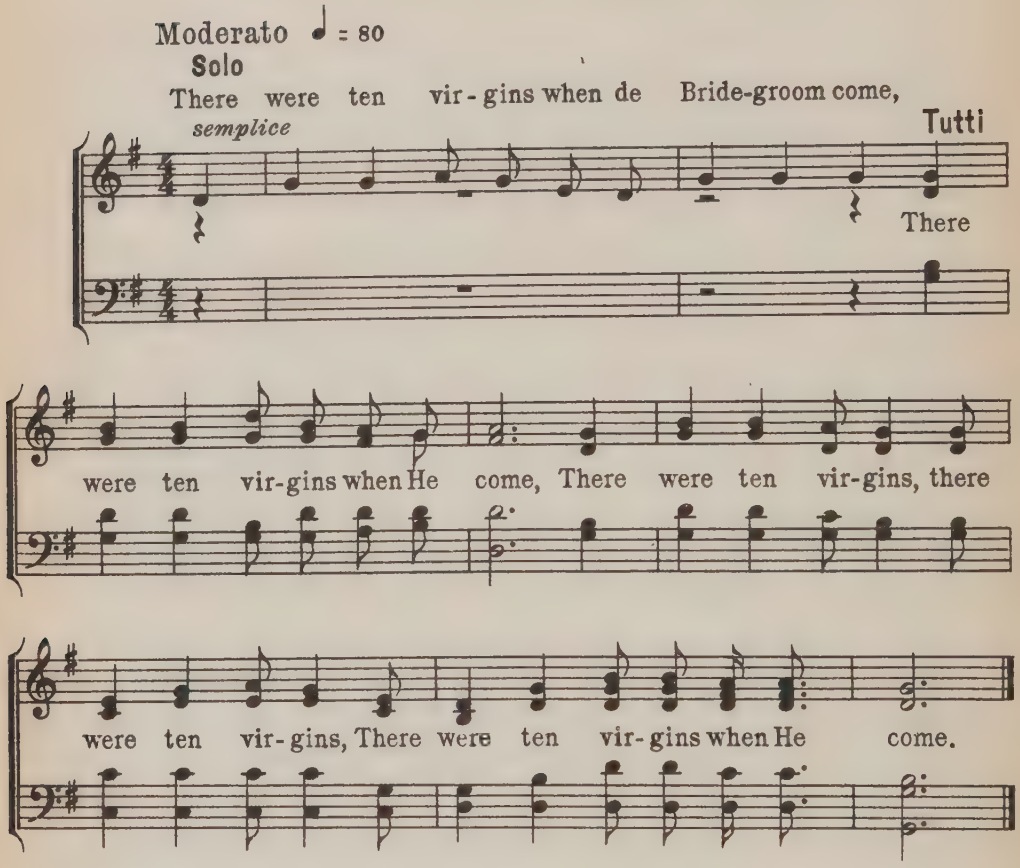
'Raslin' Jacob

Moderato fervente ♩ = 76
Solo
mf
f subito
dim.
'Ras-lin' Ja-cob, let me go, 'Ras-lin' Ja-cob, let me go,
f
Fine
'Ras-lin' Ja-cob, let me go, I will not let you go.
Tutti
f subito
mf Solo
1 Day is break-in', Ja-cob, let me go, Day is break-in', Ja-cob,
2 If you'll bless my soul, I'll let you go, If you'll bless my soul, I'll
3 When I'm sink-in' down, pit-y me, When I'm sink-in' down,
dim.
f
D. C.
let me go, Day is break-in', Ja-cob, let me go, I will not let you go.
let you go, If you'll bless my soul, I'll let you go, I will not let you go.
pit-y me, When I'm sink-in' down, pit-y me, I will not let you go.

See Fo' an' Twenty Elders


Moderato religione ♩ = 72 – 88
Tutti
unison sonore
1 See fo' an' twen-ty el - ders on de'r knees,
2 Dey are bow-in' roun' de al - tar on de'r knees,
3 See Gid-eon's ar - my bow - in' on de'r knees,
4 See Dan-iel 'mong de li - ons on de'r knees,
See fo' an' twen-ty el - ders on de'r knees,
Dey are bow-in' roun' de al - tar on de'r knees,
See Gid-eon's ar - my bow - in' on de'r knees,
See Dan-iel 'mong de li - ons on de'r knees,
cresc.
sf
An' we'll all rise to - ged-der an' view de ri - sin' sun,
sun, O Lord,
più espressivo
O Lord, have mer - cy ef yo' please.
O Lord,

There Were Ten Virgins


Moderato ♩ = 80
Solo
There were ten vir-gins when de Bride-groom come,
semplice
Tutti
There
were ten vir-gins when He come, There were ten vir-gins, there
were ten vir-gins, There were ten vir-gins when He come.

1 And five of them were wise, When, etc.

2 And five of them were foolish, When, etc.

3 And de foolish said to de wise, When, etc.

4 O give us of your oil, When, etc.

5 And de wise said to de foolish, When, etc.

6 O go to them that sell, When, etc.

7 And buy for yourselves, When, etc.

Hymns on Biblical Themes

Wonder Where is Good Ole Daniel

Moderato semplicemente ♩ = 63
Tutti
mp unis
1 Won - der where is good ole Dan - iel,
2 He was cas' in de den ob li - ons,
poco cresc.
cresc.
Won - der where is good ole Dan - iel, Won - der where is
He was cas' in de den ob li - ons, He was cas' in de
mf
decresc.
mp
good ole Dan - iel, Way o - ver in de Prom ise' Lan'.
den ob li - ons, Way o - ver in de Prom ise' Lan'.

3

‖: By an' by we'll go an' meet him, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

4

‖: Wonder where's dem Hebrew children, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

5

‖: Dey come thro' de fiery furnace, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

6

‖: By an' by we'll go an' meet dem, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

7

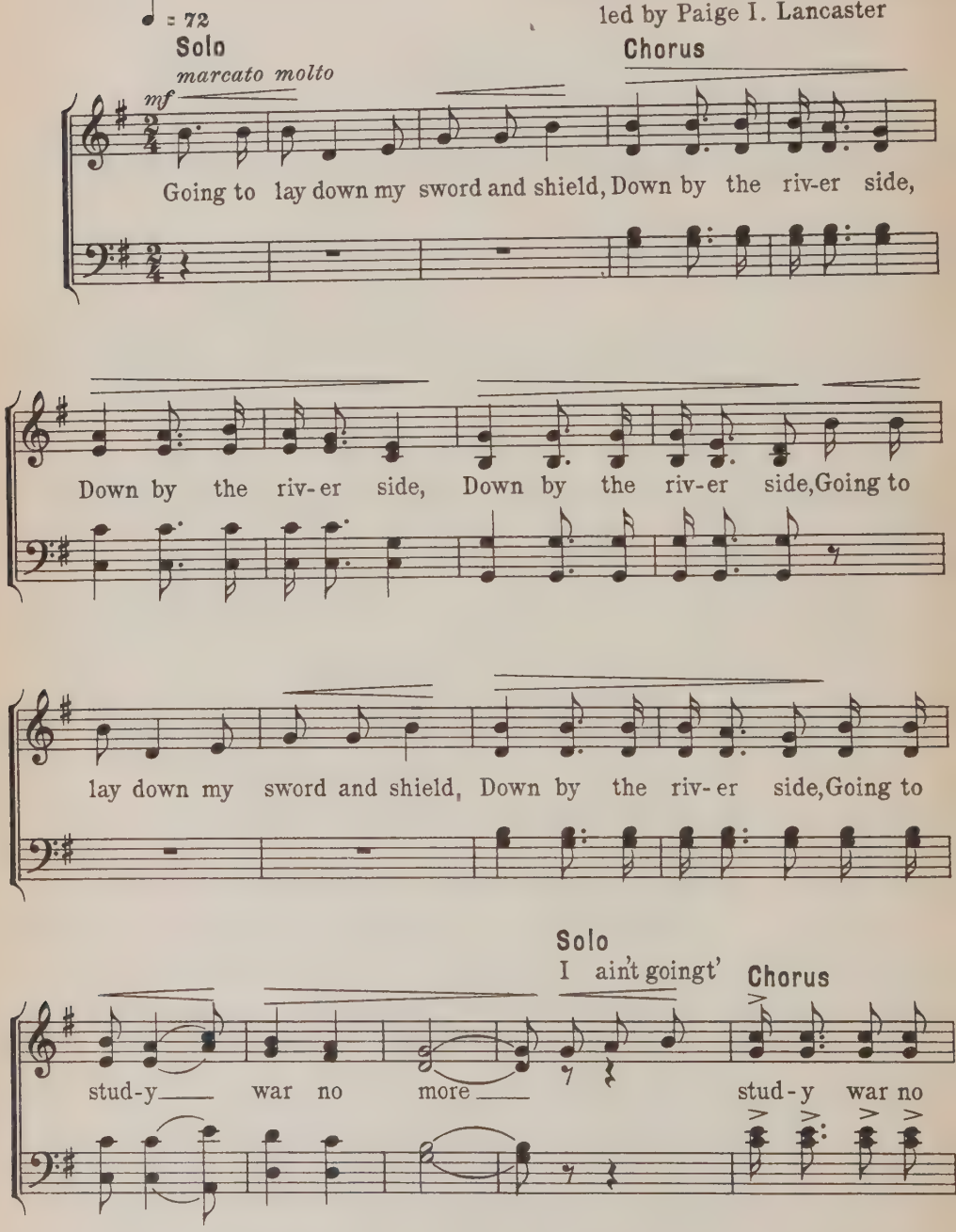
‖: Wonder where is doubtin' Thomas, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

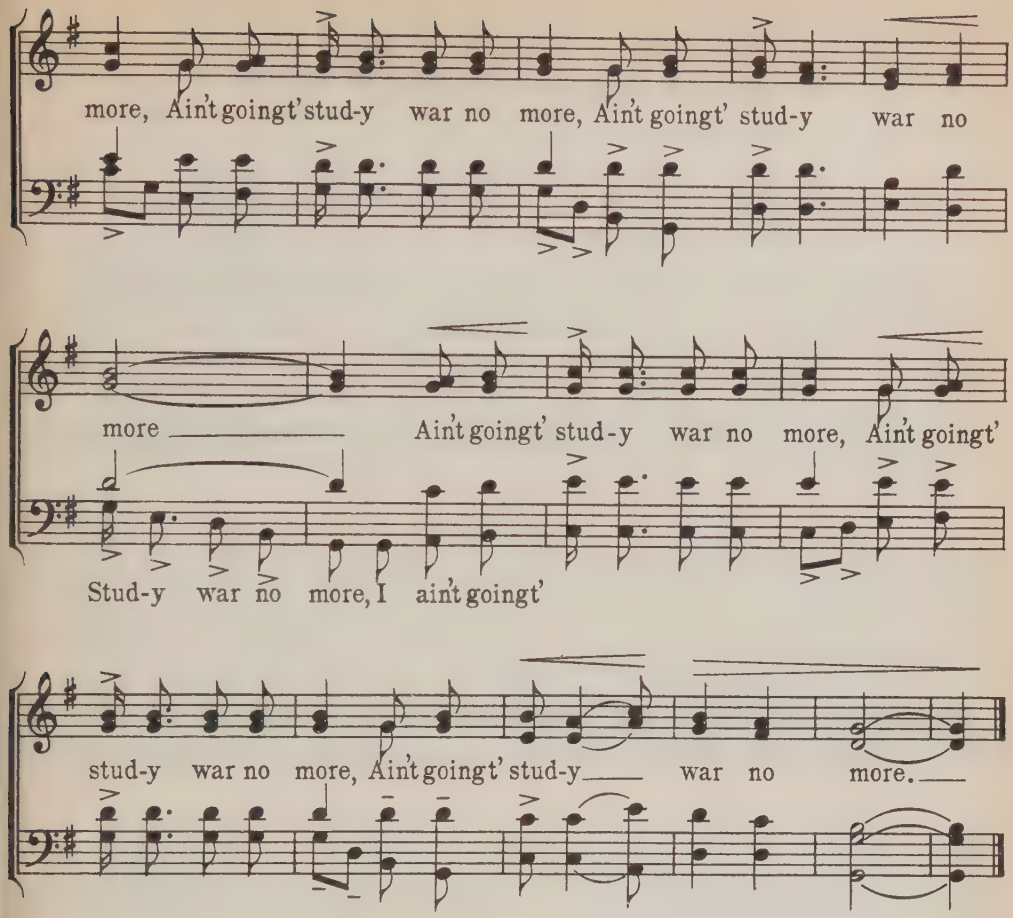
8

‖: Wonder where is sinkin' Peter, :‖
Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

I Ain't Goingt' Study War No More

Transcribed by the editor from
the singing of the Hampdon students
led by Paige I. Lancaster


♩ = 72
Solo
marcato molto
mf
Chorus
Going to lay down my sword and shield, Down by the riv-er side,
Down by the riv-er side, Down by the riv-er side, Going to
lay down my sword and shield, Down by the riv-er side, Going to
Solo
I ain't goingt'
Chorus
stud-y war no more
stud-y war no


more, Ain't goingt' stud-y war no more, Ain't goingt' stud-y war no
more Ain't goingt' stud-y war no more, Ain't goingt'
Stud-y war no more, I ain't goingt'
stud-y war no more, Ain't goingt' stud-y war no more.

2

Going to lay down my burden,
Down by the river side.

3

Going to try on my starry crown,
Down by the river side.

4

Going to meet my dear old father,
Down by the river side.

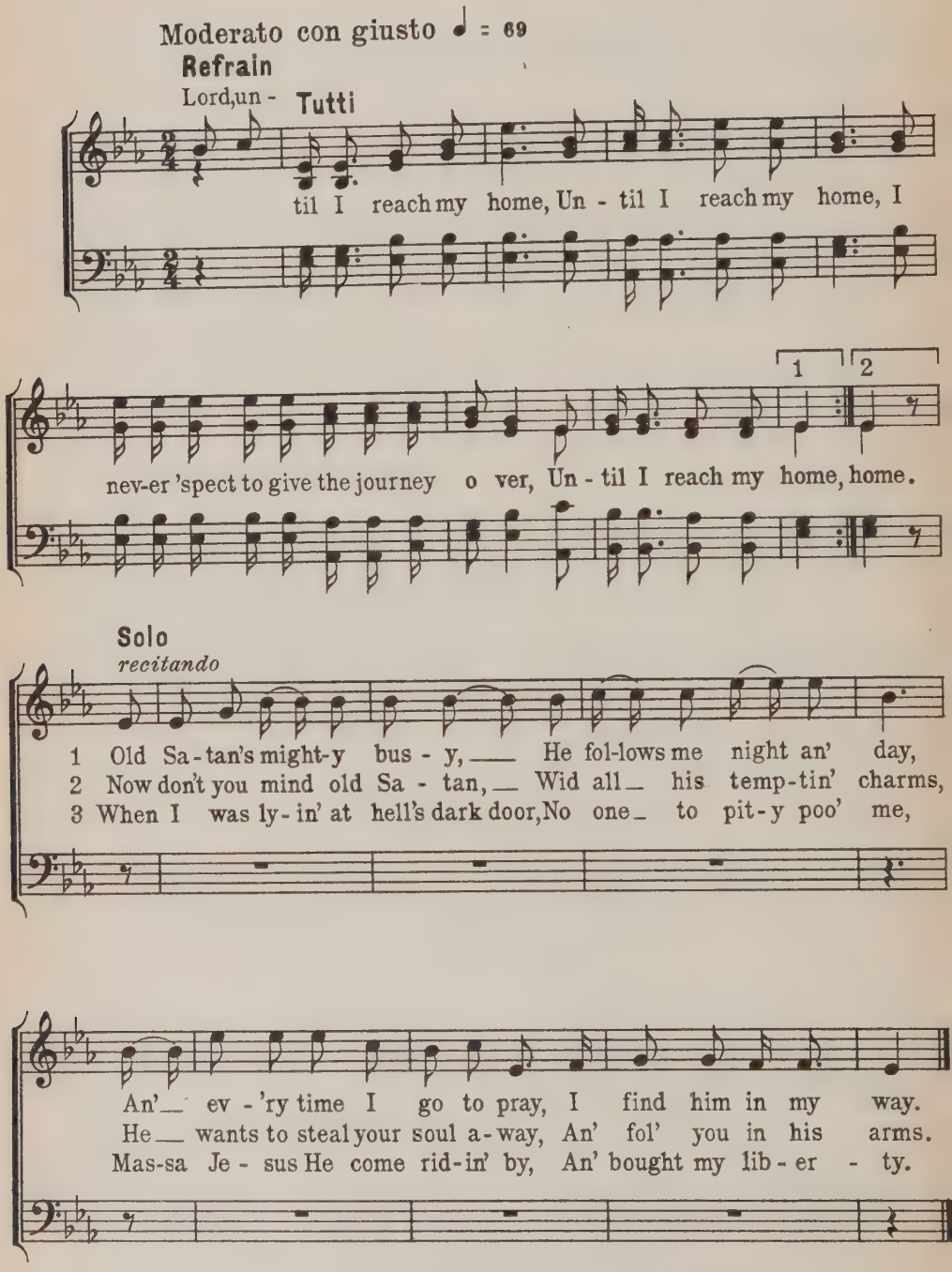
5

Going to meet my dear old mother,
Down by the river side.

6

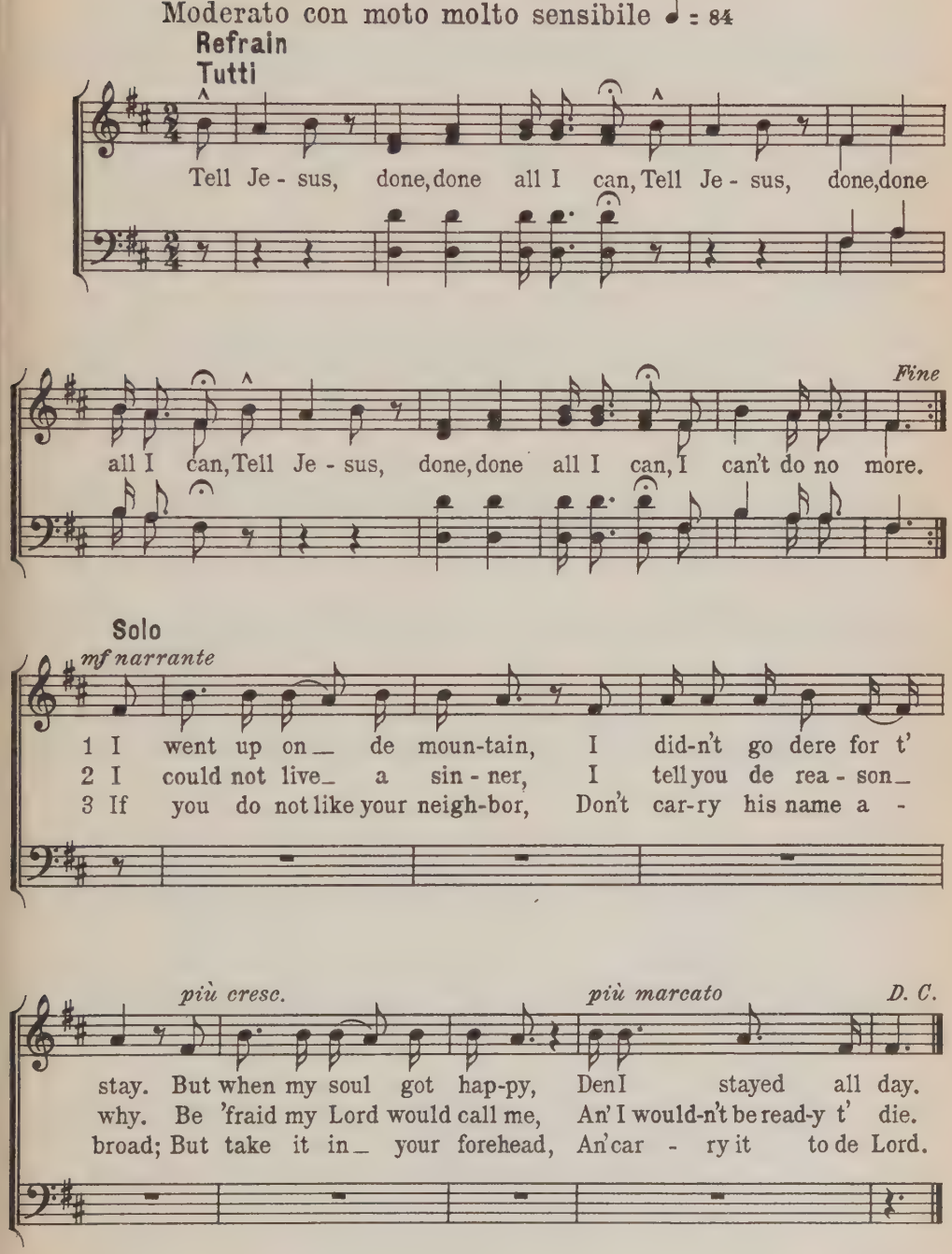
Going to meet my loving Jesus,
Down by the river side.

Lord, Until I Reach My Home


Moderato con giusto ♩ = 69
Refrain
Lord, un - Tutti
til I reach my home, Un - til I reach my home, I
1
2
nev-er 'spect to give the journey o ver, Un - til I reach my home, home.
Solo
recitando
1 Old Sa - tan's might-y bus - y, He fol-lows me night an' day,
2 Now don't you mind old Sa - tan, Wid all his temp-tin' charms,
3 When I was ly - in' at hell's dark door, No one to pit-y poo' me,
An' ev - 'ry time I go to pray, I find him in my way.
He wants to steal your soul a - way, An' fol' you in his arms.
Mas-sa Je - sus He come rid-in' by, An' bought my lib - er - ty.

Hymns of the Christian Life

Tell Jesus


Moderato con moto molto sensibile ♩ = 84
Refrain
Tutti
Tell Je - sus, done, done all I can, Tell Je - sus, done, done
all I can, Tell Je - sus, done, done all I can, I can't do no more.
Fine
Solo
mf narrante
1 I went up on de moun-tain, I did-n't go dere for t'
2 I could not live a sin - ner, I tell you de rea - son
3 If you do not like your neigh-bor, Don't car-ry his name a -
più cresc.
più marcato
D. C.
stay. But when my soul got hap-py, Den I stayed all day.
why. Be 'fraid my Lord would call me, An' I would-n't be read-y t' die.
broad; But take it in your forehead, An' car - ry it to de Lord.

Hymns of Christmas

Go Tell It on de Mountain

Moderato, un poco declamando sed espress. ♩ = 76
Solo
mf
1 When I was a seek-er I sought both night and day,
I ask de Lord to help me, An' He show' me de
Tutti
subito
mf
Refrain
Tutti
way.
Go tell it on de moun - tain,
cresc.
O - ver de hills an' ev - ry - where;
allargamente
rit.
Go tell it on de moun-tain, Dat Je-sus Christ is a - born.

2

He made me a watchman
Upon a city wall,
And if I am a Christian
I am de least of all.

Refrain

*An enclitic retarded and accented at the same time is most unusual; its occurrence here is probably very colloquial. — Editor

Rise Up, Shepherd, an' Foller

Transcribed by
R. Nathaniel Dett

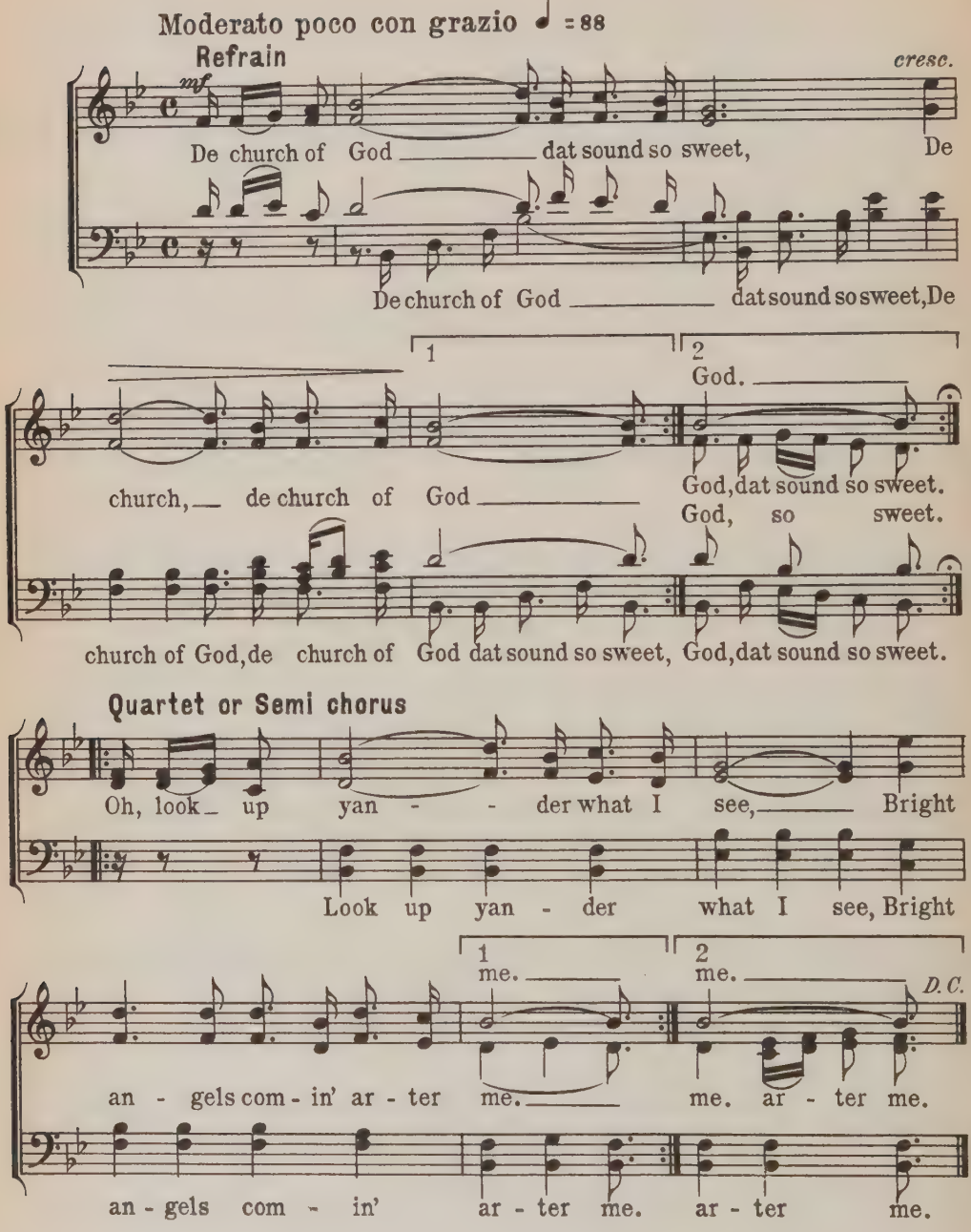
Moderato un poco declamato ♩ = 80
Solo
1 Dere's a Star in de Eas' on Christ-mas morn,
Tutti
Solo
Rise up, shep-herd, an' fol - ler; It 'll lead to de place where de
Sav-iour's born, Rise up, shep-herd, an' fol - ler!
Refrain
Fol - ler, fol - ler, Rise up, shep-herd, an' fol - ler;
più espress.
mp
Fol-ler de Star of Beth-le - hem, Rise up, shep-herd, an' fol-ler.

2

If you take good heed to de angel's words,
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller;
Yo'll forget yo' flocks, yo'll forget yo' herds,
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller. *Refrain*

* See Appendix for note on flat seventh in Negro music.- Editor

De Church of God


Moderato poco con grazio ♩ = 88
Refrain
mf
cresc.
De church of God dat sound so sweet, De
De church of God dat sound so sweet, De
1
2
God.
church, de church of God
God, dat sound so sweet.
God, so sweet.
church of God, de church of God dat sound so sweet, God, dat sound so sweet.
Quartet or Semi chorus
Oh, look up yan - der what I see, Bright
Look up yan - der what I see, Bright
1
2
me.
me.
D.C.
an - gels com - in' ar - ter me. me. ar - ter me.
an - gels com - in' ar - ter me. ar - ter me.

2

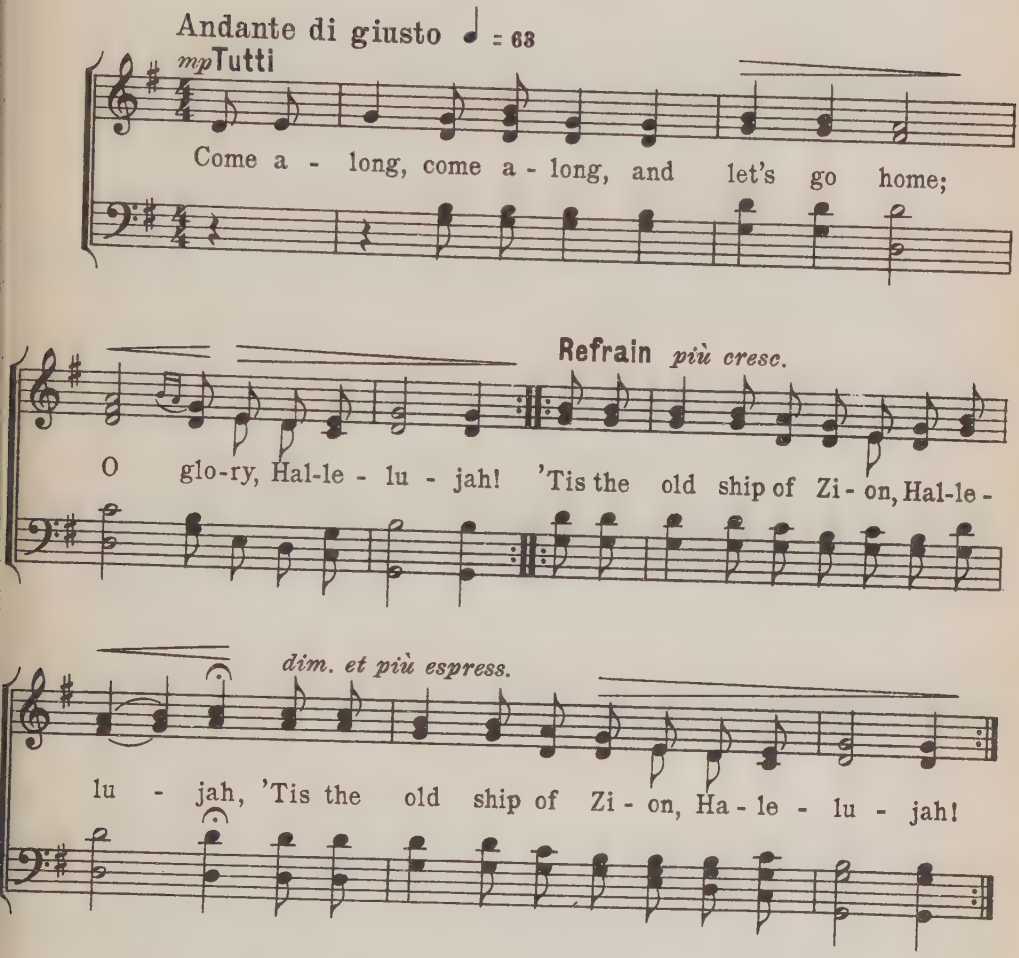
Oh, Jesus tole you once before,
To go in peace an' sin no more;
Oh, Paul an' Silas bound in jail,
Den one did sing, an' de oder pray.
Refrain-De church of God, etc.

3

Oh, did you hear my Jesus say
"Come unto me, I am de way?"
Oh, come along, Moses, don't get lost,
Oh, stretch your rod an' come across.
Refrain-De church of God, etc.

Hymns of the Church

'Tis the Ole Ship of Zion


Andante di giusto ♩ = 63
mp Tutti
Come a - long, come a - long, and let's go home;
Refrain più cresc.
O glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal-le -
dim. et più espress.
lu - jah, 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Ha - le - lu - jah!

2

O what ship is this
That will take us all home?
O glory, Hallelujah!
Refrain—

3

She has landed many thousand,
And she'll land as many a more.
O glory, Hallelujah!
Refrain—

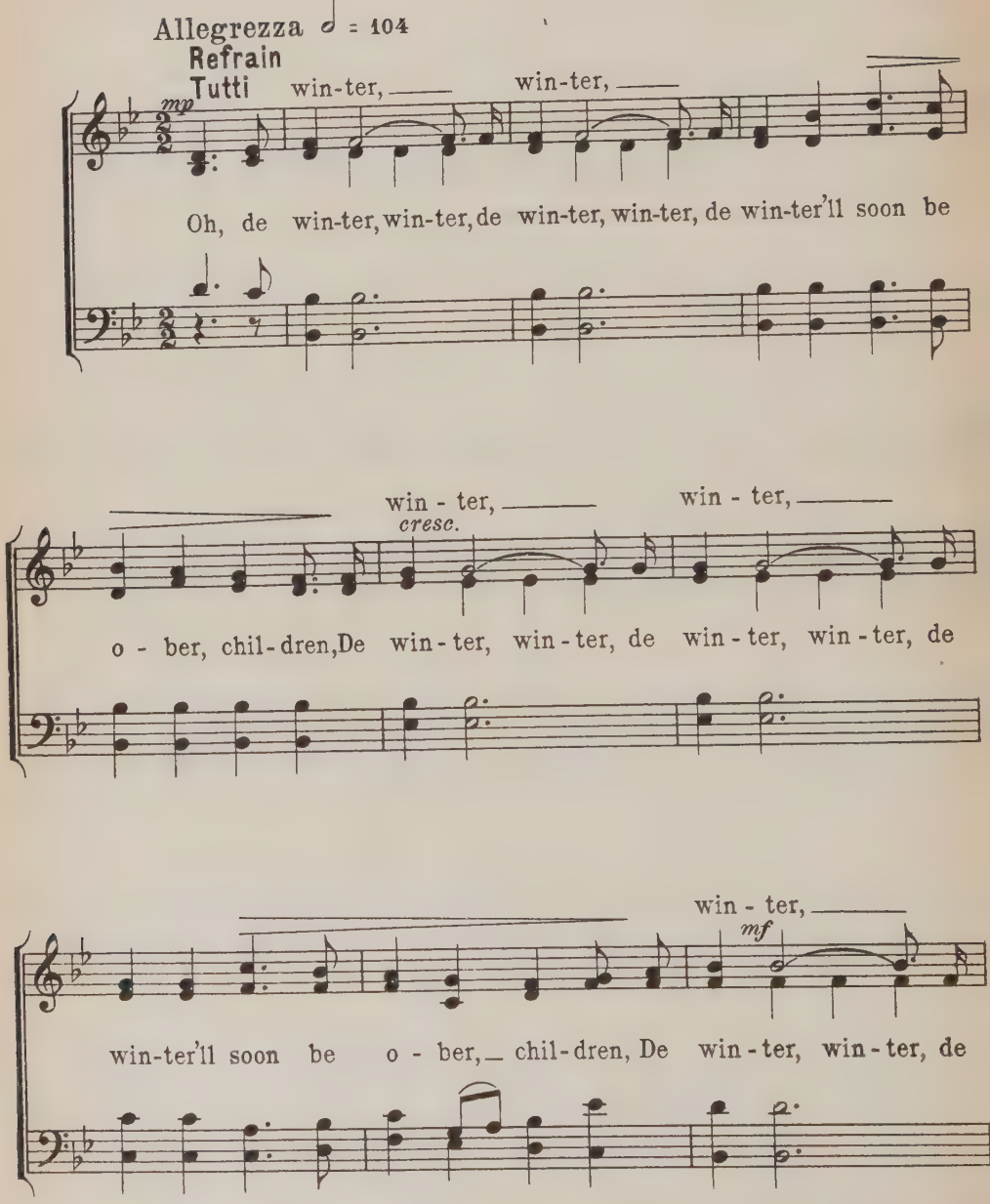
4

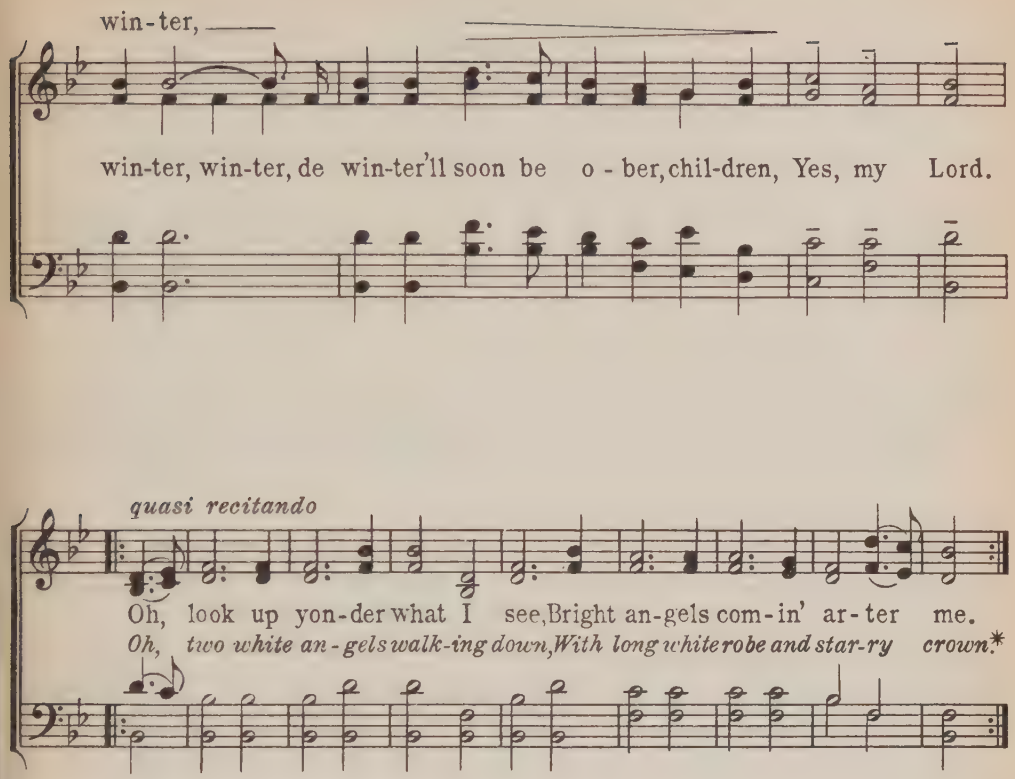
Do you think she will be able
For to take us all home?
O glory, Hallelujah!
Refrain—

5

O yes, she will be able
For to take us all home.
O glory, Hallelujah!
Refrain—

De Winter'll Soon Be Ober


Allegrezza ♩ = 104
Refrain
Tutti
mp
win-ter, win-ter,
Oh, de win-ter, win-ter, de win-ter, win-ter, de win-ter'll soon be
win - ter, win - ter,
cresc.
o - ber, chil-dren, De win - ter, win - ter, de win - ter, win - ter, de
win - ter,
mf
win-ter'll soon be o - ber, chil-dren, De win - ter, win - ter, de


win-ter,
win-ter, win-ter, de win-ter'll soon be o - ber, chil-dren, Yes, my Lord.
quasi recitando
Oh, look up yon-der what I see, Bright an-gels com-in' ar-ter me.
Oh, two white an-gels walk-ing down, With long white robe and star-ry crown.*

2

I turn my eyes towards de sky,
An' ask de Lord for wings to fly;
If you get dere before I do,
Look out for me I'm comin' too.

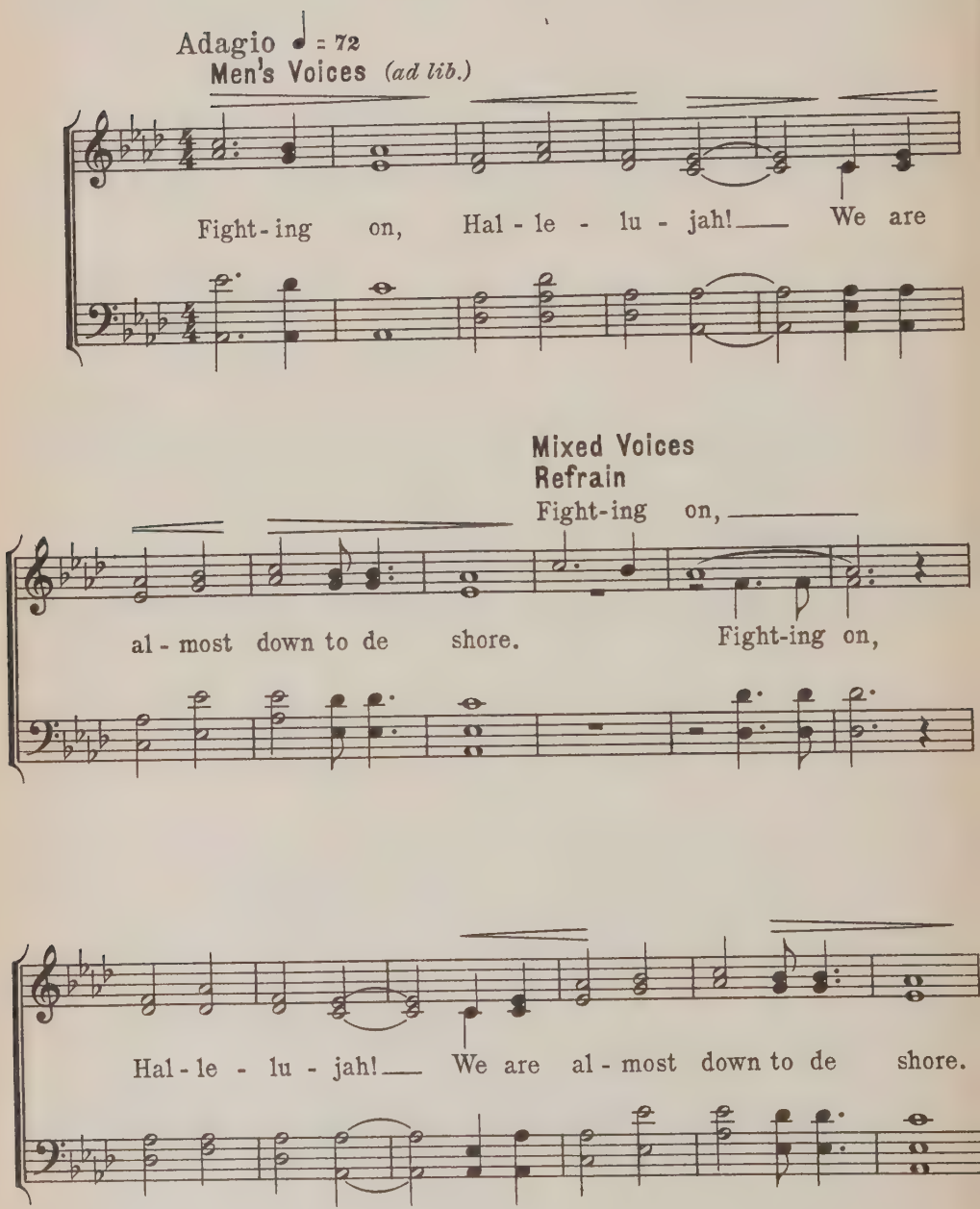
3

Oh, Jordan's ribber is deep an' wide,
But Jesus stan' on de hebbenly side;
An' when we get on Canaan's shore,
We'll shout an' sing forebber more.

*Lines supplied from another folk-hymn, as last half of quatrain was missing. In Negro folk-music interchanging of lines or verses from song to song is quite common. —Editor

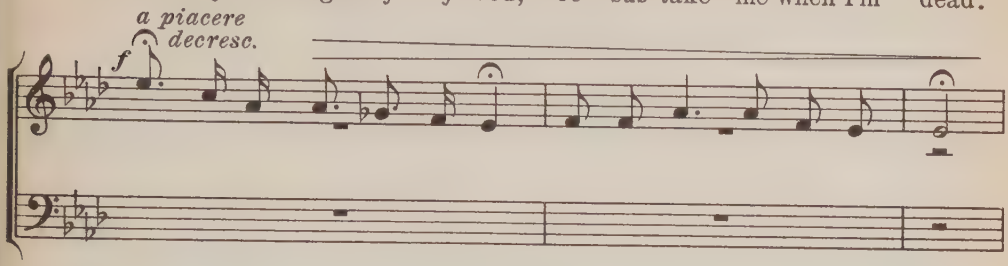
Hymns of Consolation

Fighting On

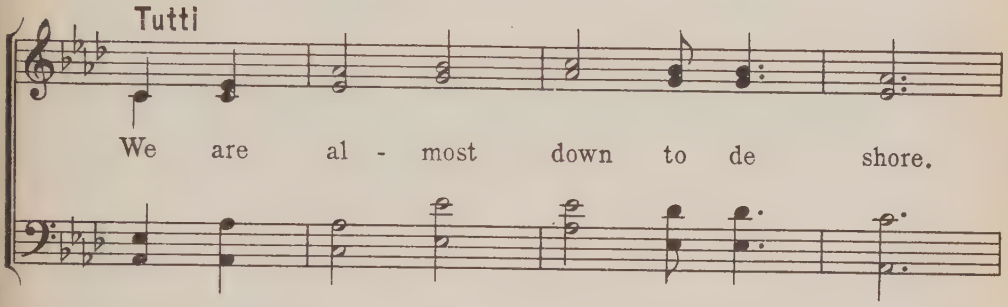

Adagio ♩ = 72
Men's Voices (ad lib.)
Fight-ing on, Hal-le-lu-jah! We are
Mixed Voices
Refrain
Fight-ing on,
al-most down to de shore. Fight-ing on,
Hal-le-lu-jah! We are al-most down to de shore.

Solo

1 Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Je - sus died for eb - 'ry man.
2 In my room right by my bed, Je - sus take me when I'm dead.



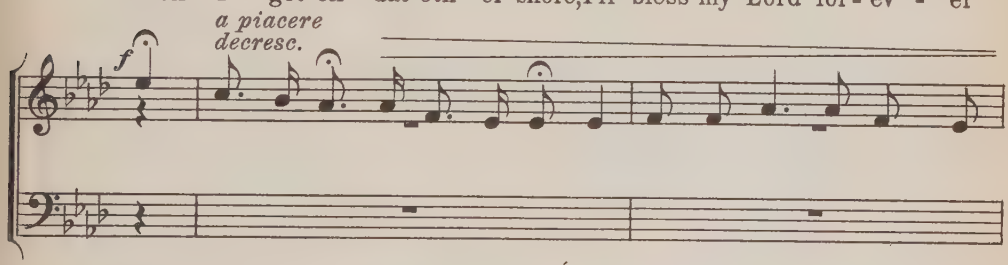
Tutti



We are al - most down to de shore.

Solo

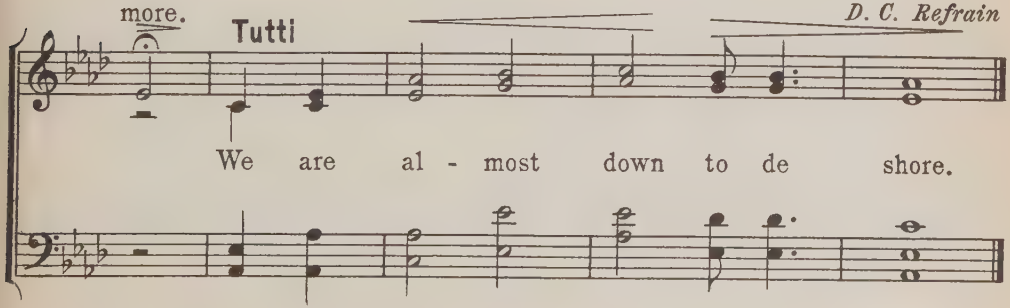
He died for you, He died for me, He died to save de whole world
When I get on dat oth - er shore, I'll bless my Lord for - ev - er



free.
more.

Tutti

D. C. Refrain



We are al - most down to de shore.

Hymns of Consolation

Most Done Trabelling

2

Oh, my sister's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My sister's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My sister's in de road,
Most done trabelling.
Chorus – I'm bound to carry, etc.

3

Oh, my brudder's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My brudder's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My brudder's in de road,
Most done trabelling.
Chorus – I'm bound to carry, etc.

4

Oh, de preacher's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De preacher's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De preacher's in de road,
Most done trabelling.
Chorus – I'm bound to carry, etc.

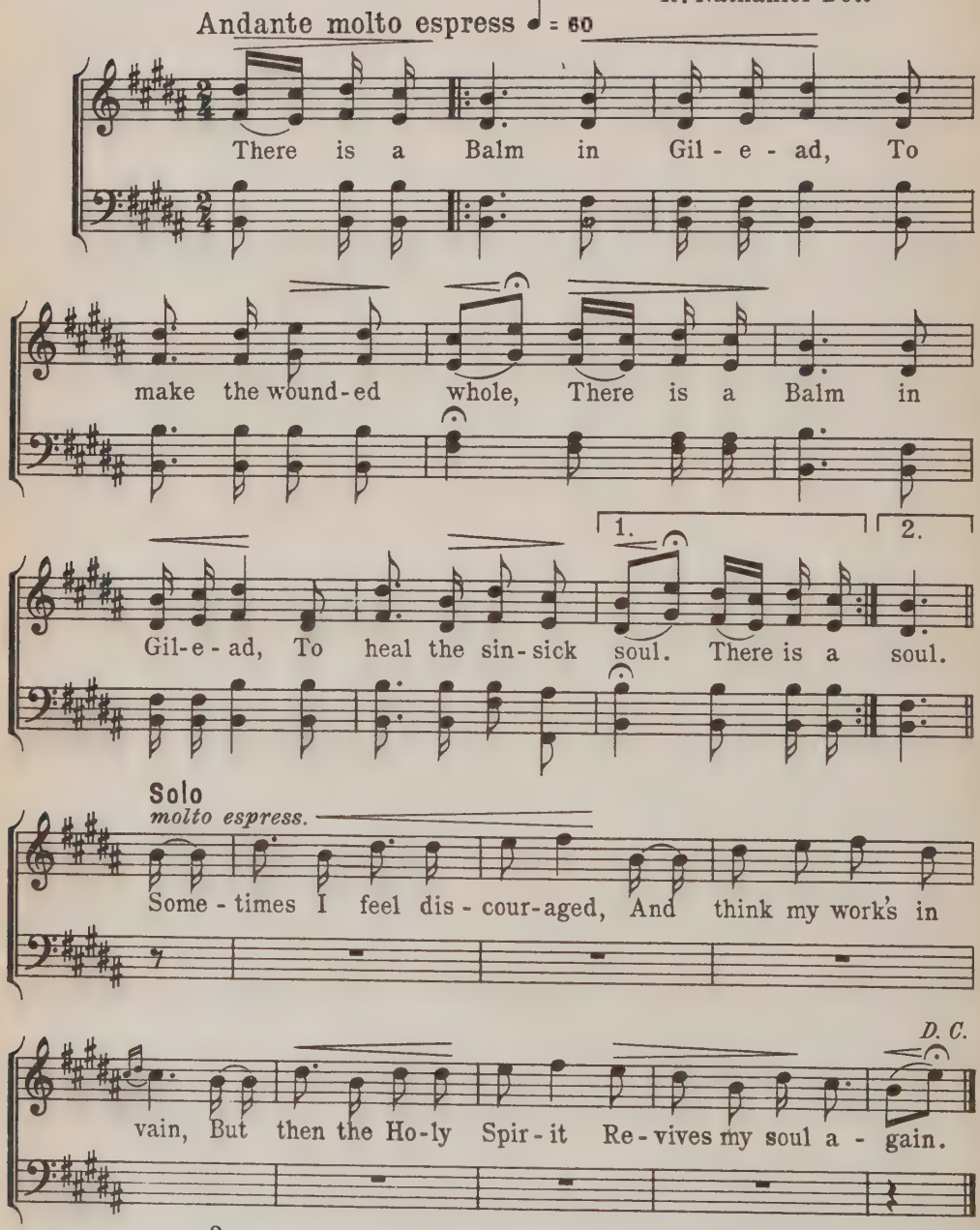
5

All de member's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De member's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De member's in de road,
Most done trabelling.
Chorus – I'm bound to carry, etc.

Hymns of Consolation

There Is a Balm in Gilead

Transcribed from the singing of the
Hampton Institute students by
R. Nathaniel Dett


Andante molto espress ♩ = 60
There is a Balm in Gil - e - ad, To
make the wound-ed whole, There is a Balm in
1.
2.
Gil-e-ad, To heal the sin-sick soul. There is a soul.
Solo
molto espress.
Some - times I feel dis - cour-aged, And think my work's in
D. C.
vain, But then the Ho-ly Spir-it Re-vives my soul a - gain.

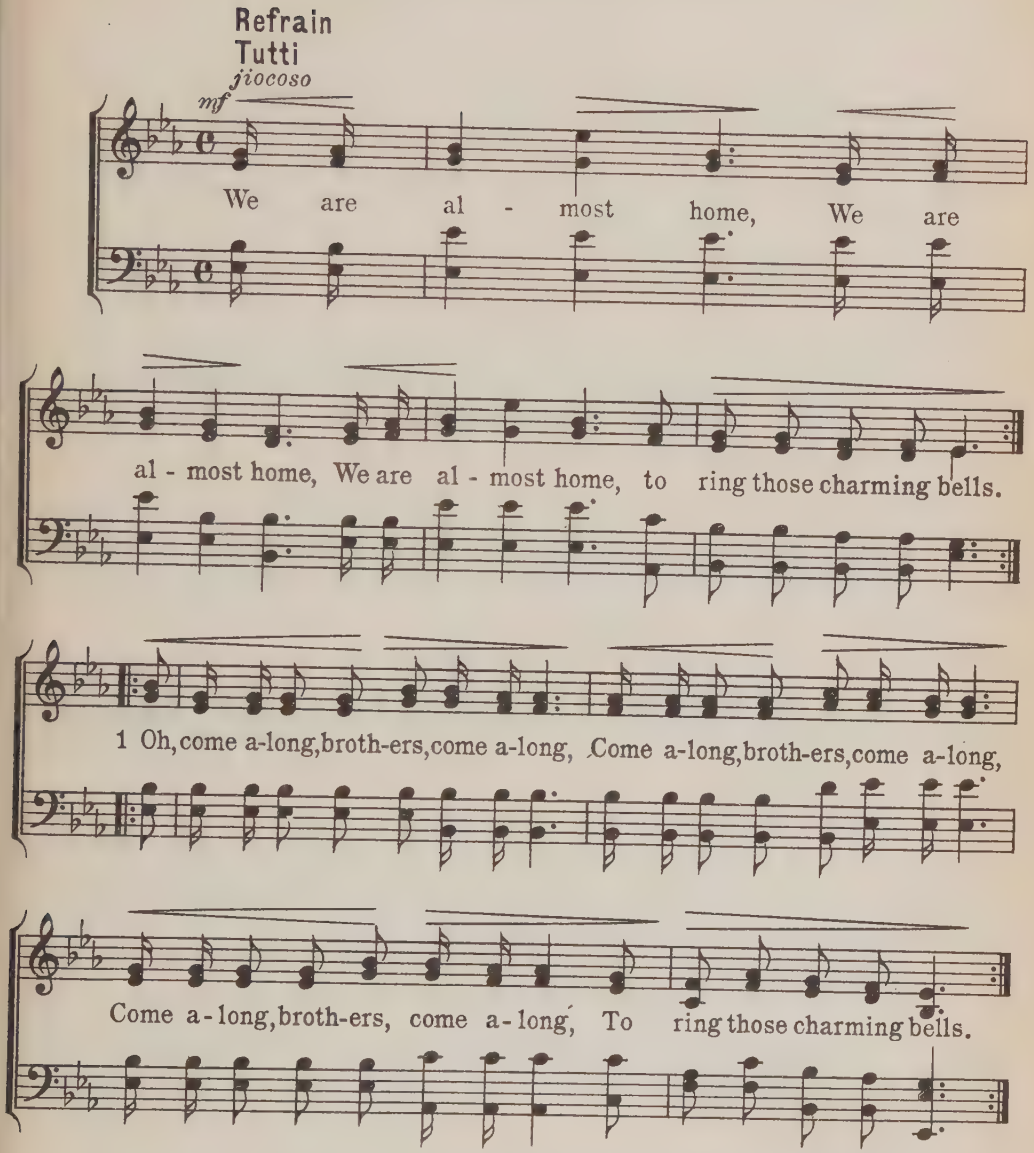
2

Don't ever be discouraged
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll ne'er refuse to lend.

3

If you cannot preach like Peter,
If you cannot pray like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say "He died for all.

We Are Almost Home


Refrain
Tutti
jiocoso
mf
We are al - most home, We are
al - most home, We are al - most home, to ring those charming bells.
1 Oh, come a-long, broth-ers, come a-long, Come a-long, broth-ers, come a-long,
Come a-long, broth-ers, come a-long, To ring those charming bells.

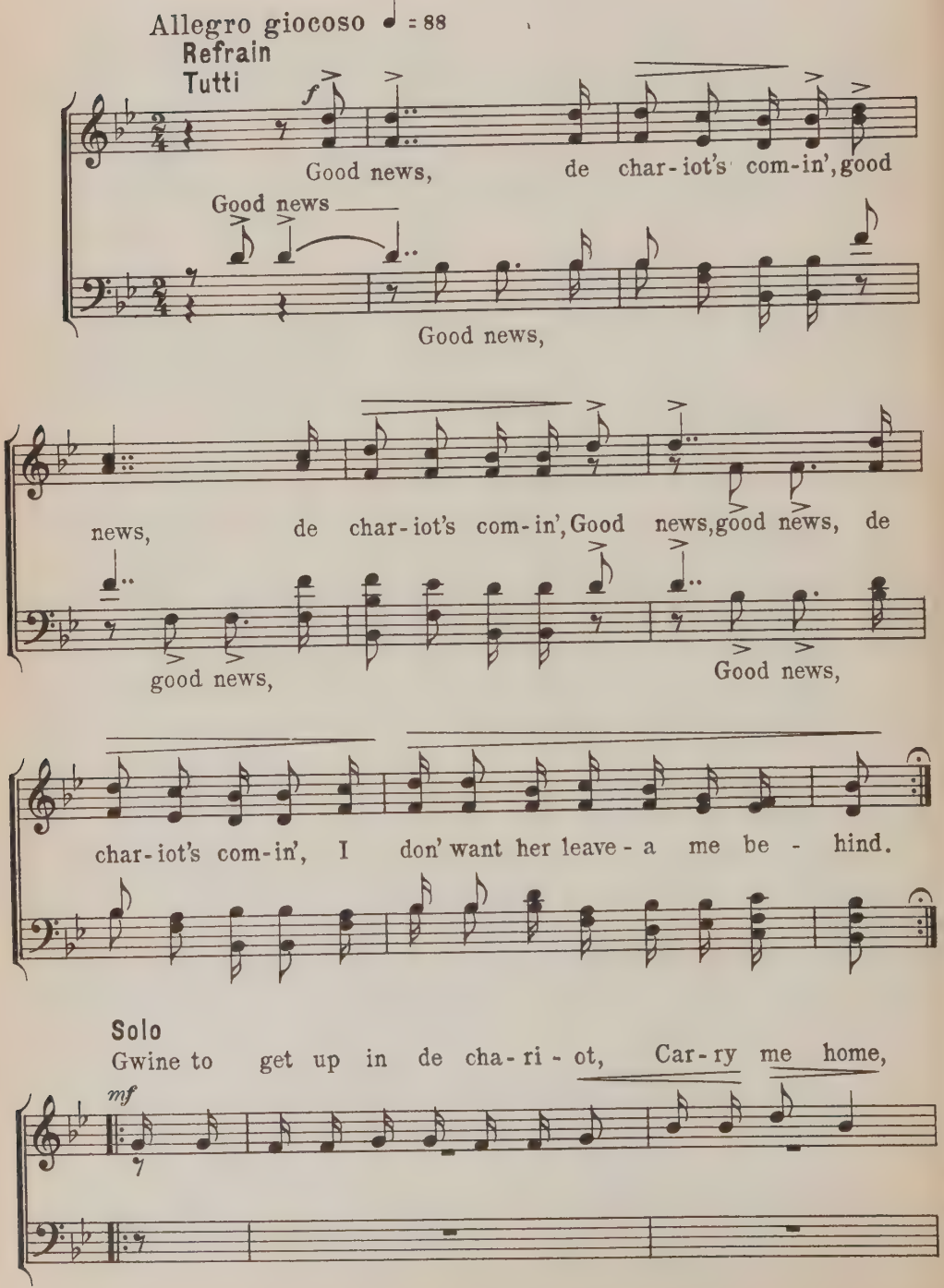
2

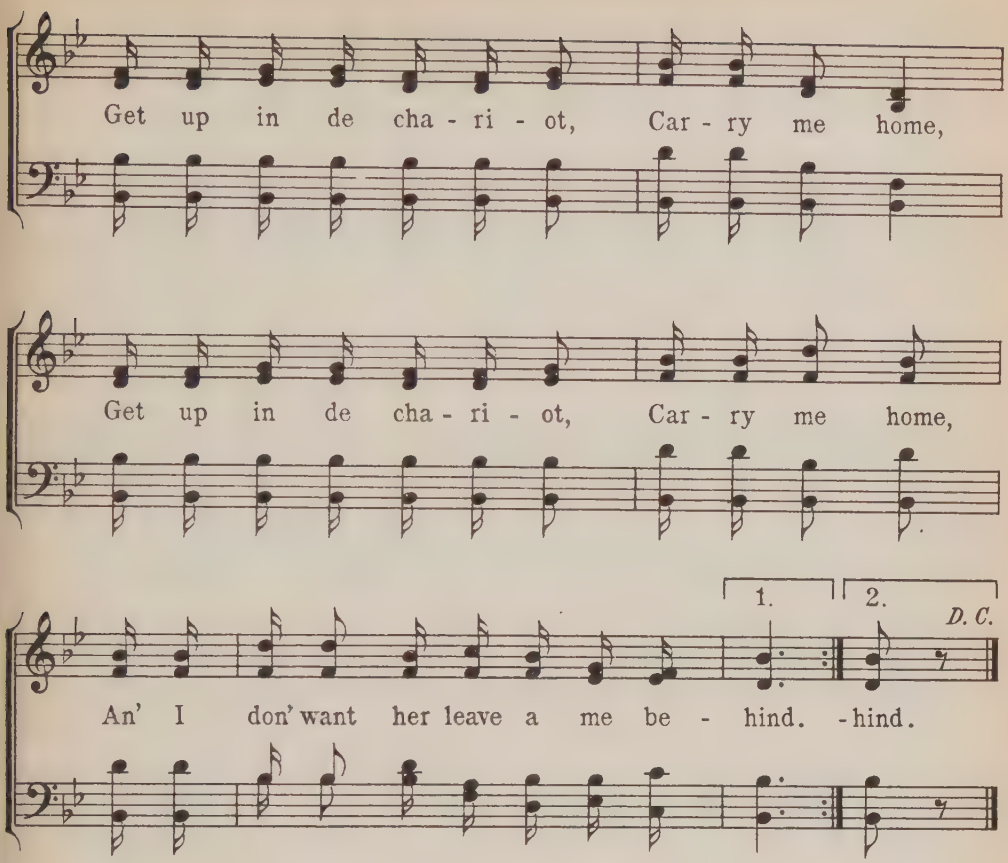
‖: O come along, sisters, come along,
Come along, sisters, come along,
Come along, sisters, come along,
To ring those charming bells. :‖
Refrain

N. B. Both verse and chorus of this song being sung twice in succession the repeats are to be taken very softly, like echoes.— Editor

Hymns of Death

Good News, de Chariot's Comin'





2

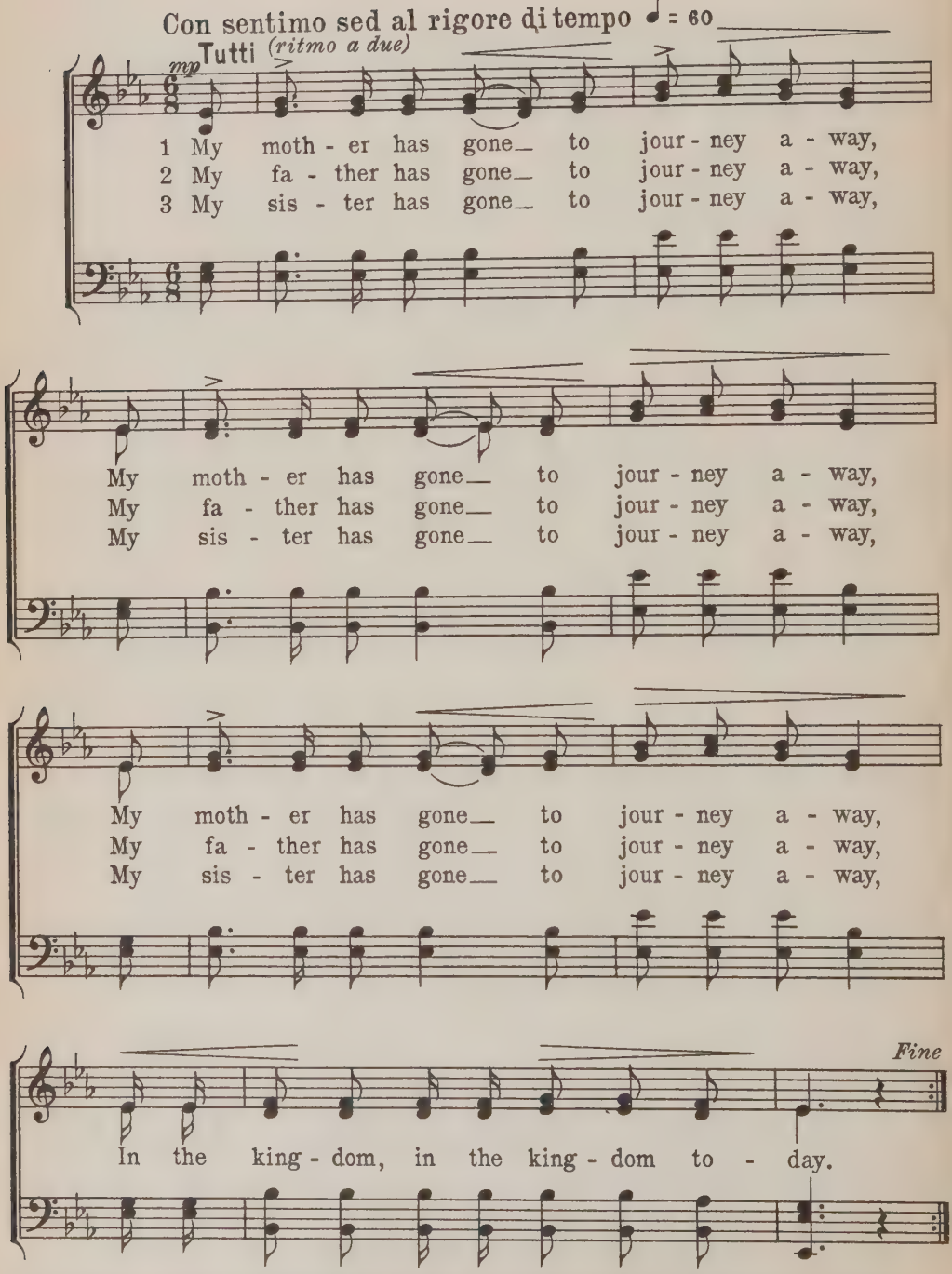
Dar's a long white robe in de hebben, I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's a golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Chorus – Good news, de chariot's comin', etc.

3

Dar's a golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Chorus – Good news, de chariot's comin', etc.

Hymns of Death

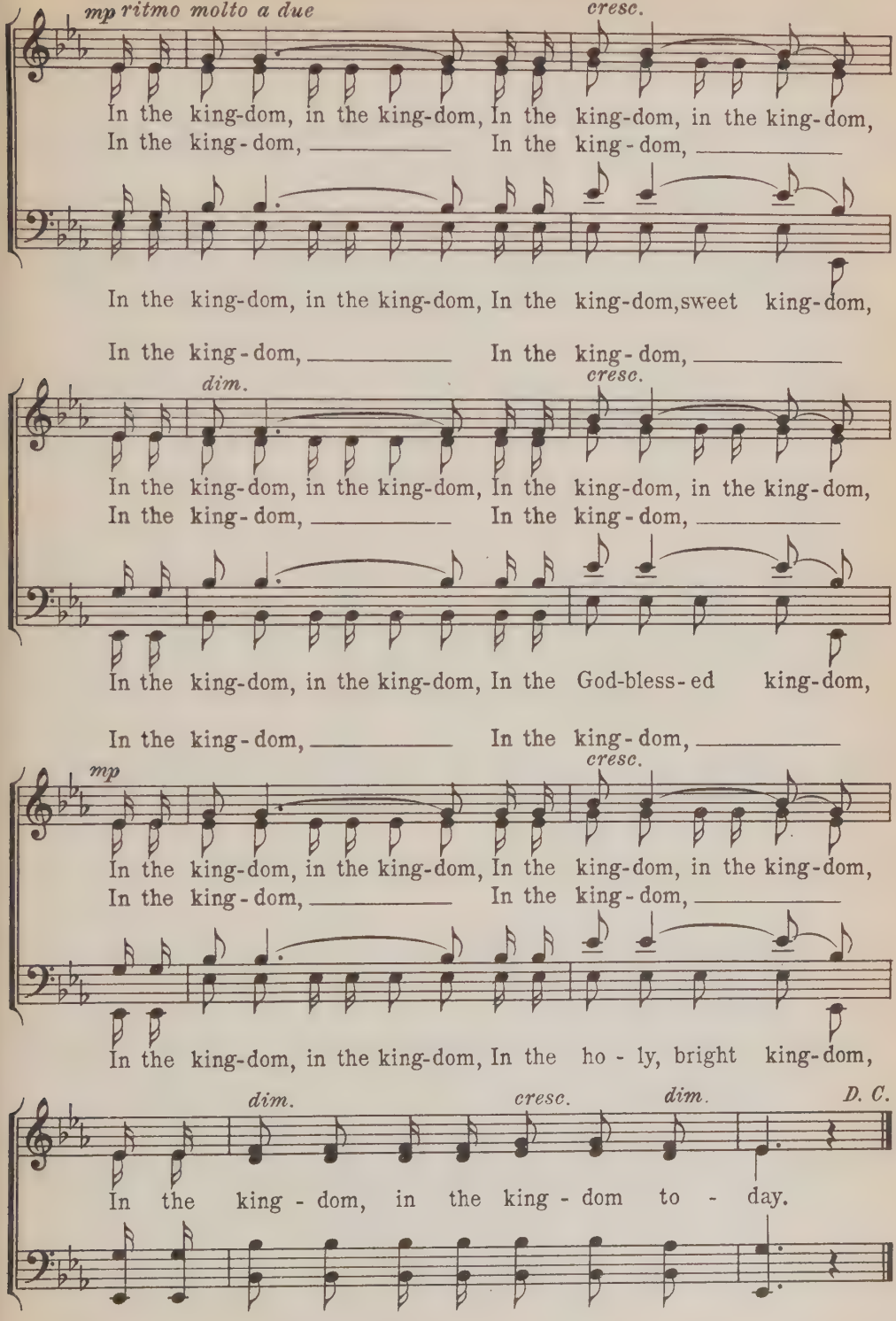
In the Kingdom


Con sentimo sed al rigore di tempo ♩ = 60
mp Tutti (ritmo a due)
1 My moth - er has gone to jour - ney a - way,
2 My fa - ther has gone to jour - ney a - way,
3 My sis - ter has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My moth - er has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My fa - ther has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My sis - ter has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My moth - er has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My fa - ther has gone to jour - ney a - way,
My sis - ter has gone to jour - ney a - way,
Fine
In the king - dom, in the king - dom to - day.

At Hampton two verses at least are usually sung before proceeding to the chorus. — Editor

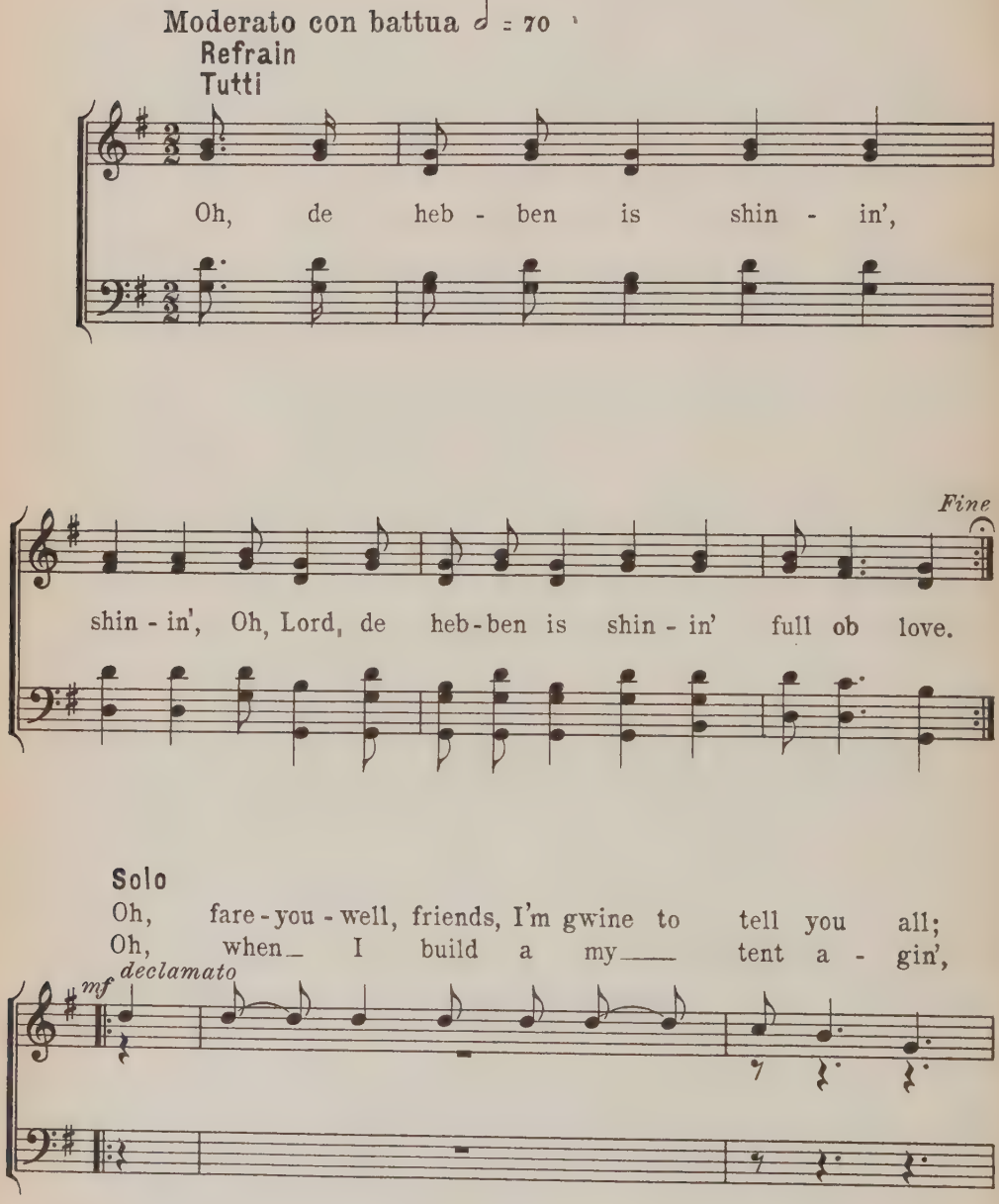
Refrain

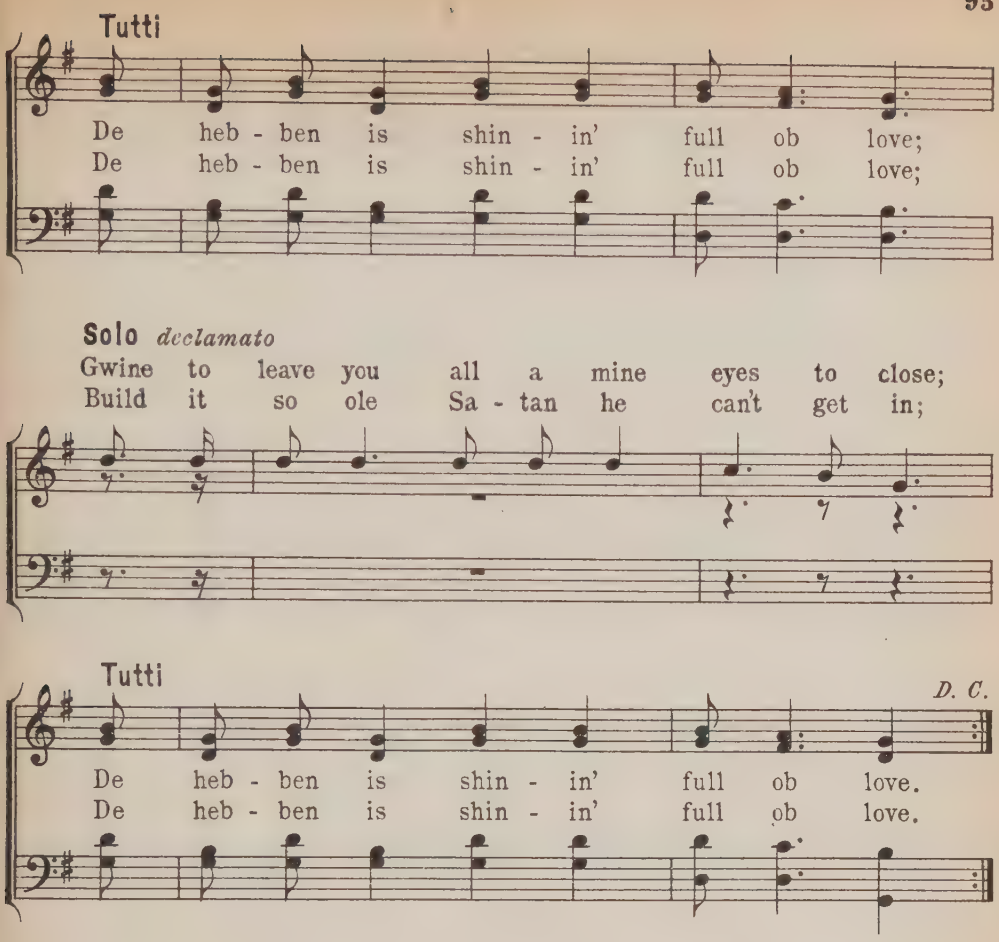
In the king-dom, _____ In the king-dom, _____


mp ritmo molto a due
cresc.
In the king-dom, in the king-dom, In the king-dom, in the king-dom,
In the king-dom, _____ In the king-dom, _____
In the king-dom, in the king-dom, In the king-dom,sweet king-dom,
In the king-dom, _____ In the king-dom, _____
dim.
cresc.
In the king-dom, in the king-dom, In the king-dom, in the king-dom,
In the king-dom, _____ In the king-dom, _____
In the king-dom, in the king-dom, In the God-bless-ed king-dom,
In the king-dom, _____ In the king-dom, _____
mp
cresc.
In the king-dom, in the king-dom, In the king-dom, in the king-dom,
In the king-dom, _____ In the king-dom, _____
In the king-dom, in the king-dom, In the ho - ly, bright king-dom,
dim.
cresc.
dim.
D. C.
In the king - dom, in the king - dom to - day.

Hymns of Death

Oh, de Hebben Is Shinin'


Moderato con battua ♩ = 70
Refrain
Tutti
Oh, de heb - ben is shin - in',
Fine
shin - in', Oh, Lord, de heb-ben is shin - in' full ob love.
Solo
Oh, fare-you-well, friends, I'm gwine to tell you all;
Oh, when I build a my tent a - gin',
mf
declamato


Tutti
De heb - ben is shin - in' full ob love;
De heb - ben is shin - in' full ob love;
Solo declamato
Gwine to leave you all a mine eyes to close;
Build it so ole Sa - tan he can't get in;
Tutti
D. C.
De heb - ben is shin - in' full ob love.
De heb - ben is shin - in' full ob love.

2

Death say, "I come on a-dat hebbenly 'cree
De hebben is shinin' full ob love,
My warrant's for to summage thee;
De hebben is shinin' full ob love,
An' whedder thou prepared or no;
De hebben is shinin' full ob love,
Dis very day He say you must go;"
De hebben is shinin' full ob love.
Refrain—

3

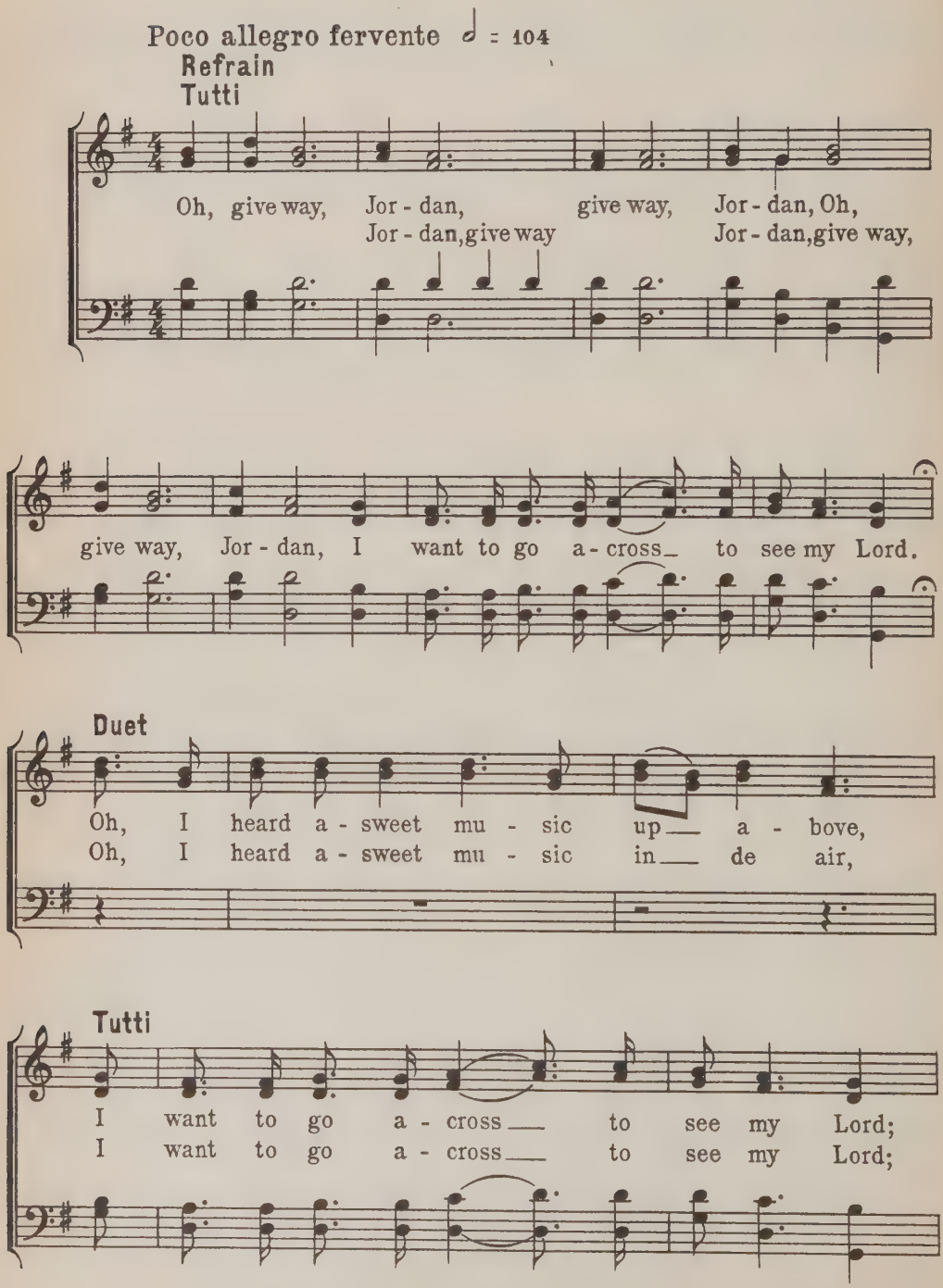
Oh, ghastly Death, wouldst thou prevail?
De hebben is shinin' full ob love,
Oh, spare me yet anoder day;
De hebben is shinin' full ob love,
I'm but a flower in my bloom;
De hebben is shinin' full ob love,
Why wilt thou cut-a me down so soon?
De hebben is shinin' full ob love.
Refrain—

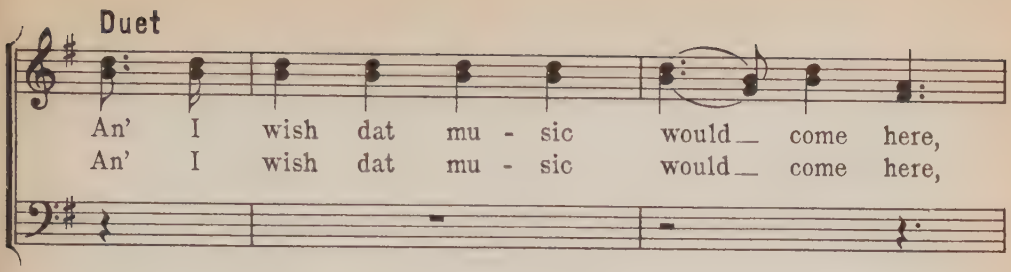
4

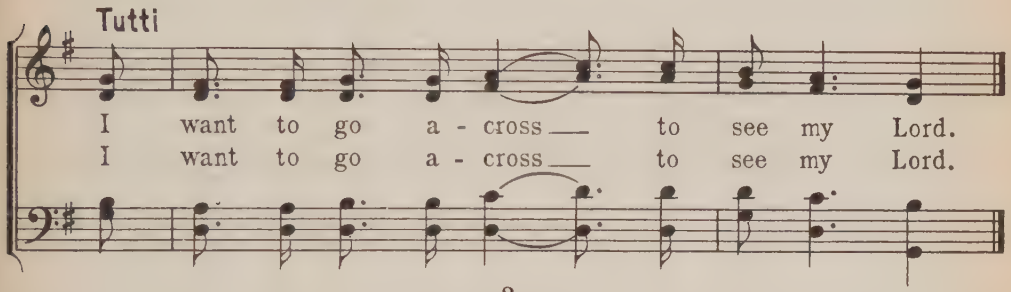
Oh, if I had-a my time agin;
De hebben is shinin' full ob love,
I would hate dat road-a dat leads to sin;
De hebben is shinin' full ob love,
An' to my God a-wid earnest pray;
De hebben is shinin' full ob love,
An' wrastle until de break o' day;
De hebben is shinin' full ob love.
Refrain—

Hymns of Death

Oh, Give Way, Jordan


Poco allegro fervente ♩ = 104
Refrain
Tutti
Oh, give way, Jor - dan, give way, Jor - dan, Oh,
Jor - dan, give way
Jor - dan, give way,
give way, Jor - dan, I want to go a - cross to see my Lord.
Duet
Oh, I heard a - sweet mu - sic up a - bove,
Oh, I heard a - sweet mu - sic in de air,
Tutti
I want to go a - cross to see my Lord;
I want to go a - cross to see my Lord;





2

Oh, stow back, stow back de powers of hell,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
And let God's children take de field,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
Now stan' back Satan, let me go by,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
Gwine to serve my Jesus till I die,
I want to go across to see my Lord.
Refrain—

3

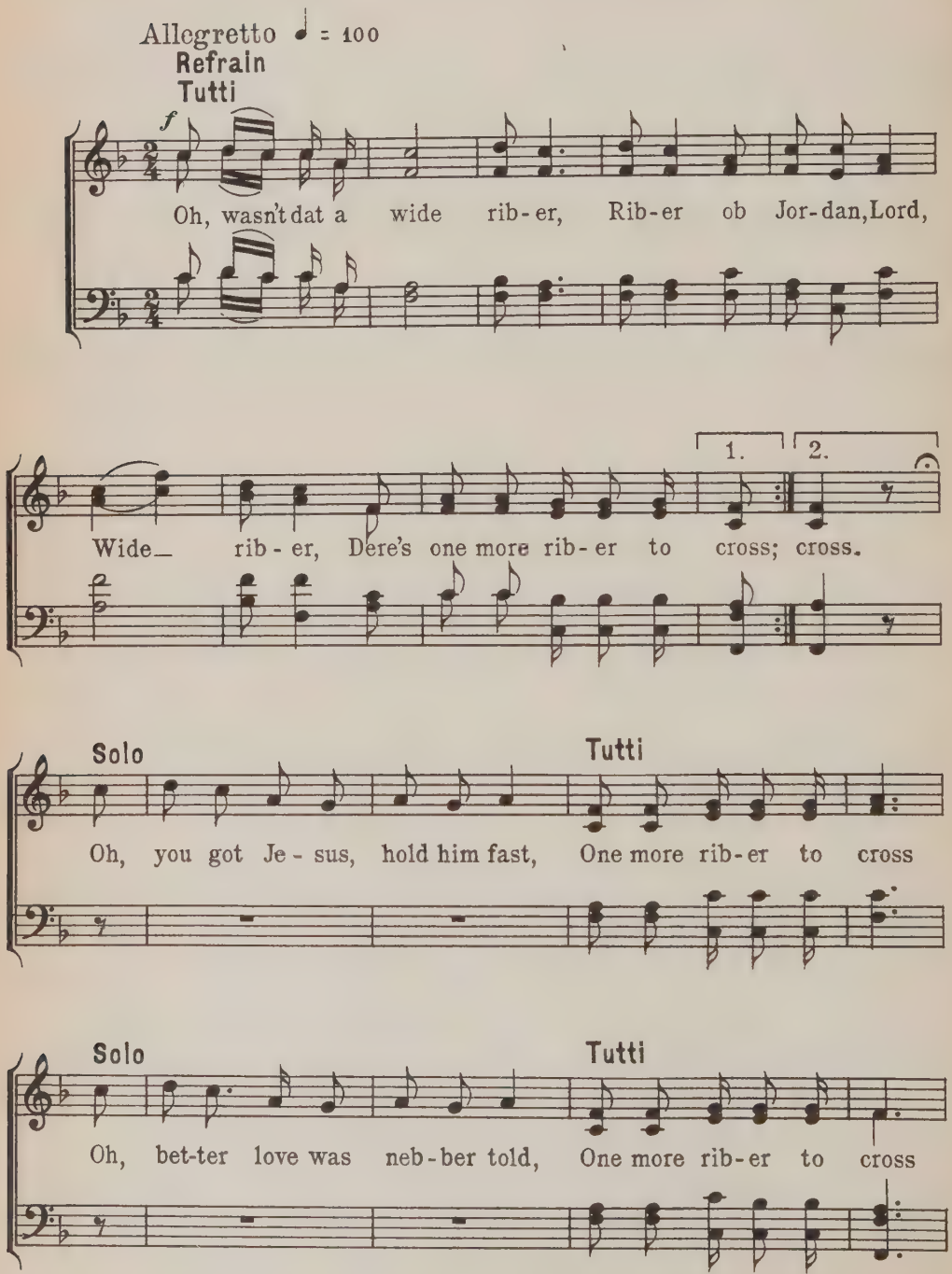
Soon in de mornin' by de break ob day,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
See de ole ship ob Zion sailin' away,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
Now I must go across, an' I shall go across,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
Dis sinful world I count but dross,
I want to go across to see my Lord.
Refrain—

4

Oh, I heard such a lumberin' in de sky,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
It make a-me t'ink my time was nigh,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
Yes, it must be my Jesus in de cloud,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
I nebber heard him speak so loud,
I want to go across to see my Lord.
Refrain—

Hymns of Death

Oh, Wasn't Dat a Wide Riber?



Solo
Tutti
'Tis strong-er dan an i - ron band, One more rib-er to cross
Solo
Tutti
D. C.
'Tis sweeter dan dat hon-ey comb One more rib-er to cross.

2

Oh, de good ole chariot passing by,
One more riber to cross,
She jarred de earth an' shook de sky,
One more riber to cross.
I pray, good Lord, shall I be one?
One more riber to cross,
To get up in de chariot, trabbel on,
One more riber to cross.
Chorus—Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? etc.

3

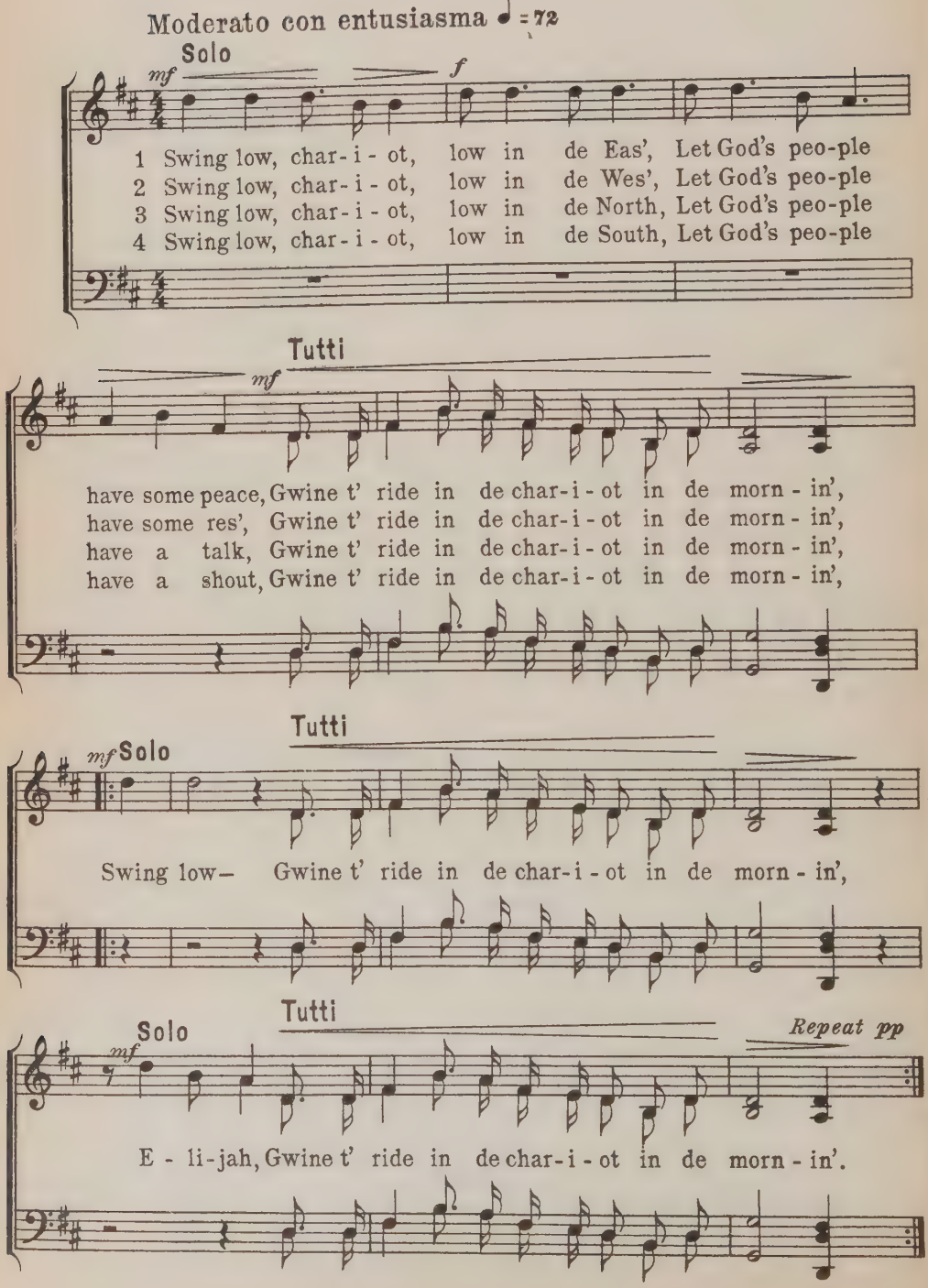
We're told dat de fore-wheel run by love,
One more riber to cross,
We're told dat de hind-wheel run by faith,
One more riber to cross.
I hope I shall get dere bimeby,
One more riber to cross,
To jine de number in de sky,
One more riber to cross.
Chorus—Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? etc.

4

Oh, one more riber we hab to cross,
One more riber to cross,
'Tis Jordan's riber we hab to cross,
One more riber to cross.
Oh, Jordan's riber am chilly an' cold,
One more riber to cross,
But I got de glory in-a my soul,
One more riber to cross.
Chorus—Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? etc.

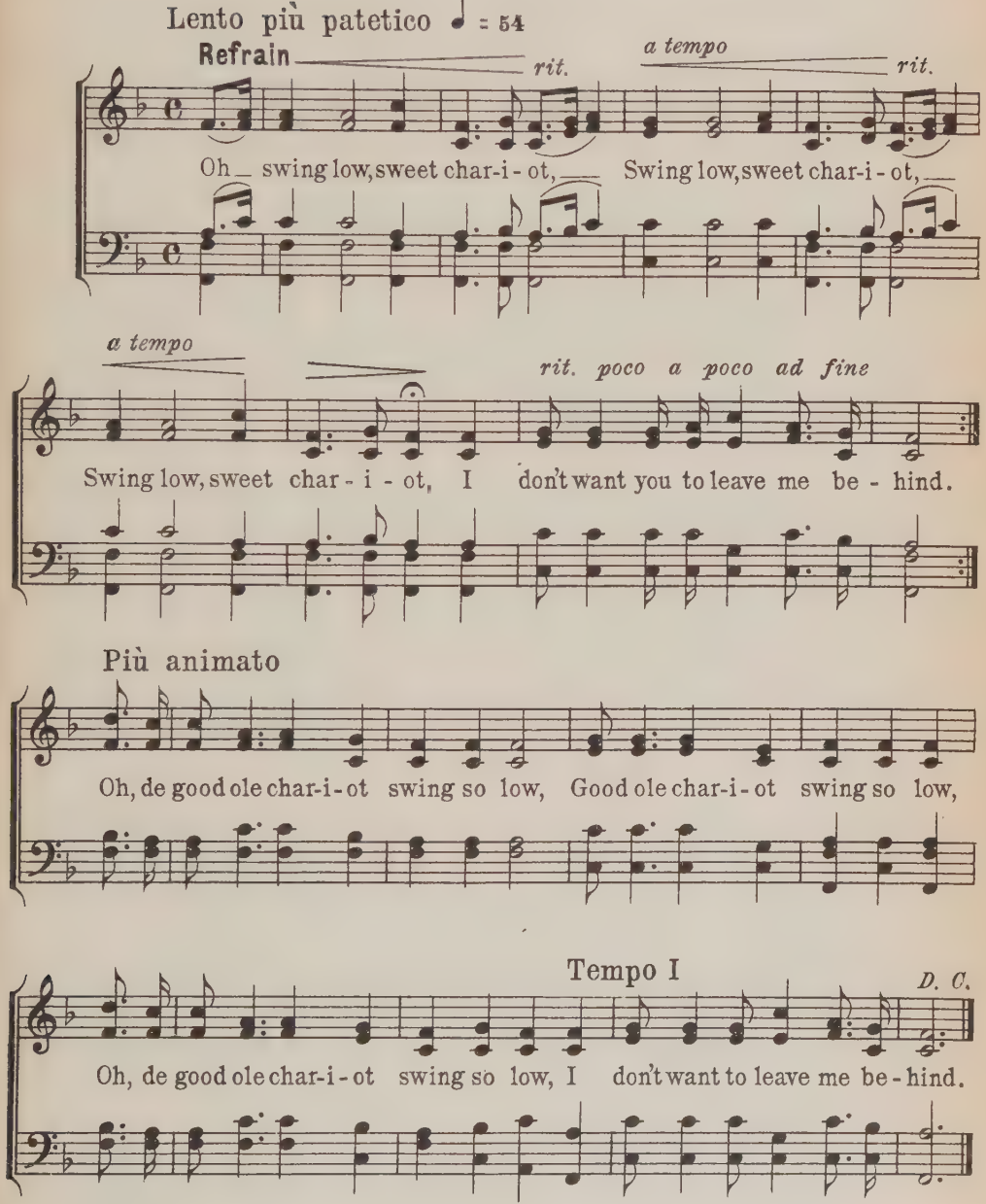
Hymns of Death

Swing Low, Chariot


Moderato con entusiasma ♩ = 72
Solo
mf
f
1 Swing low, char-i-ot, low in de Eas', Let God's peo-ple
2 Swing low, char-i-ot, low in de Wes', Let God's peo-ple
3 Swing low, char-i-ot, low in de North, Let God's peo-ple
4 Swing low, char-i-ot, low in de South, Let God's peo-ple
Tutti
mf
have some peace, Gwine t' ride in de char-i-ot in de morn-in',
have some res', Gwine t' ride in de char-i-ot in de morn-in',
have a talk, Gwine t' ride in de char-i-ot in de morn-in',
have a shout, Gwine t' ride in de char-i-ot in de morn-in',
Tutti
mf Solo
Swing low— Gwine t' ride in de char-i-ot in de morn-in',
Tutti
Solo
mf
Repeat pp
E-li-jah, Gwine t' ride in de char-i-ot in de morn-in'.

Hymns of Death

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot


Lento più patetico ♩ = 54
Refrain
rit.
a tempo
rit.
Oh_ swing low, sweet char-i-ot,_ Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,_
a tempo
rit. poco a poco ad fine
Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, I don't want you to leave me be-hind.
Più animato
Oh, de good ole char-i-ot swing so low, Good ole char-i-ot swing so low,
Tempo I
D. C.
Oh, de good ole char-i-ot swing so low, I don't want to leave me be-hind.

2

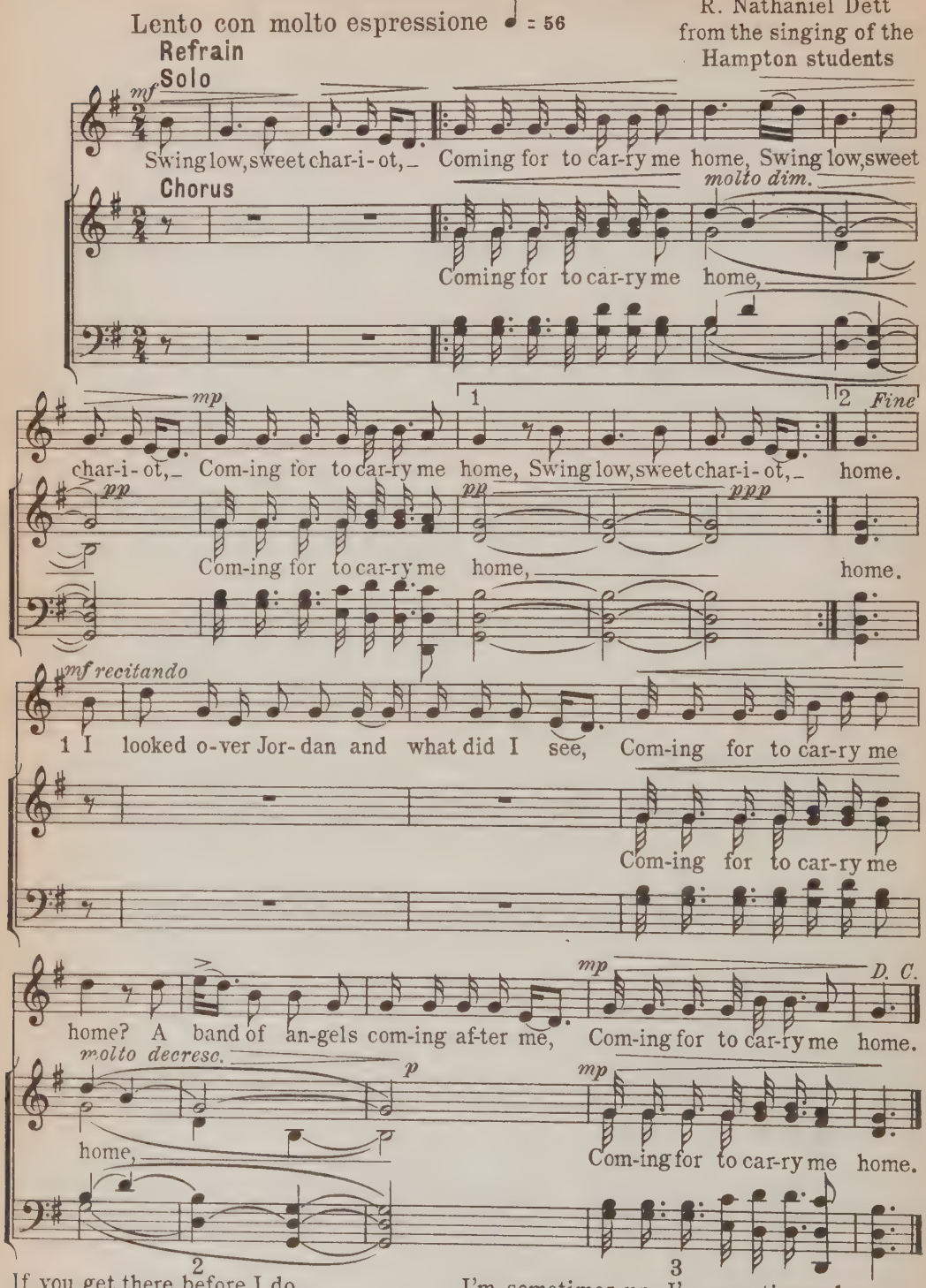
Oh, de good ole chariot will take us home,
I don't want to leave me behind.

Chorus— Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, etc.

Hymns of Death

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Transcribed by
R. Nathaniel Dett
from the singing of the
Hampton students



2

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too;
Coming for to carry me home.

3

I'm sometimes up, I'm sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound;
Coming for to carry me home.

But He Ain't Comin' Here t' Die No Mo'

2

Hallelujah t' de Lamb,
Jesus died for every man.
But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

3

He died for yo' He died for me,
He died t' set po' sinner free.
But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

4

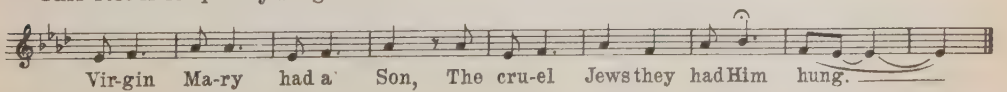
He died for de rich, He died for de po'
He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

5

He died for de blind, He died for de lame,
He bore de pain an' all de blame.
But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

* Omit this last measure when refrain is to be followed by a verse.

**This solo is frequently sung thus:—



Hymns of the Death of Christ

Did You Hear How Dey Crucified My Lord?

Moderato espressivo ♩ = 72
Tutti
1 Did you hear how dey cru - ci - fied my Lord? Did you
2 Did you hear how He hung on de cross? Did you
hear how dey cru-ci-fied my Lord? Oh how it makes me
hear how He hung on de cross? Oh how it makes me
trem-ble, trem-ble, Did you hear how dey cru-ci-fied my Lord?
trem-ble, trem-ble, Did you hear how He hung on de cross?

3

‖: Did you hear how He groaned, bled, an' died? :‖
Oh, how it makes me tremble, tremble,
Did you hear how He groaned, bled, an' died?

4

‖: Did you hear how dey laid Him in de tomb? :‖
Oh, how it makes me tremble, tremble,
Did you hear how dey laid Him in de tomb?

5

‖: Did you hear how He rose from de grave? :‖
Oh, how it makes me tremble, tremble,
Did you hear how He rose from de grave?

The version "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord" seems to be universally more popular.

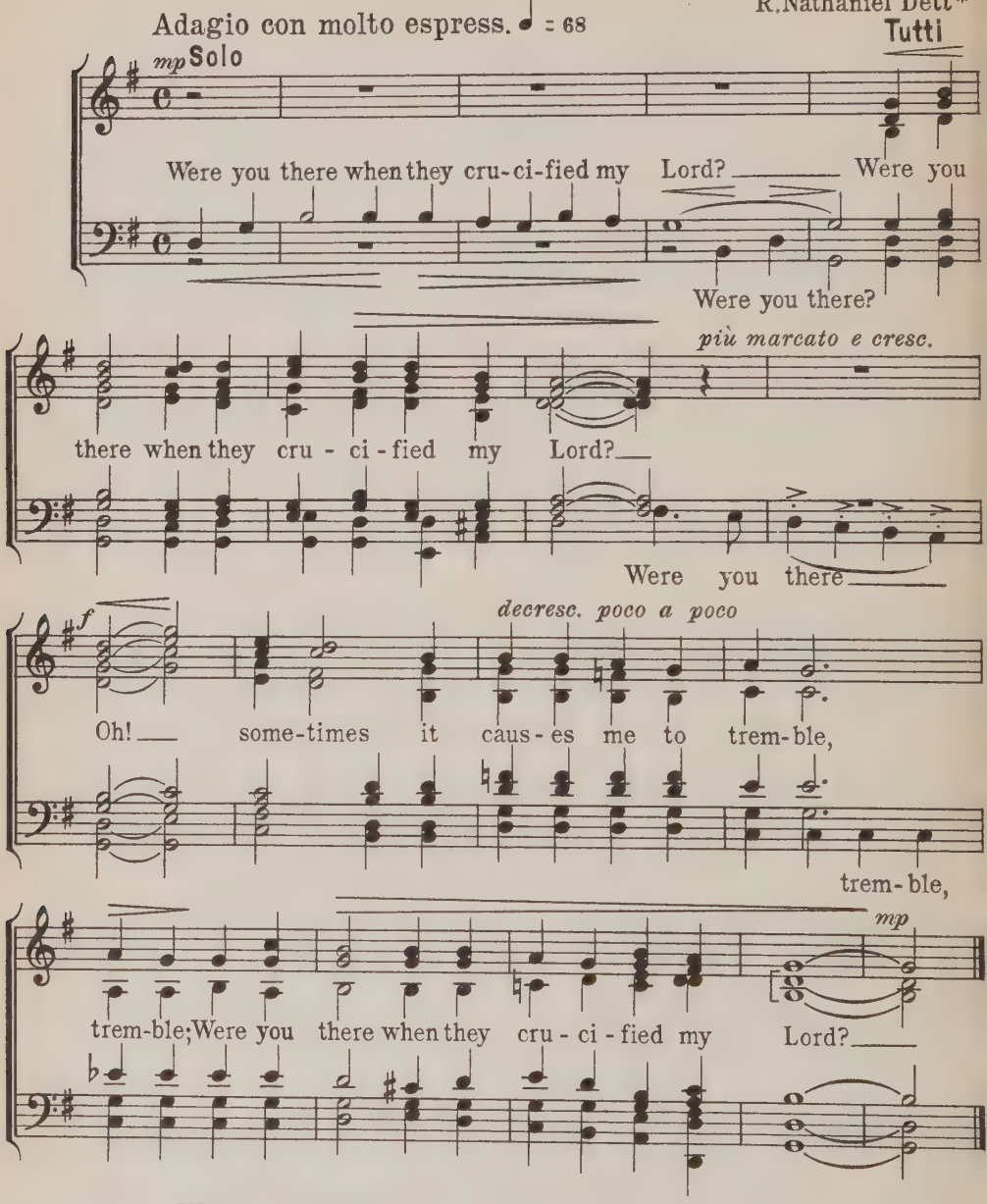
Hymns of the Death of Christ

My Soul Wants Something That's New

Andante quasi meditatione ♩. = 69
Solo
mp
mf Tutti
My soul wants some-thing that's new, that's new, My
poco cresc.
soul wants some-thing that's new, My soul wants some-thing that's
poco dim.
Fine
new, that's new, My soul wants some-thing that's new.
Solo
meno tempo
mp
mf Tutti
1 Dark was the night and cold the ground, On which the Lord was
2 Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the
poco cresc.
poco dim.
D. C.
laid, His sweat like drops of blood run down, In ag - o - ny He prayed.
tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty, grace un-known, And love be-yond de - gree.

Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?

Transcribed by
R. Nathaniel Dett*


Adagio con molto espress. ♩ = 68
mp Solo
Tutti
Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? Were you
Were you there?
più marcato e cresc.
there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there
f
decresc. poco a poco
Oh! some-times it caus-es me to trem-ble,
trem-ble,
mp
trem-ble; Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?

2 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

3 Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?

4 Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

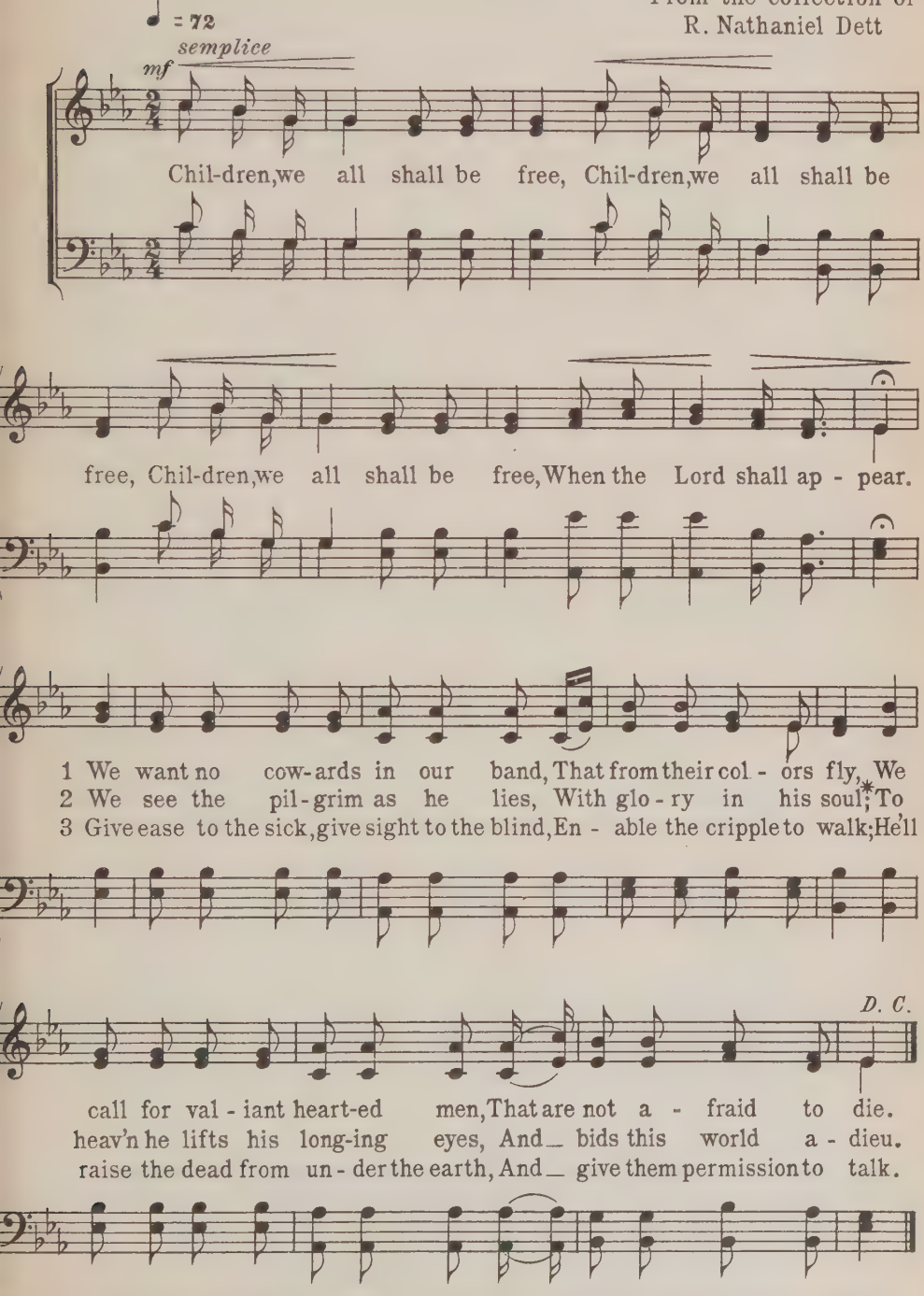
5 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

*The effort here has been to transcribe the effect of the thousand voices of the school in which there are numerous parts. A little study reveals the fact that these parts are so very simple and natural that no group of singers should be daunted by them. — Editor

Hymns of Deliverance

Children, We All Shall Be Free

From the collection of
R. Nathaniel Dett

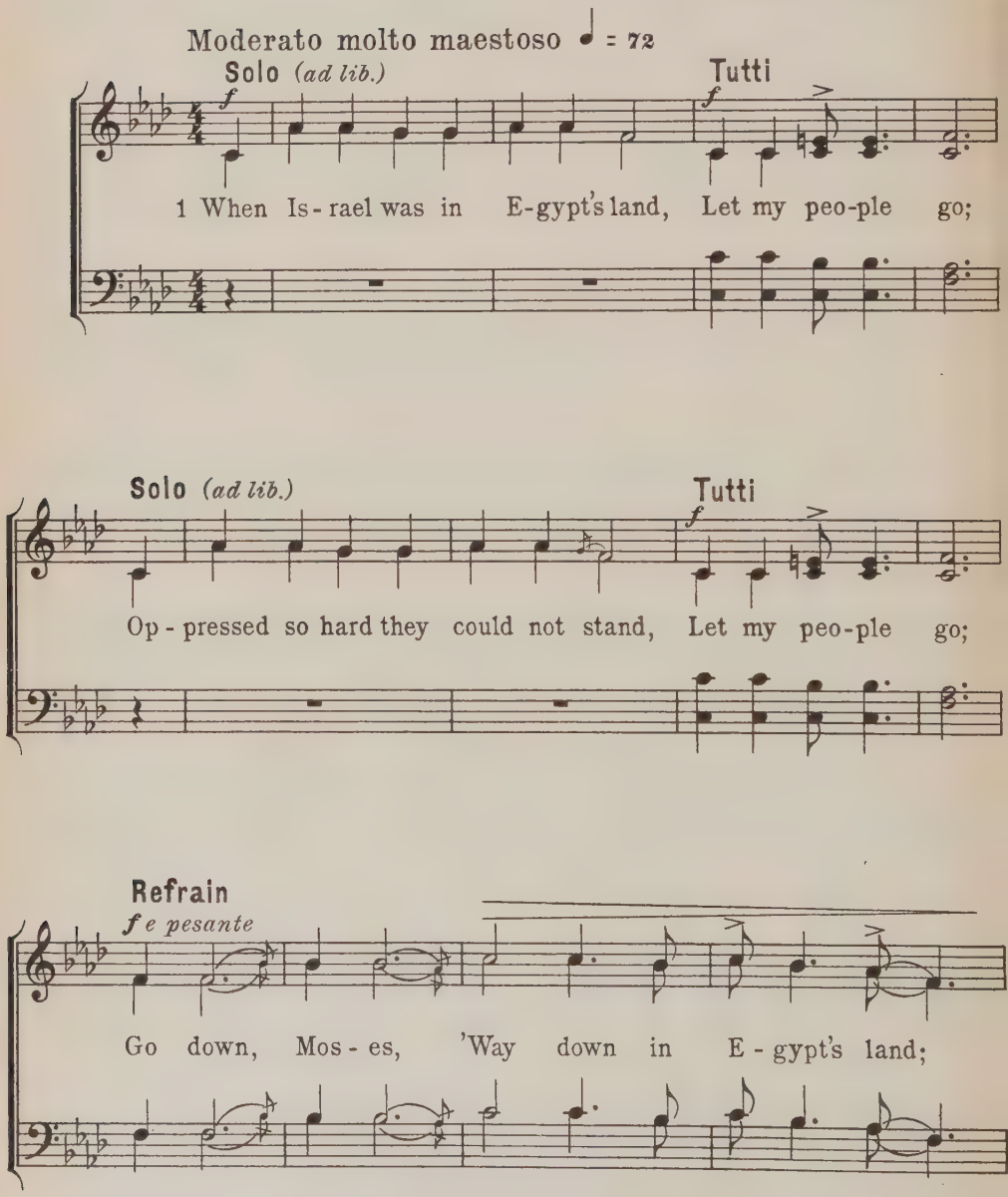

♩ = 72
semplice
mf
Chil-dren,we all shall be free, Chil-dren,we all shall be
free, Chil-dren,we all shall be free,When the Lord shall ap - pear.
1 We want no cow-ards in our band, That from their col - ors fly, We
2 We see the pil-grim as he lies, With glo - ry in his soul; To
3 Give ease to the sick,give sight to the blind,En - able the cripple to walk;He'll
D. C.
call for val - iant heart-ed men,That are not a - fraid to die.
heav'n he lifts his long-ing eyes, And bids this world a - dieu.
raise the dead from un - der the earth, And give them permission to talk.

*"In his soul" is traditional; however, because of the rhyme, "in his view", suggests itself —Editor

Hymns of Deliverance

Go Down, Moses

Transcribed by the editor from
the singing of the Hampton students
led by Paige I. Lancaster


Moderato molto maestoso ♩ = 72
Solo (ad lib.)
Tutti
1 When Is-rael was in E-gypt's land, Let my peo-ple go;
Solo (ad lib.)
Tutti
Op-pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple go;
Refrain
f e pesante
Go down, Mos-es, 'Way down in E-gypt's land;

2

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.

3

No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go;
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.

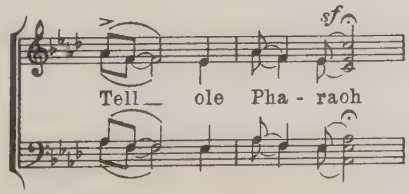
4

The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go;
To lead the children of Israel thro',
Let my people go.

5

When they had reached the other shore,
Let my people go;
They sang a song of triumph o'er.
Let my people go.

. At Hampton Institute the first two measures of the last score are sung as here indicated, and while this is undoubtedly a colloquialism it, nevertheless, is highly effective. — Editor



Hymns of Deliverance

Oh, Freedom!

Moderato fervente ♩ = 74
mf Solo
Tutti
f
1 Oh, free - dom! oh, free - dom!
2 No mo' moan - in', no mo' moan - in',
marcato
più
oh, free-dom o-ver me! An' be - fo' I'd be a slave, I'll be
no mo' moan-in' o-ver me! An' be - fo' I'd be a slave, I'll be
sf
o-ver me!
cresc.
bur-ied in my grave, An' go home to my Lord an' be free.
bur-ied in my grave, An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

3

No mo' weepin' over me,
An' befo' I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

4

There'll be singin' over me,
An' befo' I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

5

There'll be shoutin' over me,
An' befo' I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

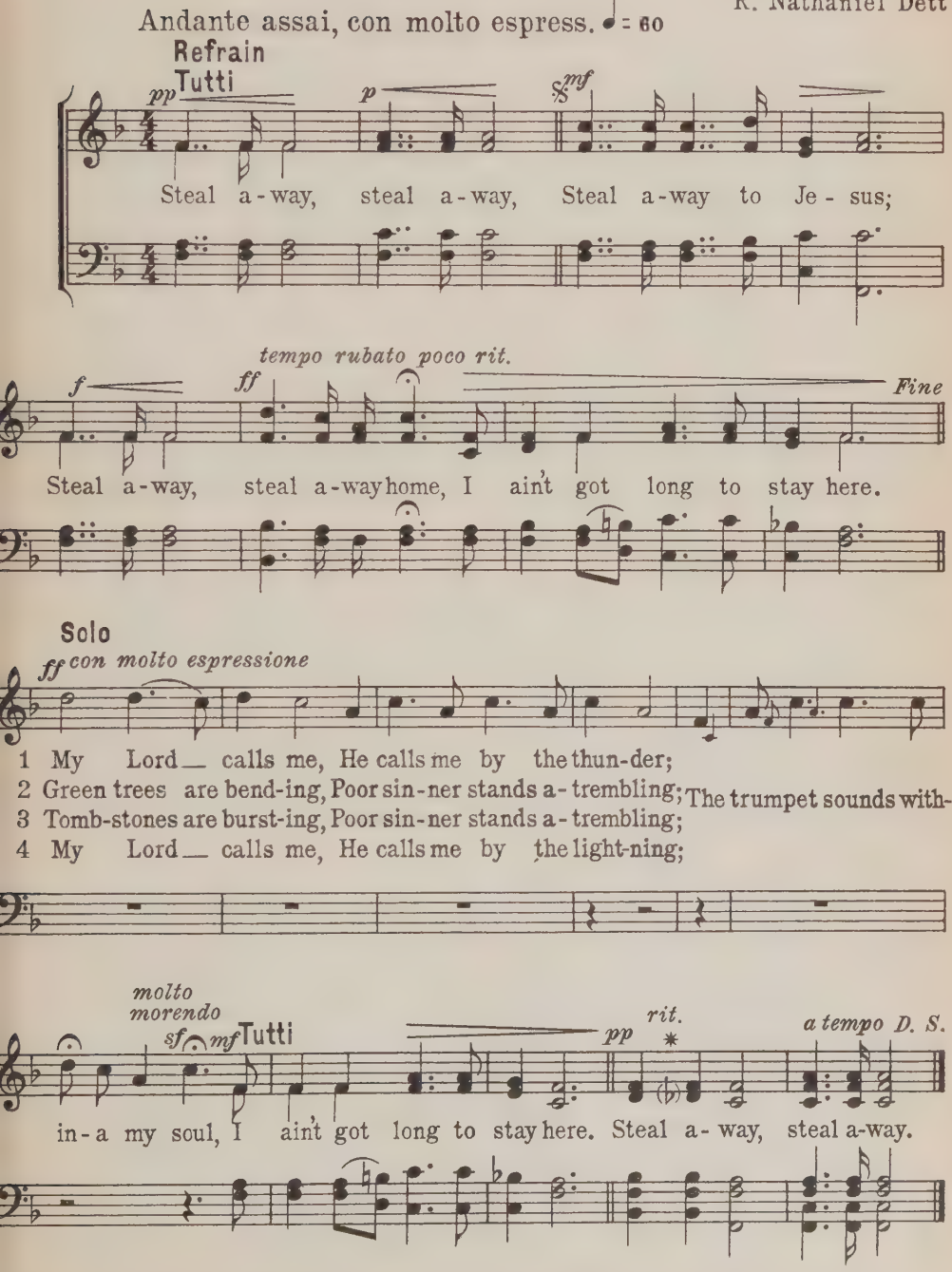
6

There'll be prayin' over me,
An' befo' I'd be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

Hymns of Deliverance

Steal Away to Jesus

Transcribed by
R. Nathaniel Dett


Andante assai, con molto espress. ♩ = 60
Refrain
Tutti
pp
p
mf
Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je-sus;
tempo rubato poco rit.
f
ff
Fine
Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here.
Solo
ff con molto espressione
1 My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der;
2 Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sin-ner stands a-trembling; The trumpet sounds with-
3 Tomb-stones are burst-ing, Poor sin-ner stands a-trembling;
4 My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light-ning;
molto morendo
sf mf
Tutti
pp
rit.
a tempo
D. S.
in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here. Steal a-way, steal a-way.

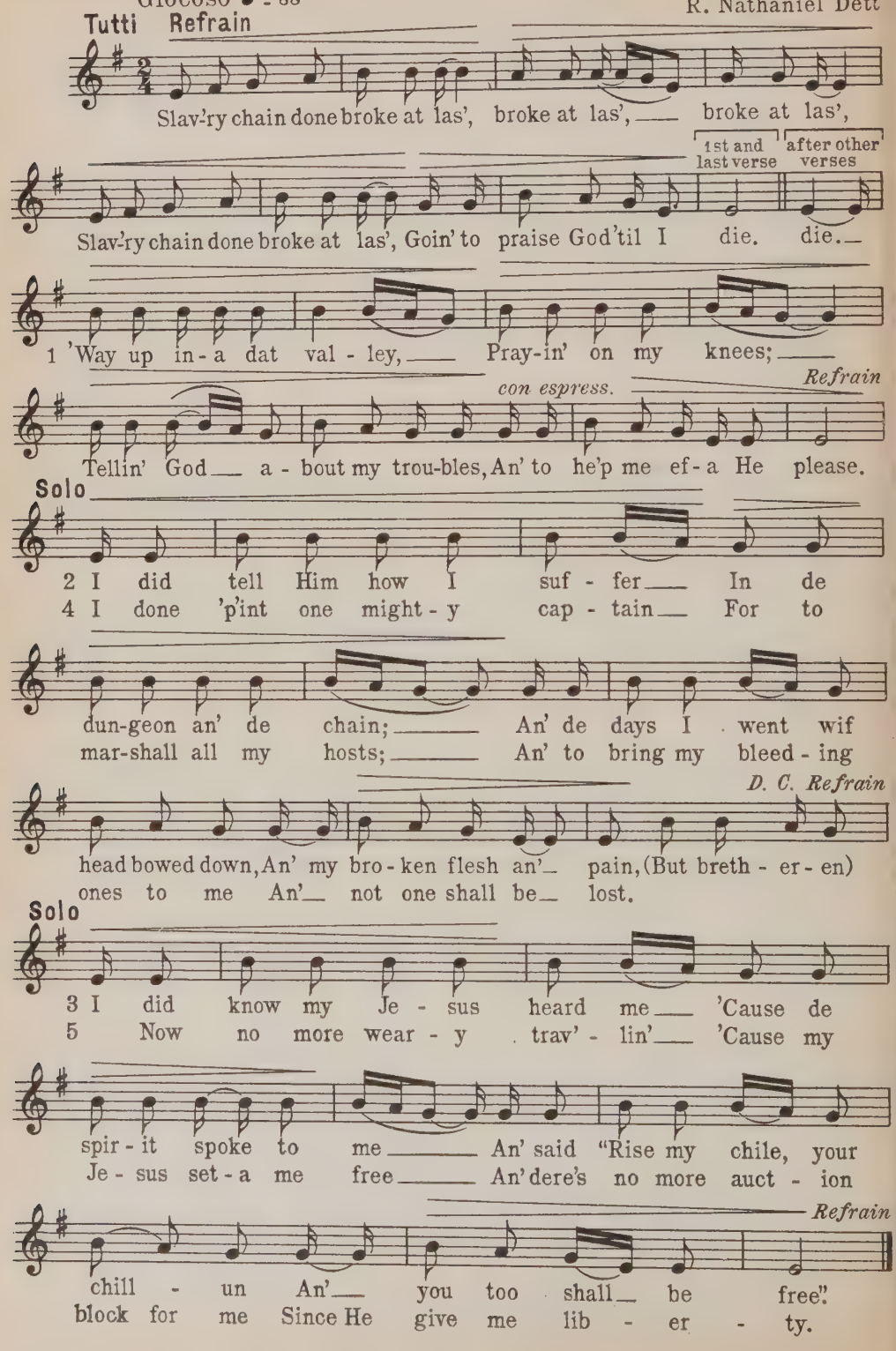
*The flat is not always distinctly heard in the Hampton chorus — Editor

Slav'ry Chain

Sung by
Mrs. Catharine Fields-Gay

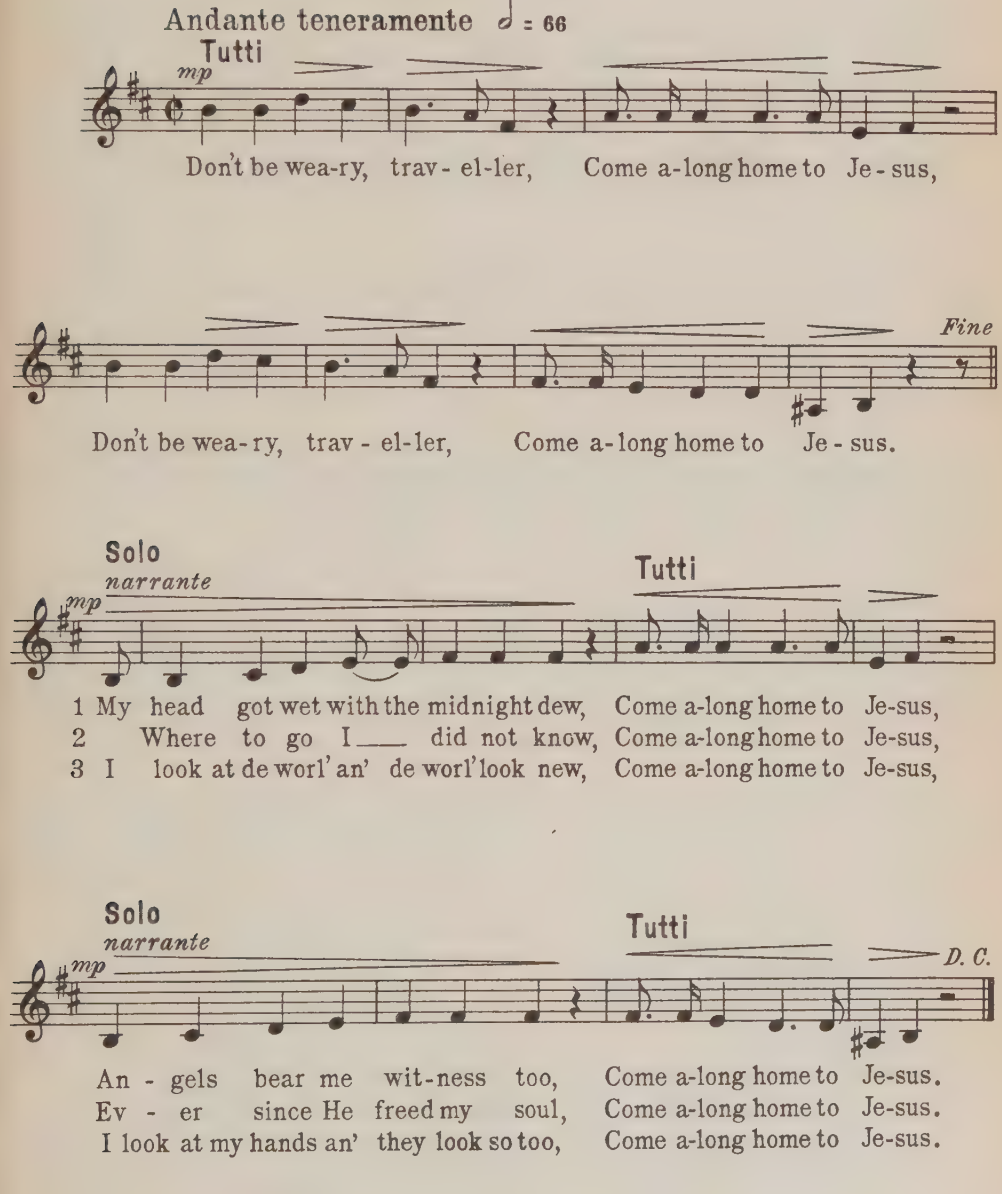
Collected by
R. Nathaniel Dett

Giocoso ♩ = 88


Tutti Refrain
Slav'ry chain done broke at las', broke at las', broke at las',
1st and last verse
after other verses
Slav'ry chain done broke at las', Goin' to praise God'til I die. die.
1 'Way up in-a dat val-ley, Pray-in' on my knees;
con espress.
Refrain
Tellin' God a-bout my trou-bles, An' to he'p me ef-a He please.
Solo
2 I did tell Him how I suf-fer In de
4 I done 'p'int one might-y cap-tain For to
dun-geon an' de chain; An' de days I went wif
mar-shall all my hosts; An' to bring my bleed-ing
D. C. Refrain
head bowed down, An' my bro-ken flesh an' pain, (But breth-er-en)
ones to me An' not one shall be lost.
Solo
3 I did know my Je-sus heard me 'Cause de
5 Now no more wear-y trav'-lin' 'Cause my
spir-it spoke to me An' said "Rise my chile, your
Je-sus set-a me free An' dere's no more auct-ion
Refrain
chill-un An' you too shall be free."
block for me Since He give me lib-er-ty.

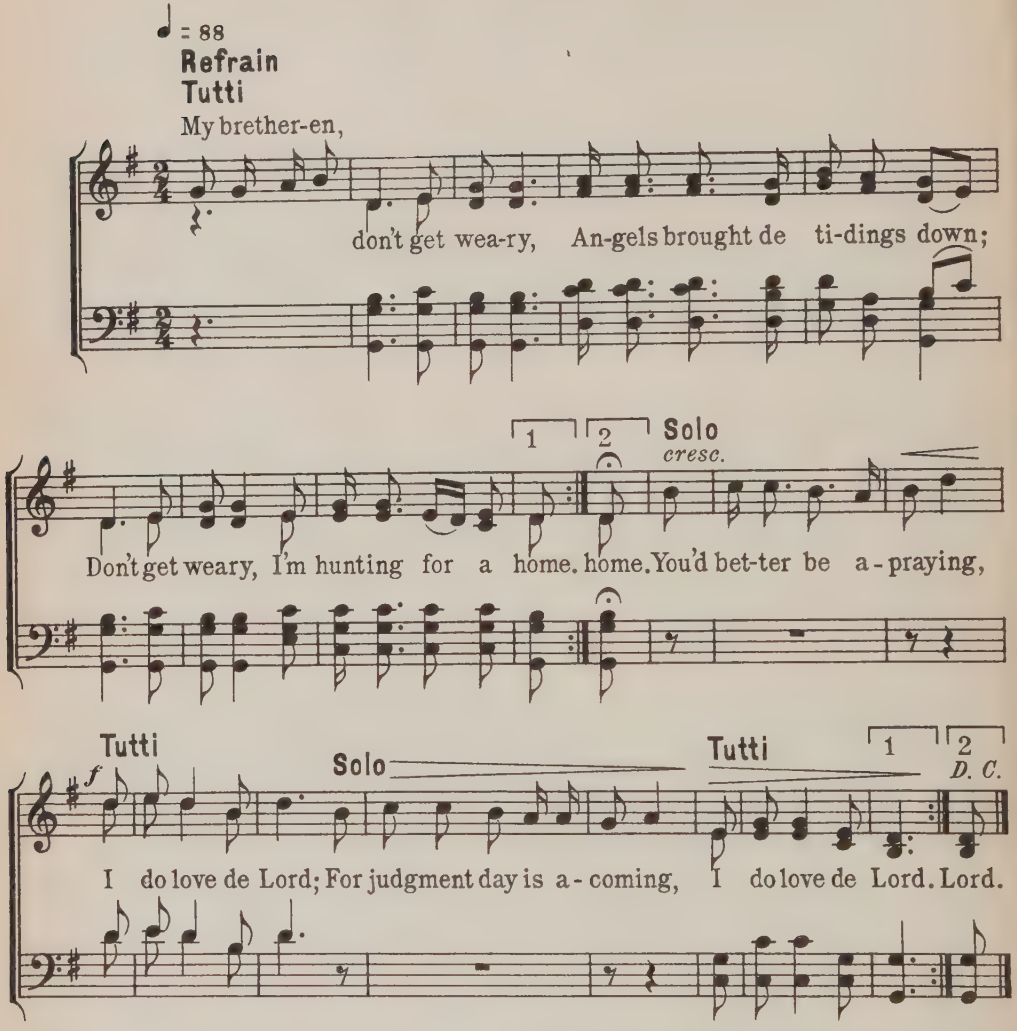
Hymns of Encouragement

Don't Be Weary, Traveller


Andante teneramente ♩ = 66
Tutti
mp
Don't be wea-ry, trav - el-ler, Come a-long home to Je - sus,
Fine
Don't be wea-ry, trav - el-ler, Come a-long home to Je - sus.
Solo
narrante
mp
Tutti
1 My head got wet with the midnight dew, Come a-long home to Je-sus,
2 Where to go I___ did not know, Come a-long home to Je-sus,
3 I look at de worl' an' de worl' look new, Come a-long home to Je-sus,
Solo
narrante
mp
Tutti
D. C.
An - gels bear me wit-ness too, Come a-long home to Je-sus.
Ev - er since He freed my soul, Come a-long home to Je-sus.
I look at my hands an' they look so too, Come a-long home to Je-sus.

Hymns of Encouragement

Don't Get Weary



2

Oh, whar you runnin', sinner?
I do love de Lord—
De judgment day is a-comin'!
I do love de Lord.
Chorus— My bretheren, etc.

3

You'll see de world on fire!
I do love de Lord—
You'll see de element a-meltin',
I do love de Lord.
Chorus— My bretheren, etc.

4

You'll see de moon a-bleedin',
I do love de Lord—
You'll see de stars a-fallin';
I do love de Lord.
Chorus— My bretheren, etc.

Hymns of Encouragement

We Are Building on a Rock

Andante fervore ♩ = 63
Solo
mf
Tutti
3
1 We are build-ing on a Rock, On high, on high,
2 It's a might-y true Rock, On high, on high,
3 It's a might-y sol-id Rock, On high, on high,
Solo
Tutti
We are build-ing on a Rock, On high, thank God.
It's a might-y true Rock, On high, thank God.
It's a might-y sol-id Rock, On high, thank God.

4

Christ Jesus is the Rock,
On high, on high,
Christ Jesus is the Rock,
On high, thank God.

5

The very gates of hell,
On high, on high,
The very gates of hell,
On high, thank God.

6

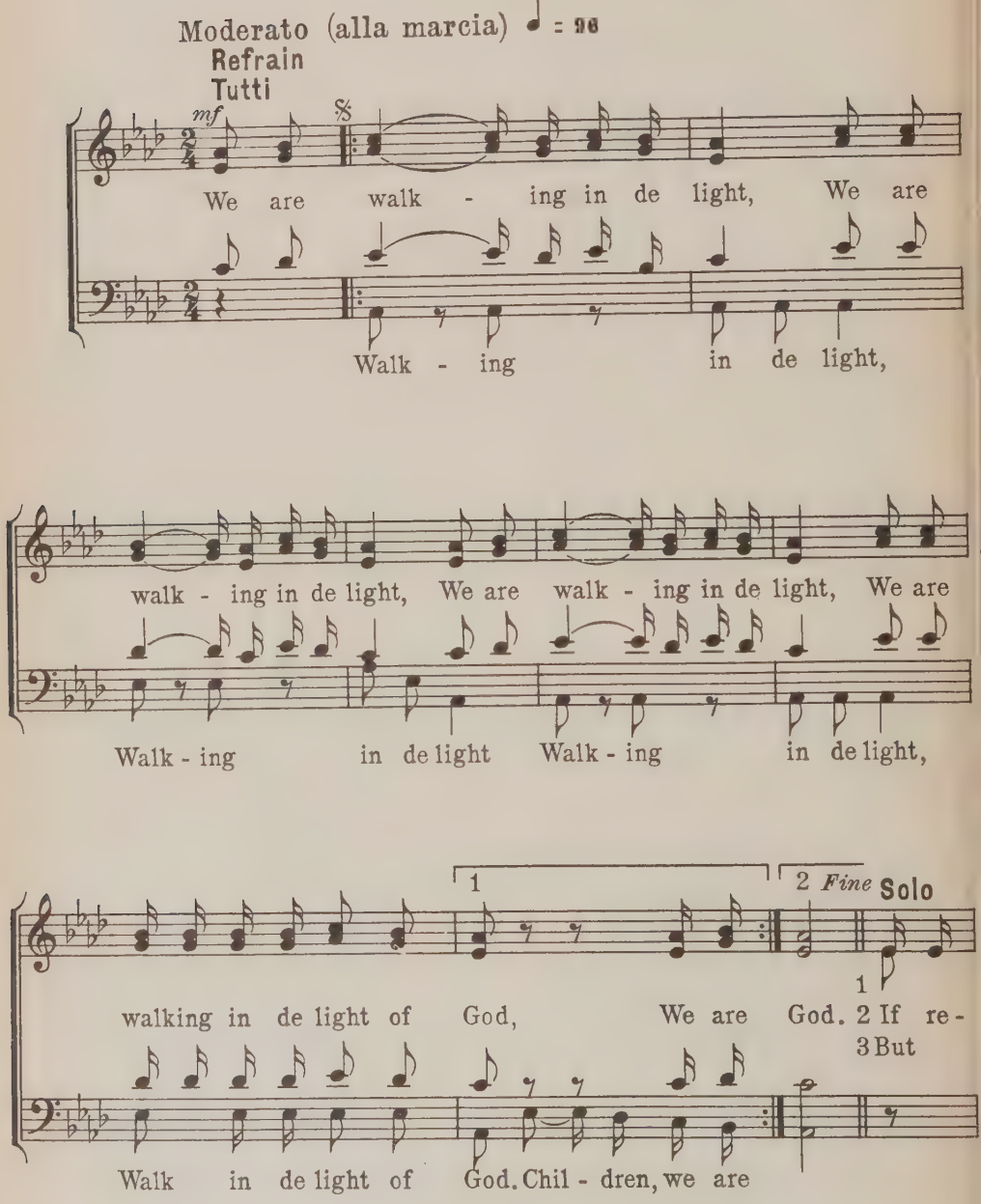
Will not 'gainst it prevail,
On high, on high,
Will not 'gainst it prevail,
On high, thank God.

7

Help me build on the Rock,
On high, on high,
Help me build on the Rock,
On high, thank God.

Hymns of Encouragement

We Are Walking in de Light*


Moderato (alla marcia) ♩ = 96
Refrain
Tutti
mf
We are walk - ing in de light, We are
Walk - ing in de light,
walk - ing in de light, We are walk - ing in de light, We are
Walk - ing in de light Walk - ing in de light,
1
2 Fine
Solo
walking in de light of God, We are God. 2 If re-
3 But
Walk in de light of God. Chil - dren, we are

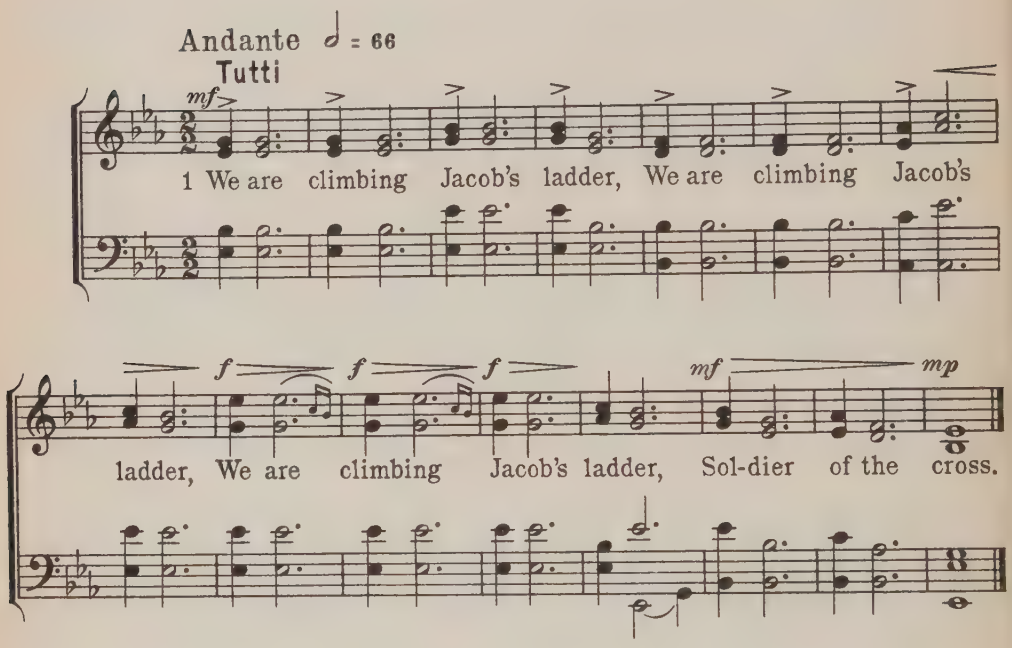
*From Tuskegee Collection, by permission.

Tutti
Hal - le - lu - jah to de Lamb,
lig - ion was a thing dat mon - ey could buy, We are
I thank God it is not so,
Solo
Je - sus died for
walk - ing in de light. De rich would live and de
De rich and poor to
Tutti
D. S. after each verse
eb - 'ry man,
poor would die, We are walk - ing in de light. We are
geth-er must go,

*At Hampton Institute these verses are sung very freely with pauses (largely at the impulse of the singer) on the words as indicated.— Editor

Hymns of Encouragement

We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder



2
Every round goes higher and higher,
Soldier of the cross.

3
Sinner, do you love my Jesus?
Soldier of the cross.

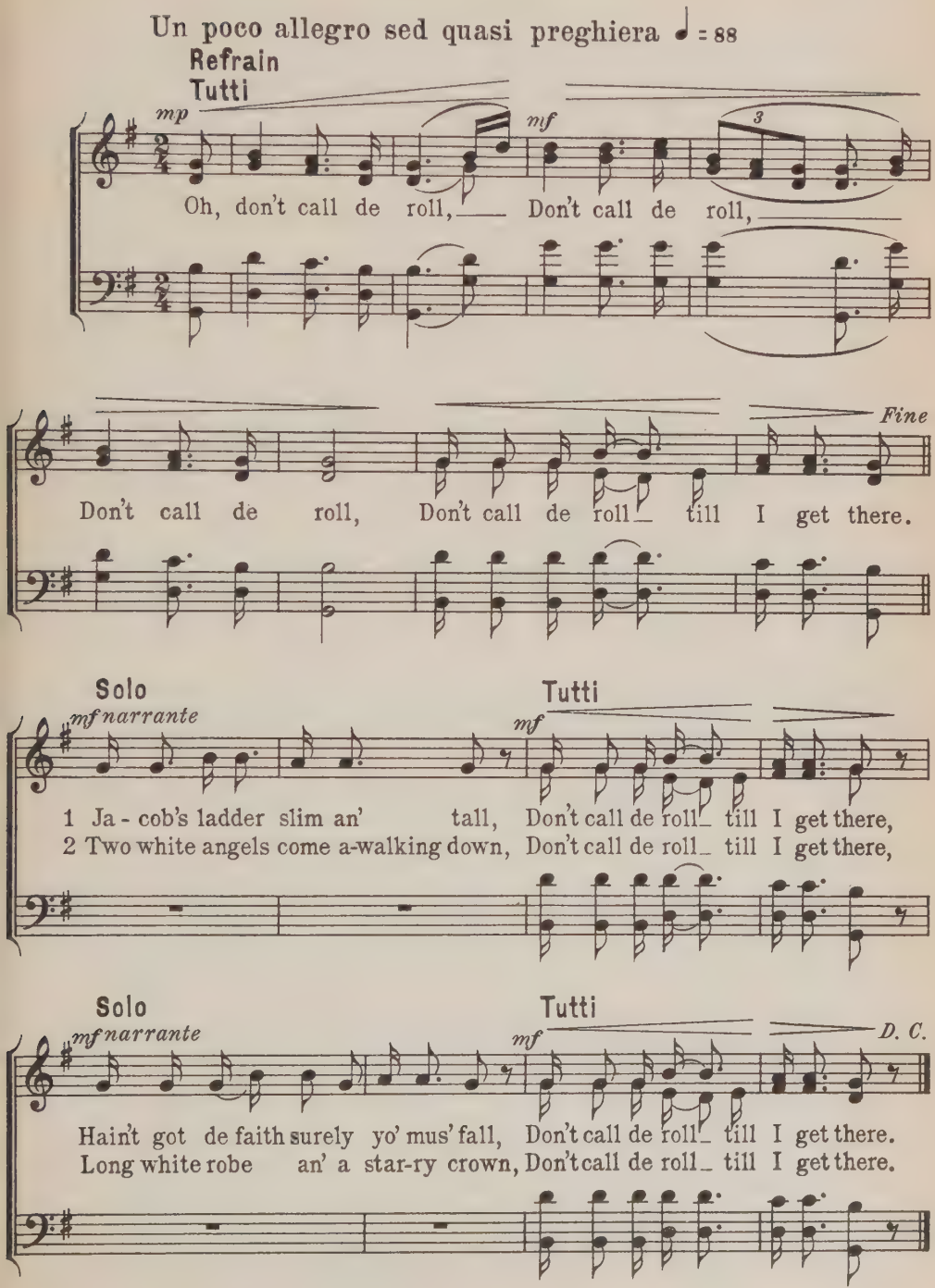
4
If you love Him, why not serve Him?
Soldier of the cross.

5
Do you think I'd make a soldier?
Soldier of the cross.

6
We are climbing higher and higher,
Soldier of the cross.

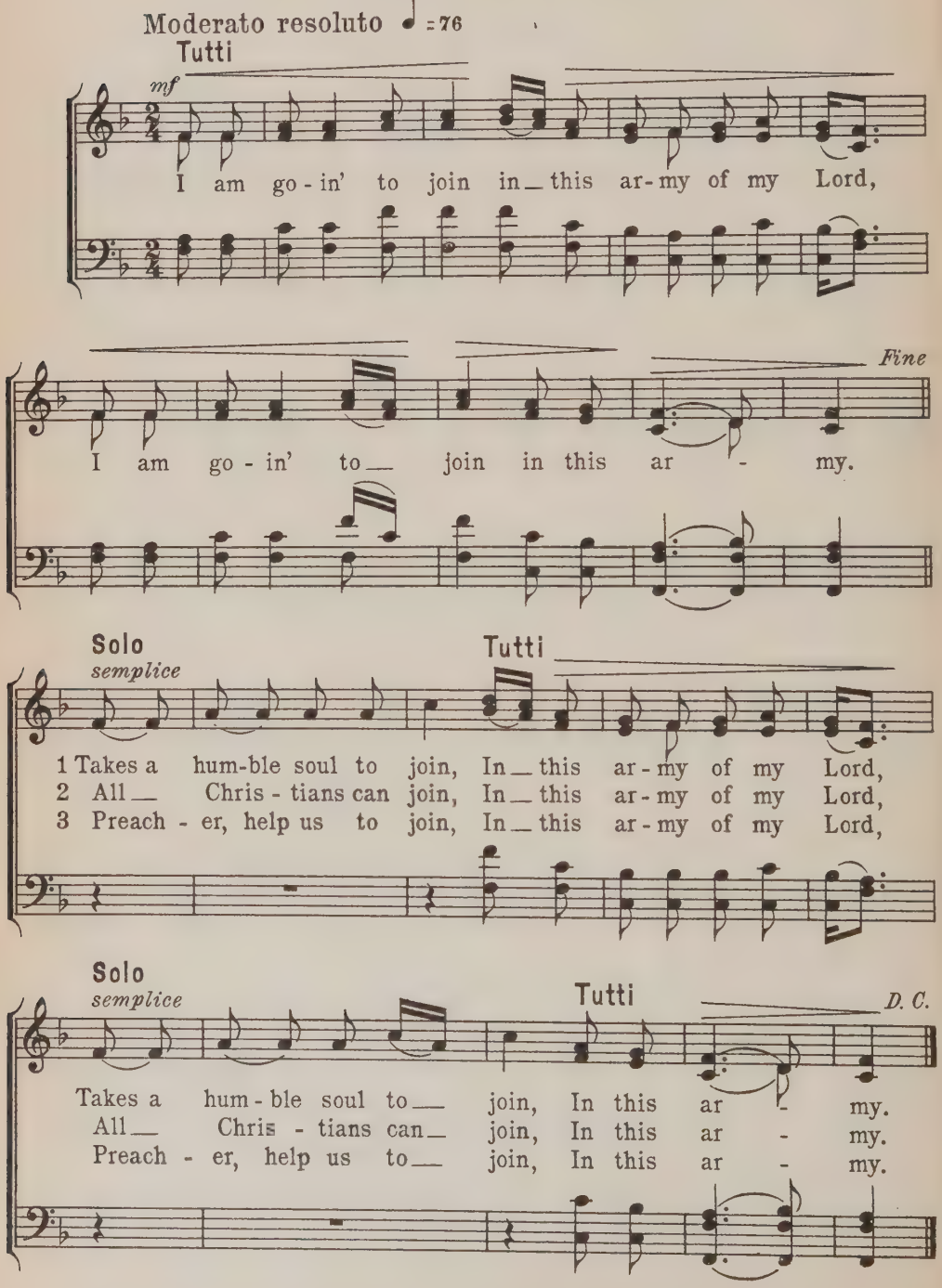
Hymns of the Faith and Fellowship

Don't Call de Roll

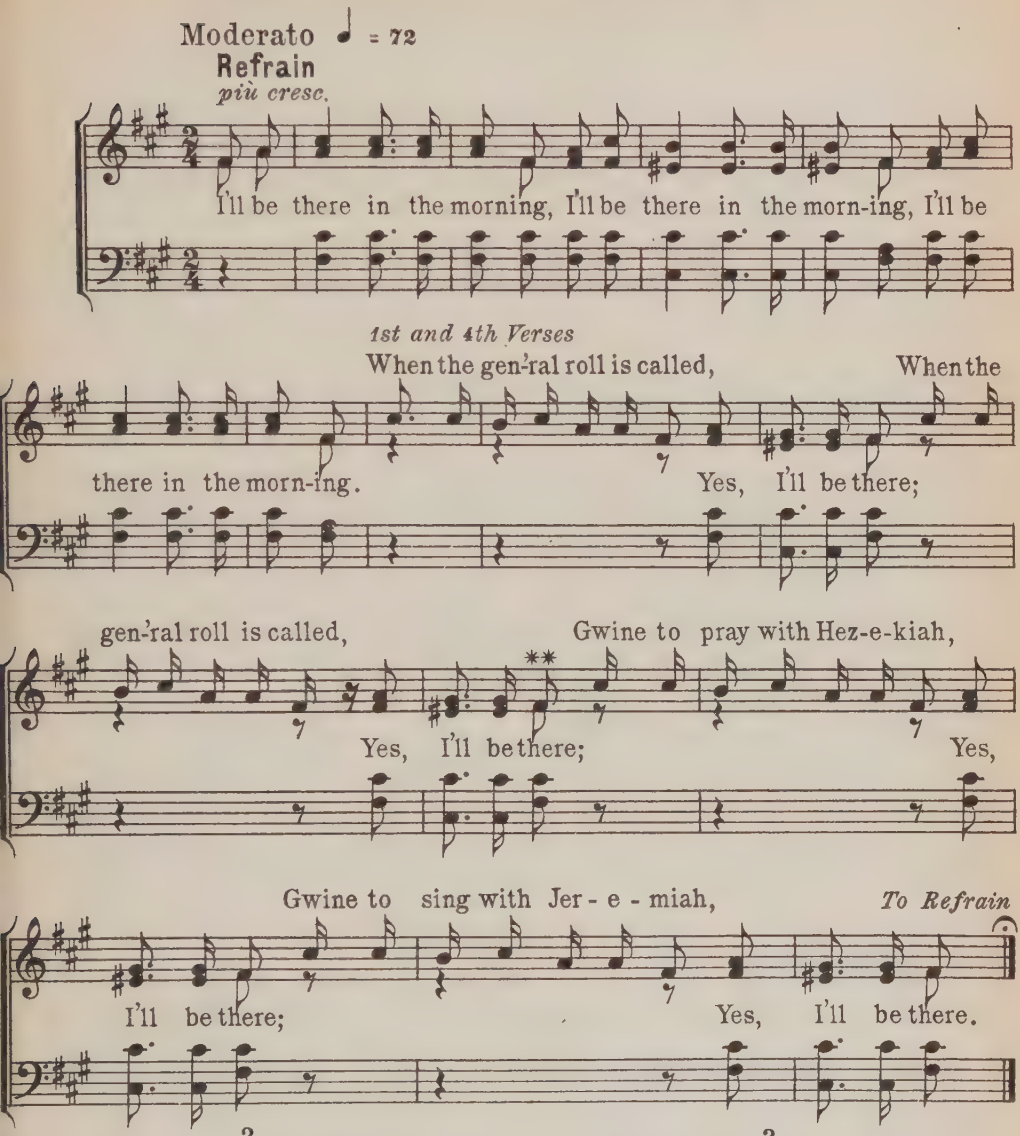

Un poco allegro sed quasi preghiera ♩ = 88
Refrain
Tutti
mp
mf
3
Oh, don't call de roll, Don't call de roll,
Fine
Don't call de roll, Don't call de roll till I get there.
Solo
mf narrante
Tutti
mf
1 Ja - cob's ladder slim an' tall, Don't call de roll till I get there,
2 Two white angels come a-walking down, Don't call de roll till I get there,
Solo
mf narrante
Tutti
mf
D. C.
Hain't got de faith surely yo' mus' fall, Don't call de roll till I get there.
Long white robe an' a star-ry crown, Don't call de roll till I get there.

Hymns of the Faith and Fellowship

I Am Goin' to Join in This Army


Moderato resoluto ♩ = 76
Tutti
mf
I am go - in' to join in this ar - my of my Lord,
Fine
I am go - in' to join in this ar - my.
Solo
semplice
Tutti
1 Takes a hum-ble soul to join, In this ar - my of my Lord,
2 All Chris - tians can join, In this ar - my of my Lord,
3 Preach - er, help us to join, In this ar - my of my Lord,
Solo
semplice
Tutti
D. C.
Takes a hum - ble soul to join, In this ar - my.
All Chris - tians can join, In this ar - my.
Preach - er, help us to join, In this ar - my.

I'll Be There in the Morning*


Moderato ♩ = 72
Refrain
più cresc.
I'll be there in the morning, I'll be there in the morn-ing, I'll be
1st and 4th Verses
When the gen'ral roll is called, When the
there in the morn-ing. Yes, I'll be there;
gen'ral roll is called, Gwine to pray with Hez-e-kiah,
**
Yes, I'll be there; Yes,
Gwine to sing with Jer - e - miah, To Refrain
I'll be there; Yes, I'll be there.

2

When the gen'ral roll is called,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to sing around the throne,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to pray around the throne,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to wear a white robe,
Yes, I'll be there.

3

When the gen'ral roll is called,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to see my Massa Jesus,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to wear a starry crown,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to live for evermore,
Yes, I'll be there.

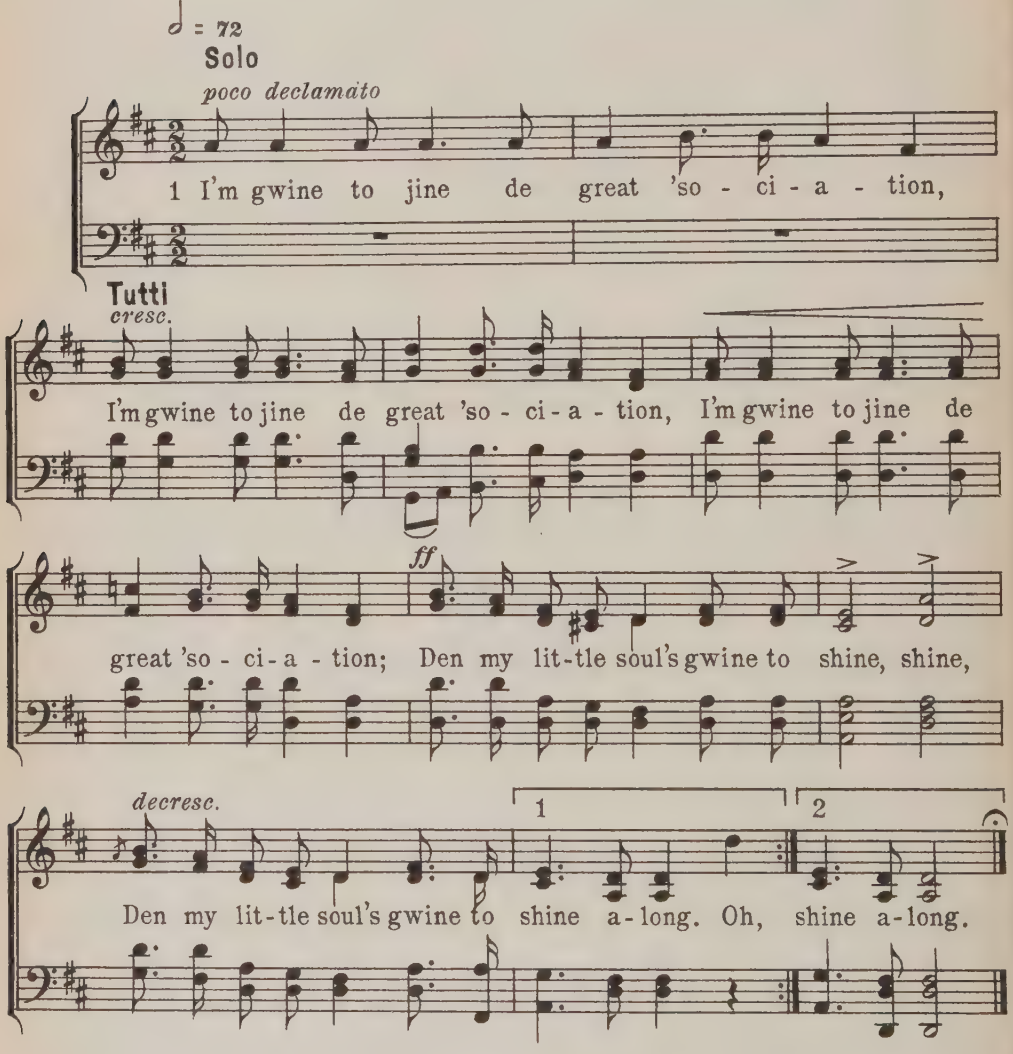
* From Tuskegee Collection, by permission

** End the last verse at this note.

Hymns of the Faith and Fellowship

I'm Gwine to Jine de Great 'Sociation

"This was sung by a boy who was sold down South by his master; and when he parted from his mother, these were the words he sang."—*J. H. Bailey*

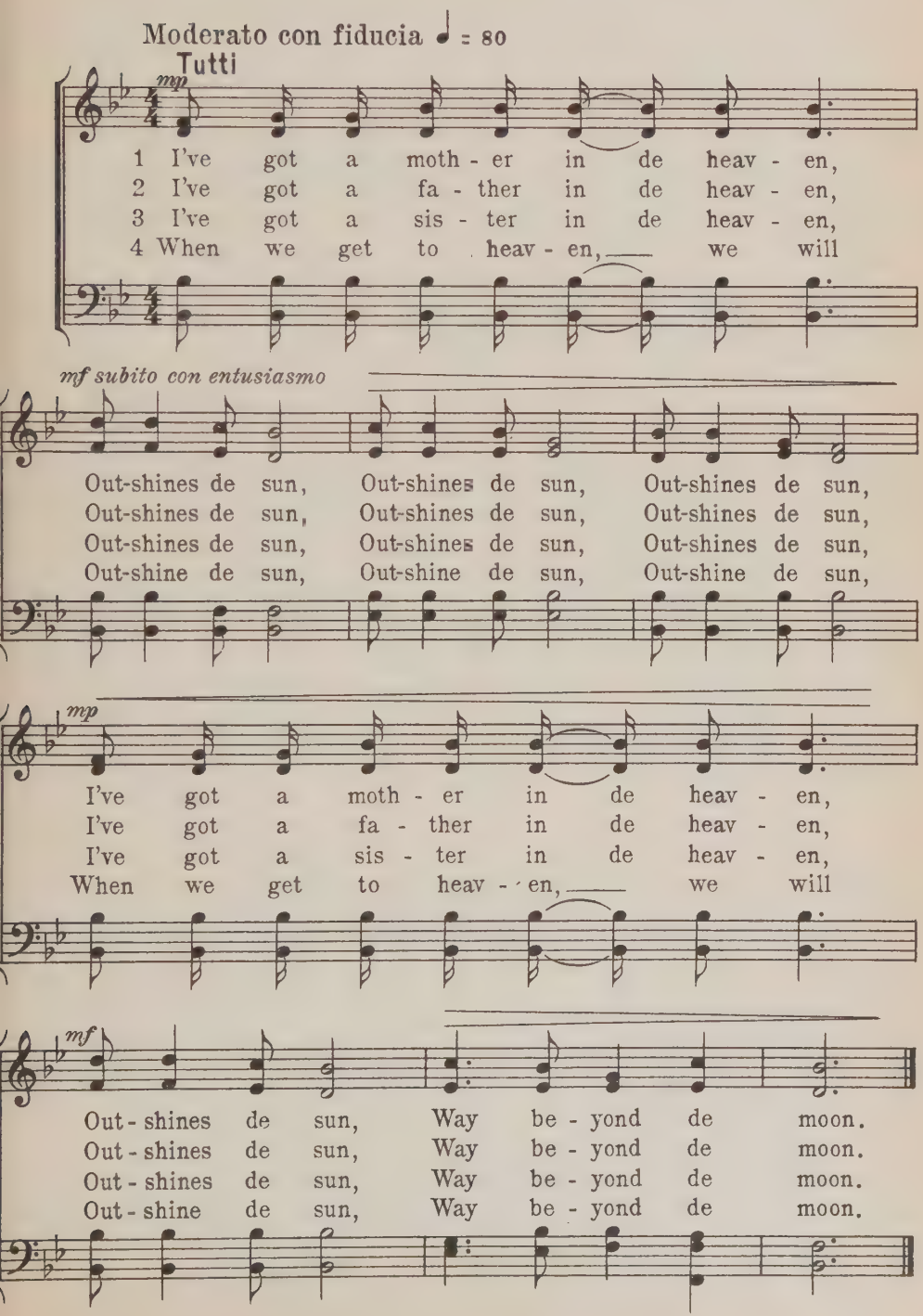

♩ = 72
Solo
poco declamato
1 I'm gwine to jine de great 'so - ci - a - tion,
Tutti
cresc.
I'm gwine to jine de great 'so - ci - a - tion, I'm gwine to jine de
ff
great 'so - ci - a - tion; Den my lit-tle soul's gwine to shine, shine,
decresc.
1
2
Den my lit-tle soul's gwine to shine a-long. Oh, shine a-long.

2 I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder,
3 I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher,
4 I'm gwine to sit down at the welcome table,
5 I'm gwine to feast off milk and honey,
6 I'm gwine to tell God how-a you sarved me,
7 I'm gwine to jine de big baptizin',

Den my little soul's gwine to shine, shine,
Den my little soul's gwine to shine along.

Hymns of the Faith and Fellowship

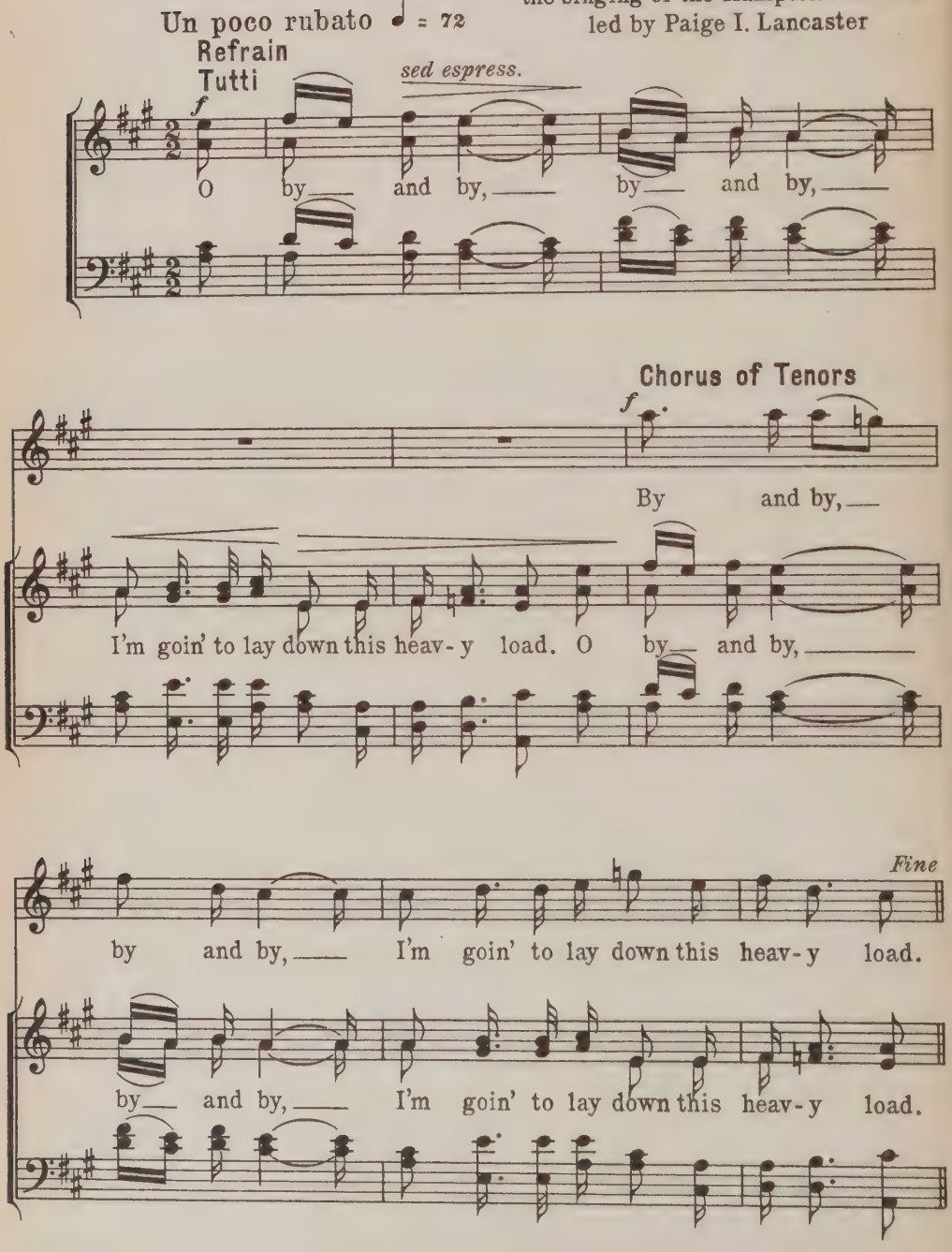
I've Got a Mother in de Heaven

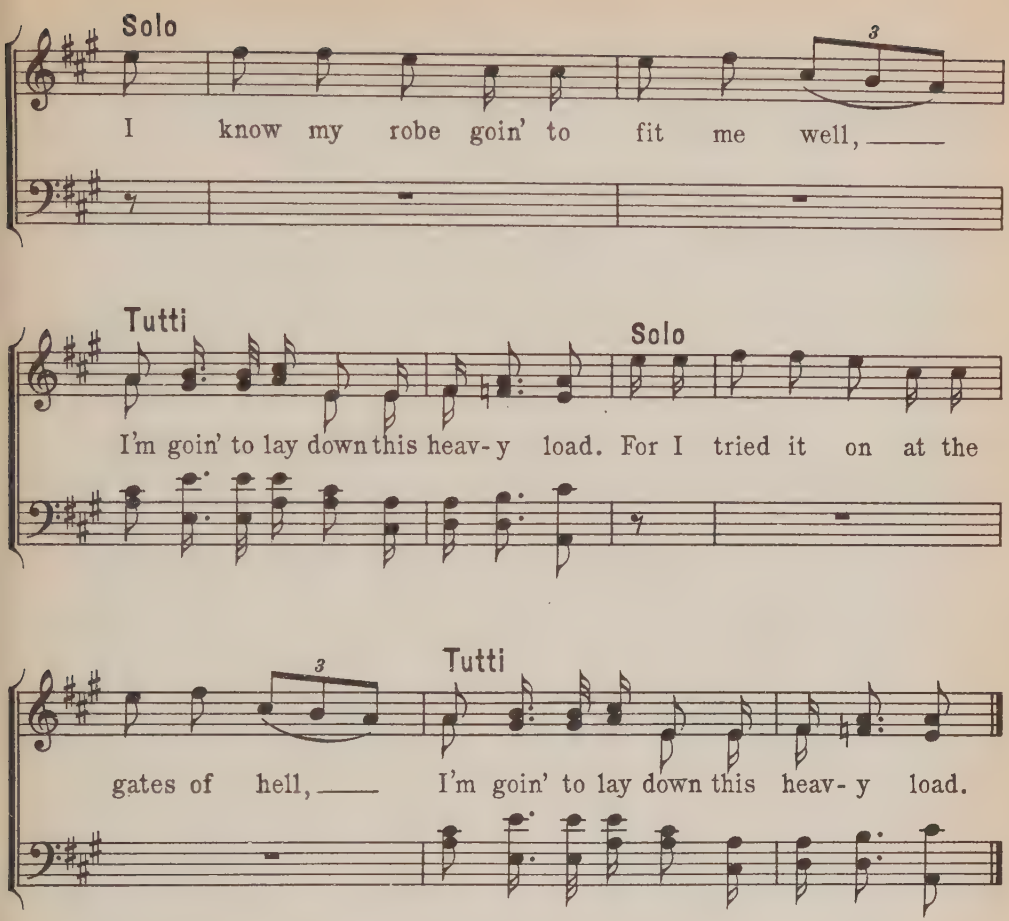

Moderato con fiducia ♩ = 80
Tutti
mp
1 I've got a moth - er in de heav - en,
2 I've got a fa - ther in de heav - en,
3 I've got a sis - ter in de heav - en,
4 When we get to heav - en, — we will
mf subito con entusiasmo
Out-shines de sun, Out-shines de sun, Out-shines de sun,
Out-shines de sun, Out-shines de sun, Out-shines de sun,
Out-shines de sun, Out-shines de sun, Out-shines de sun,
Out-shine de sun, Out-shine de sun, Out-shine de sun,
mp
I've got a moth - er in de heav - en,
I've got a fa - ther in de heav - en,
I've got a sis - ter in de heav - en,
When we get to heav - en, — we will
mf
Out - shines de sun, Way be - yond de moon.
Out - shines de sun, Way be - yond de moon.
Out - shines de sun, Way be - yond de moon.
Out - shine de sun, Way be - yond de moon.

Hymns of the Future Life

By and By

Transcribed by the editor from
the singing of the Hampton students
led by Paige I. Lancaster


Un poco rubato ♩ = 72
Refrain
Tutti
sed espress.
f
O by and by, by and by,
Chorus of Tenors
f
By and by,
I'm goin' to lay down this heav-y load. O by and by,
Fine
by and by, I'm goin' to lay down this heav-y load.
by and by, I'm goin' to lay down this heav-y load.


Solo
I know my robe goin' to fit me well,
Tutti
Solo
I'm goin' to lay down this heav- y load. For I tried it on at the
Tutti
gates of hell, I'm goin' to lay down this heav- y load.

2

O hell is a deep and dark despair,
I'm goin' to lay down this heavy load,
So stop, poor sinner, and don't go there,
I'm goin' to lay down this heavy load.

3

O when I get to heav'n goin' to sing and shout,
I'm goin' to lay down this heavy load,
For there's no one there for to turn me out,
I'm goin' to lay down this heavy load.

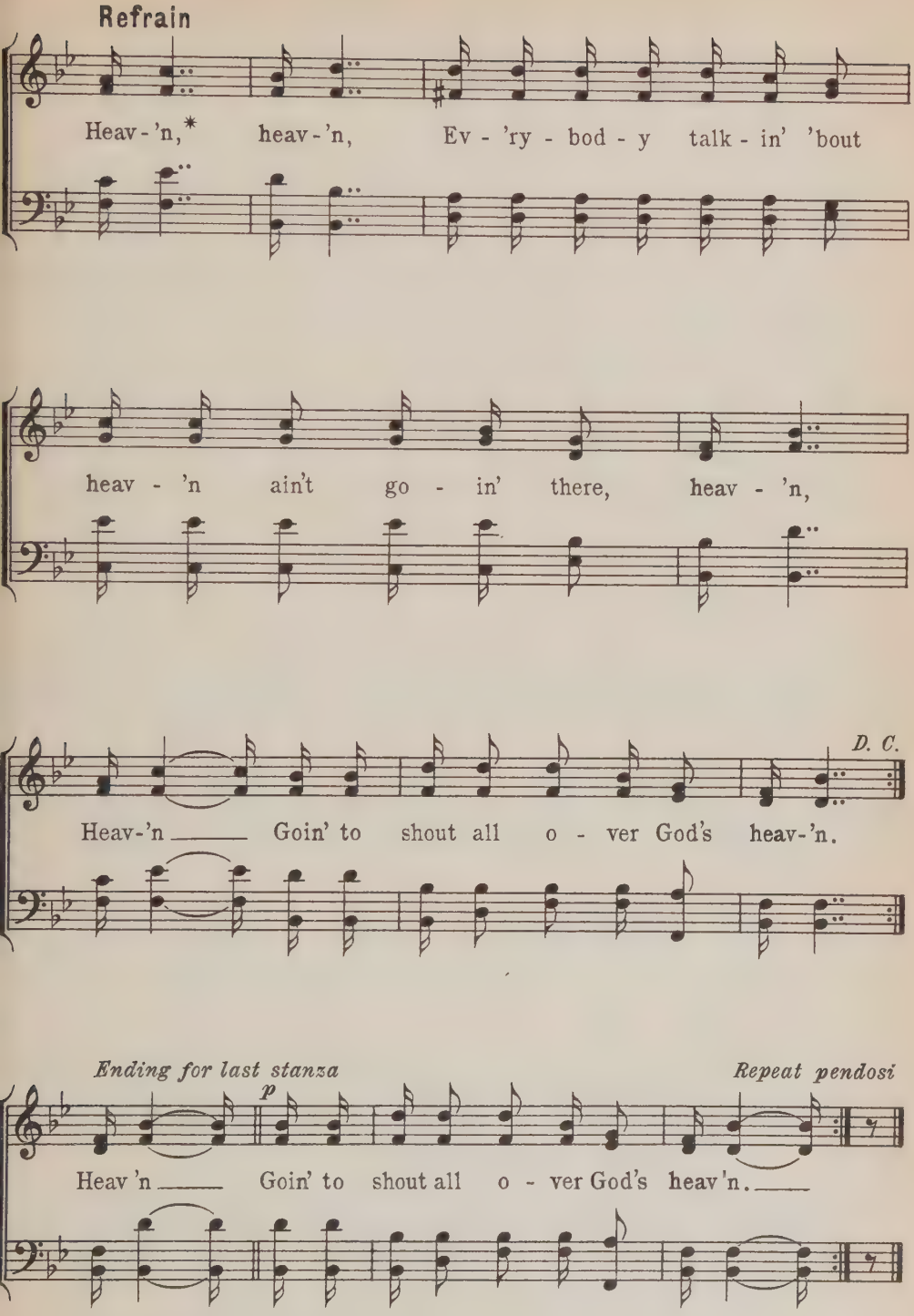
4

O Christians, can't you rise and tell,
I'm goin' to lay down this heavy load,
That Jesus hath done all things well,
I'm goin' to lay down this heavy load.

Hymns of the Future Life

Goin' to Shout All Over God's Heav'n

Allegro con spirito ♩ = 84
quasi gaio
1 I've got a robe, you've got a robe,
2 I've got a crown, you've got a crown,
3 I've got a shoes, you've got a shoes,
4 I've got a harp, you've got a harp,
5 I've got a song, you've got a song,
All of God's chil-dren got a robe, When I get to heav-en goin' to
All of God's chil-dren got a crown, When I get to heav-en goin' to
All of God's chil-dren got a shoes, When I get to heav-en goin' to
All of God's chil-dren got a harp, When I get to heav-en goin' to
All of God's chil-dren got a song, When I get to heav-en goin' to
put on my robe, Goin' to shout all o - ver God's heav'n.
put on my crown, Goin' to shout all o - ver God's heav'n.
put on my shoes, Goin' to walk all o - ver God's heav'n.
play on my harp, Goin' to play all o - ver God's heav'n.
sing a new song, Goin' to sing all o - ver God's heav'n.


Refrain
Heav-'n,* heav-'n, Ev-'ry-bod-y talk-in' 'bout
heav-'n ain't go-in' there, heav-'n,
D. C.
Heav-'n Goin' to shout all o-ver God's heav-'n.
Ending for last stanza
Repeat pendosi
p
Heav'n Goin' to shout all o-ver God's heav'n.

*Let the last syllable of "Heav'n" be a hum.

Hymns of the Future Life

Oh, When I Git t' Heaven

♩ = 72
Oh, when I git t' Heav - en, gwine t'
Tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it,
sit right down, Ask my Lord for a
tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it, Tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it,
star - ry crown,
tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it, Sit-tin' down side o' de Ho - ly Lamb.

Not a familiar song at Hampton; the version entitled "Father Abraham" is more used. — Ed.

2

Oh, when I git t' Heaven gwine t' sit an' tell,
Three archangels gwine t' ring dem bell,
Sittin' down side o' de Holy Lamb.
Refrain

3

Oh, when I git t' Heaven gwine t' ease, ease,
Me an' my God gwine t' do as we please,
Sittin' down side o' de Holy Lamb.
Refrain

Hymns of the Future Life

In That Beautiful World on High

This was sung by the hands in Mayo's Tobacco Factory, Richmond, and was originally called "The Mayo Boys' Song." —*Thomas P. Fenner*

Andante molti con grazia ♪ = 104
mp
I hope my moth-er will be there, In that beau-ti-ful world
That used to join with me in pray'r, In that beau-ti-ful world
1
2
Refrain
mf
on high, high. Oh, I will be there, Oh,
on high, high.
will be there,
cresc.
f
I will be there. With the palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of
will be there.
rit. e dim.
glo-ry you shall wear In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

2

I hope my sister will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
Refrain—Oh, I will be there, etc.

3

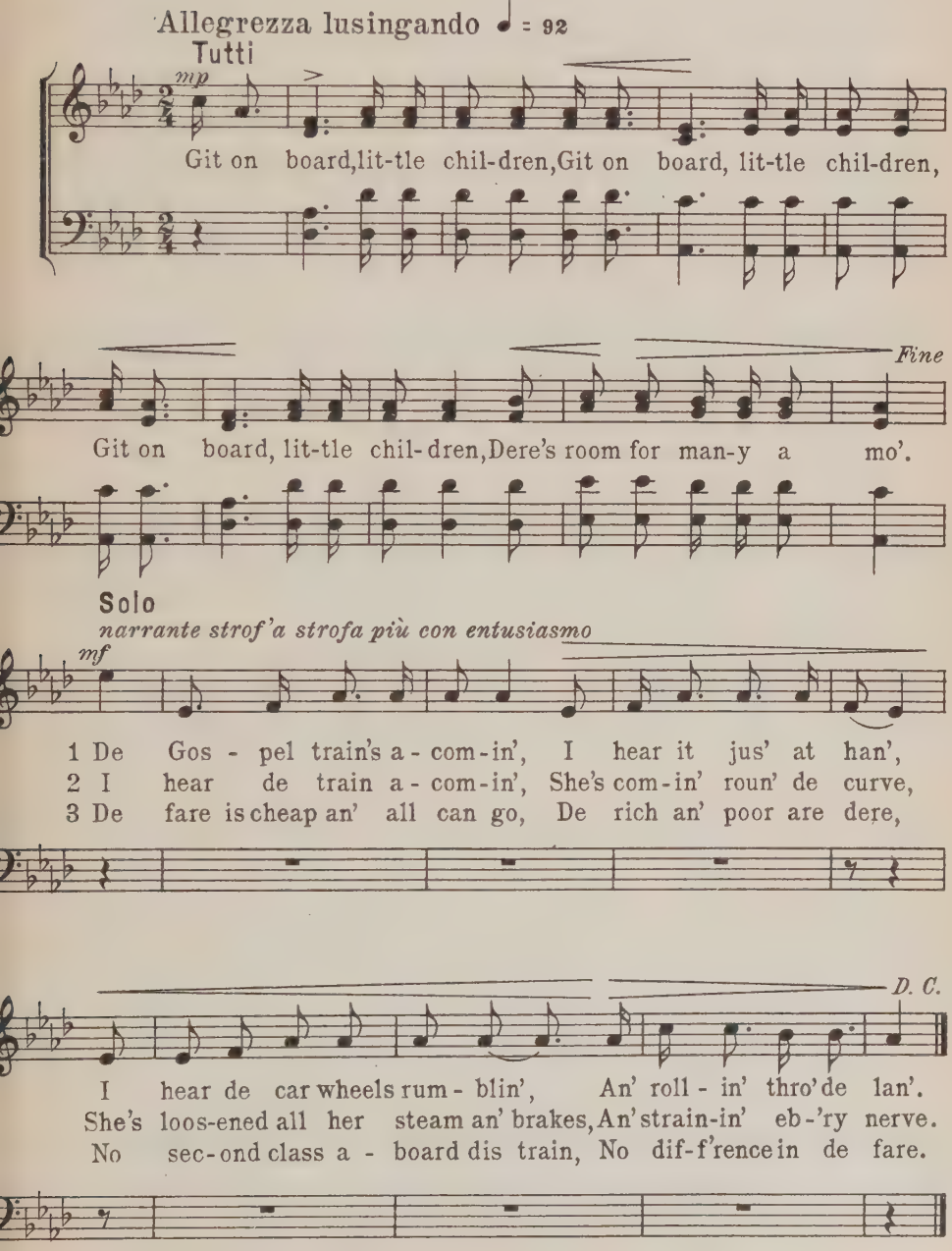
I hope my brother will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
Refrain—Oh, I will be there, etc.

4

I know my Saviour will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to listen to my prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
Refrain—Oh, I will be there, etc.

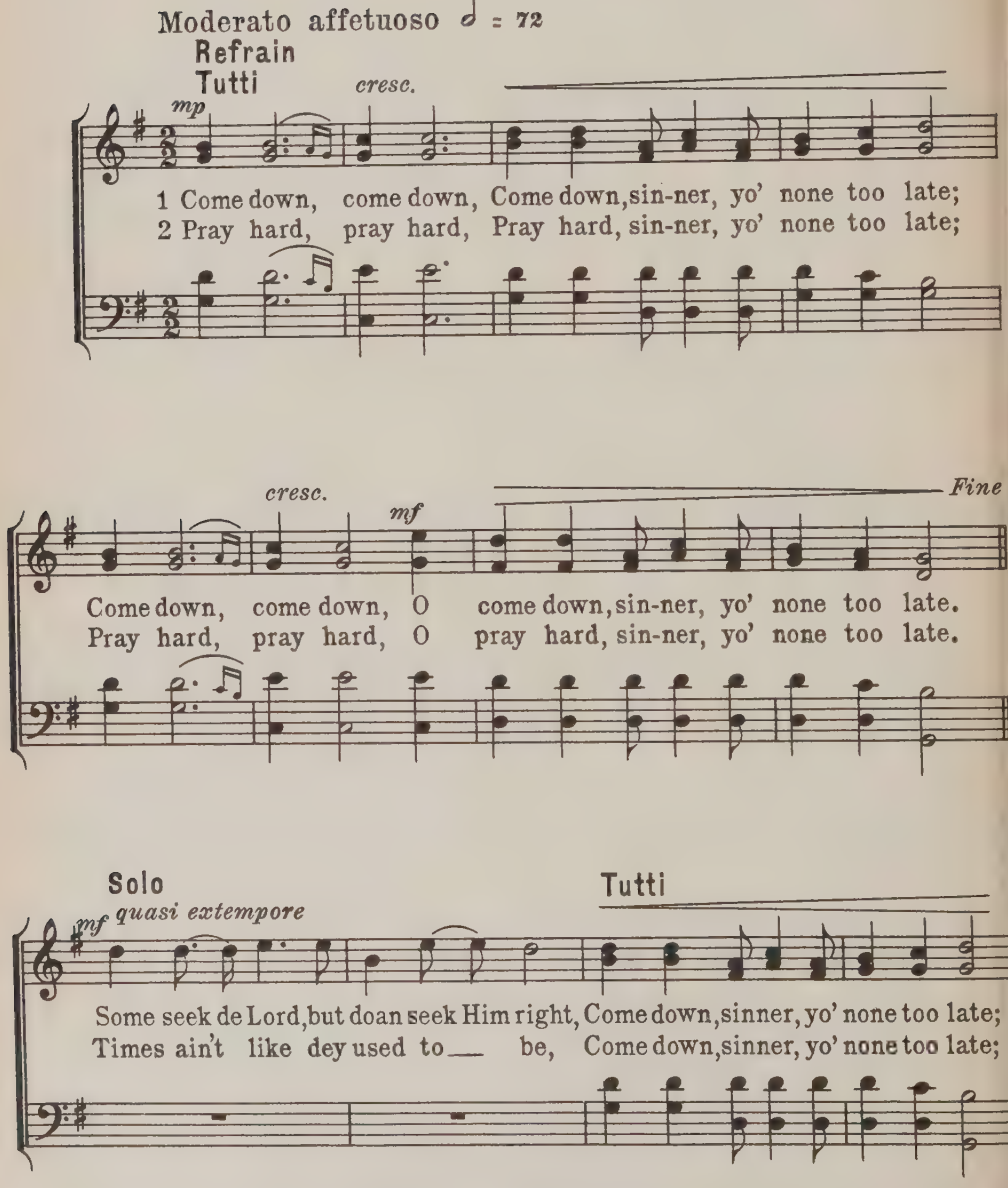
Hymns of Invitation

Git on Board, Little Children


Allegrezza lusingando ♩ = 92
Tutti
mp
Git on board, lit-tle chil-dren, Git on board, lit-tle chil-dren,
Fine
Git on board, lit-tle chil-dren, Dere's room for man-y a mo'.
Solo
narrante strof'a strofa più con entusiasmo
mf
1 De Gos - pel train's a - com-in', I hear it jus' at han',
2 I hear de train a - com-in', She's com-in' roun' de curve,
3 De fare is cheap an' all can go, De rich an' poor are dere,
D. C.
I hear de car wheels rum - blin', An' roll - in' thro' de lan'.
She's loos-ened all her steam an' brakes, An' strain-in' eb-'ry nerve.
No sec-ond class a - board dis train, No dif-f'rence in de fare.

Hymns of Invitation

Come Down, Sinner


Moderato affetuoso 𝅗𝅥 = 72
Refrain
Tutti
mp
cresc.
1 Come down, come down, Come down, sin-ner, yo' none too late;
2 Pray hard, pray hard, Pray hard, sin-ner, yo' none too late;
cresc.
mf
Fine
Come down, come down, O come down, sin-ner, yo' none too late.
Pray hard, pray hard, O pray hard, sin-ner, yo' none too late.
Solo
Tutti
mf quasi extempore
Some seek de Lord, but doan seek Him right, Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
Times ain't like dey used to — be, Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;

Solo
Tutti
mf
D. C.
Lil' at de day an' none at night; Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.
I__ fo'__ yo' an' yo' fo' me; Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

3

‖: Bow low, bow low,
Bow low, sinner, yo' none too late; :‖
Wen' down de hill t' say my prayer,
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
When I got dere, ole Satan was dere,
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

4

‖: Seek hard, seek hard,
Seek hard, sinner, yo' none too late; :‖
What do yo' tink ole Satan say?
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
"Jesus dead, an' God gone away,"
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

5

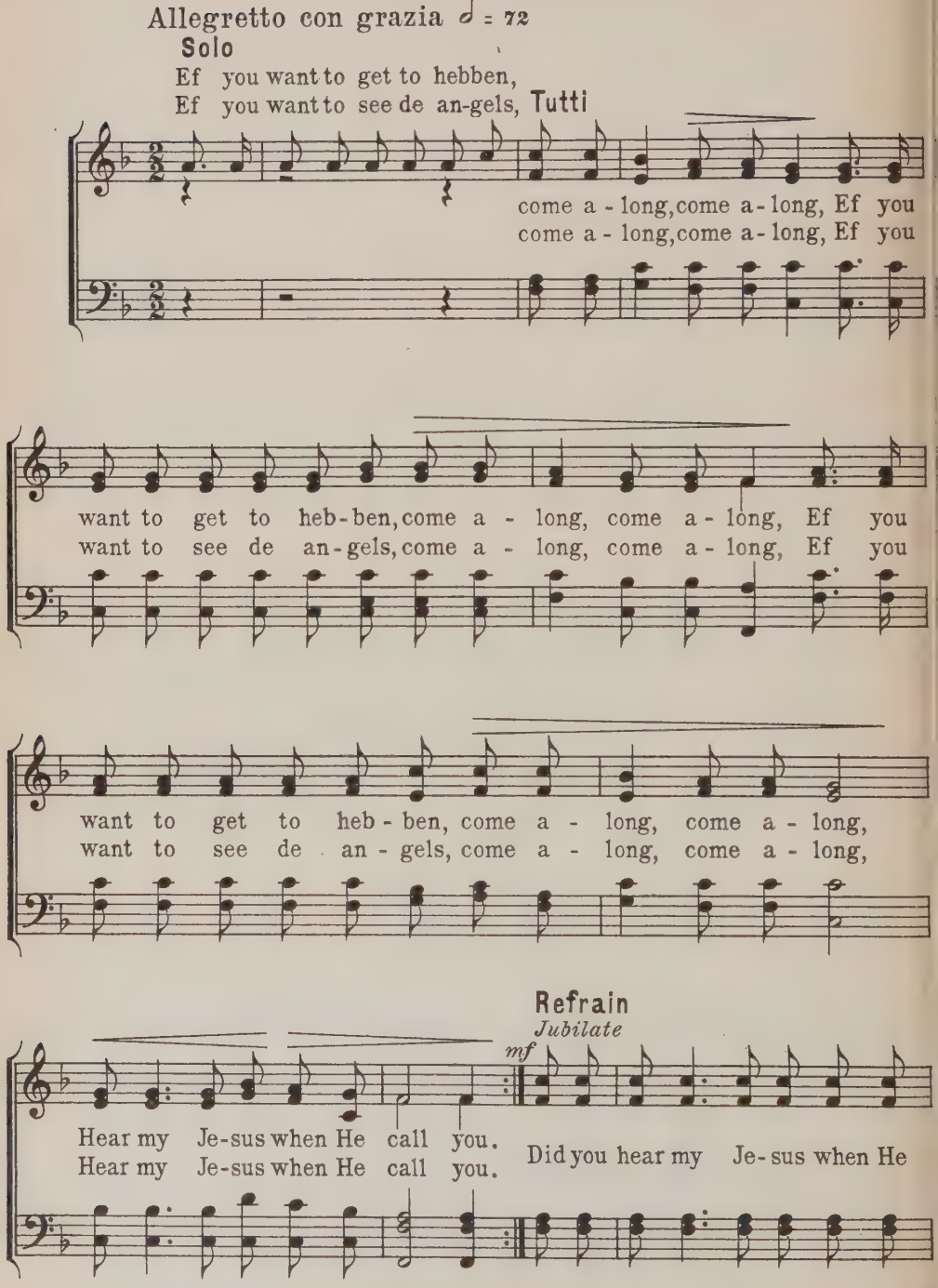
‖: Shout hard, shout hard,
Shout hard, sinner, yo' none too late; :‖
What t' do, I did not know,
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
Right back home I had to go,
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

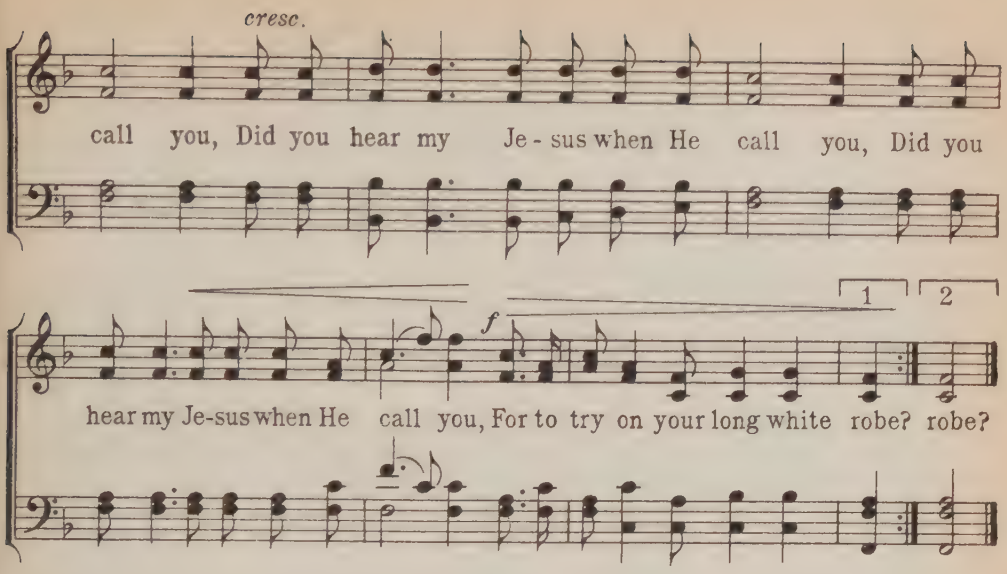
6

‖: Mourn hard, mourn hard,
Mourn hard, sinner, yo' none too late; :‖
Something spoke unto my soul,
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
"Go in peace, an' sin no mo',"
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

Hymns of Invitation

Ef You Want to Get to Hebben


Allegretto con grazia ♩ = 72
Solo
Ef you want to get to hebben,
Ef you want to see de an-gels,
Tutti
come a - long, come a - long, Ef you
come a - long, come a - long, Ef you
want to get to heb-ben, come a - long, come a - long, Ef you
want to see de an-gels, come a - long, come a - long, Ef you
want to get to heb - ben, come a - long, come a - long,
want to see de an - gels, come a - long, come a - long,
Refrain
Jubilate
mf
Hear my Je-sus when He call you.
Hear my Je-sus when He call you.
Did you hear my Je-sus when He


cresc.
call you, Did you hear my Je - sus when He call you, Did you
f
1
2
hear my Je-sus when He call you, For to try on your long white robe? robe?

2

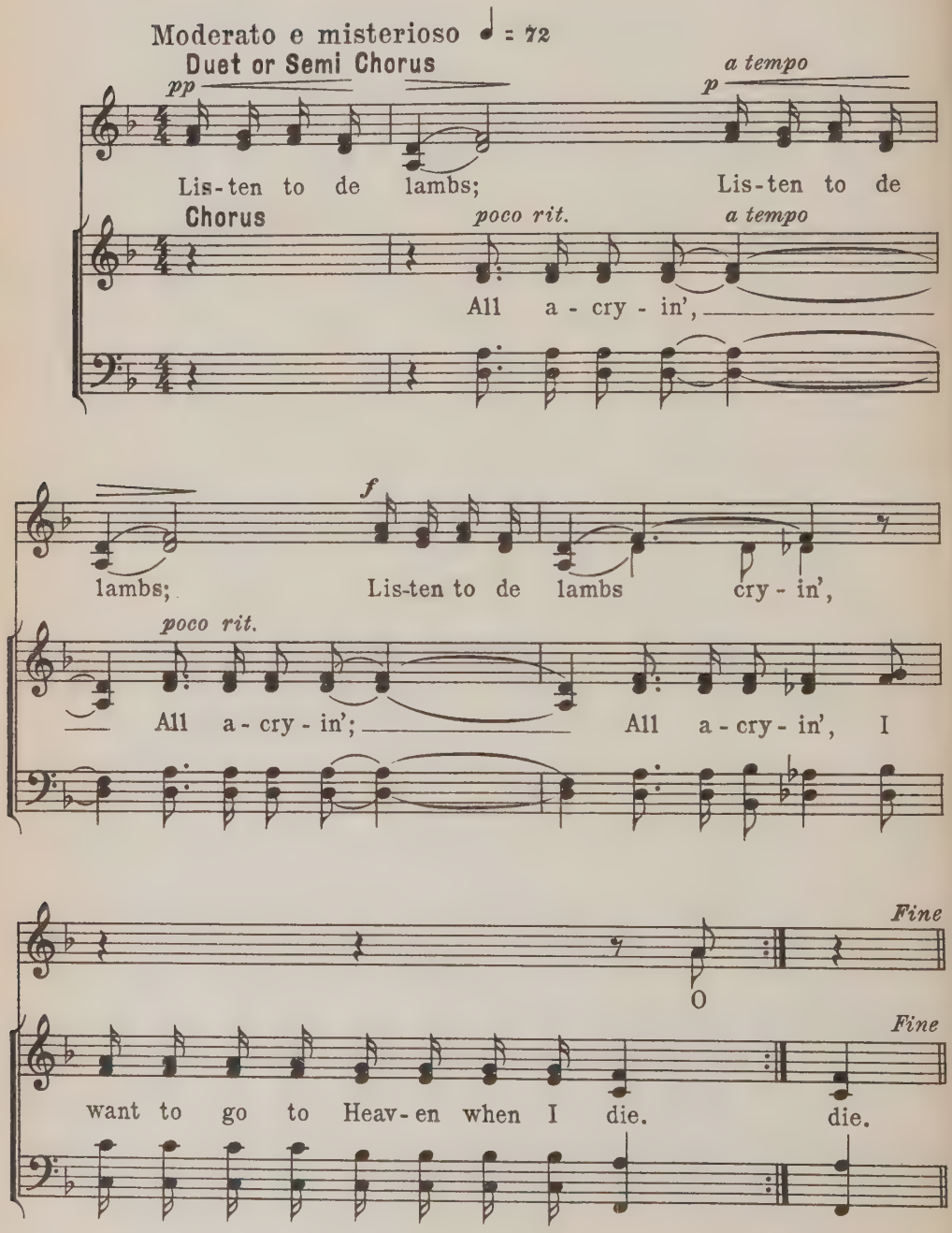
Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along,
Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along, *(bis)*
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along,
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along, *(bis)*
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along,
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along, *(bis)*
Hear my Jesus when He call you.
Chorus– Did you hear my Jesus when He call you,
Did you hear my Jesus when He call you, *(bis)*
For to try on your long white robe?

3

Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along,
Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along, *(bis)*
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along,
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along, *(bis)*
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Did you hear my Jesus calling, "Come along, come along,"
Did you hear my Jesus calling, "Come along, come along," *(bis)*
Hear my Jesus when He call you.
Chorus– Did you hear my Jesus when He call you,
Did you hear my Jesus when He call you, *(bis)*
For to try on your long white robe?

Hymns of Invitation

Listen to de Lambs

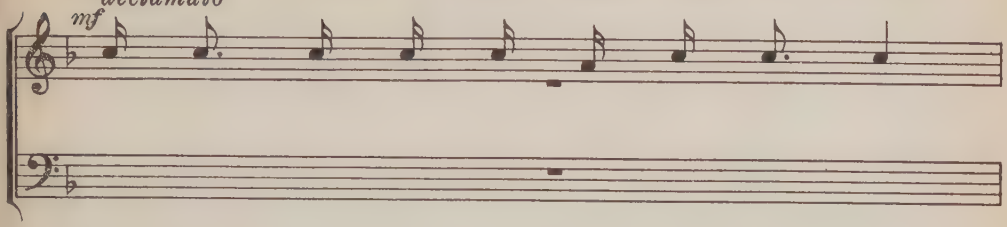


Solo

1 Come on, sis - ter, with your ups an' downs,
2 Come on, sis - ter, an' a - don't be 'shame,
3 Mind out, broth - er, how you walk de cross,

declamato

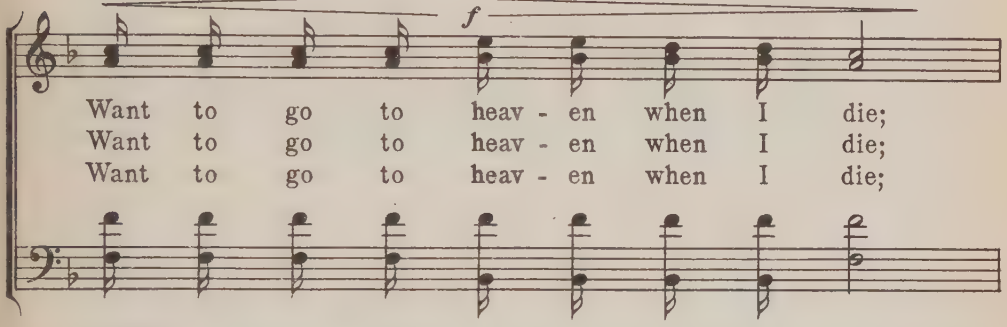
mf



Tutti

f

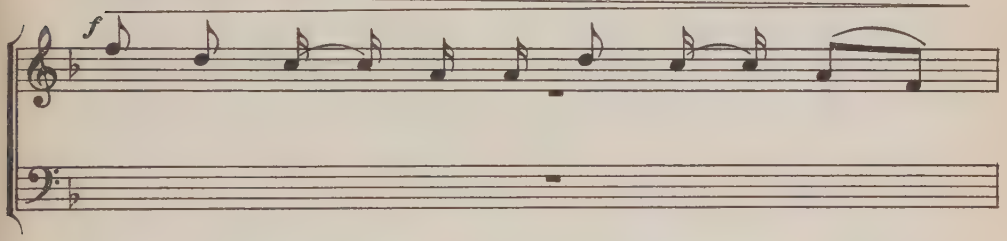
Want to go to heav - en when I die;
Want to go to heav - en when I die;
Want to go to heav - en when I die;



Solo

An - gels wait - ing for to give you a crown,—
An - gels wait - ing for to write your— name,—
Foot might slip— an' your soul get— lost,—

f

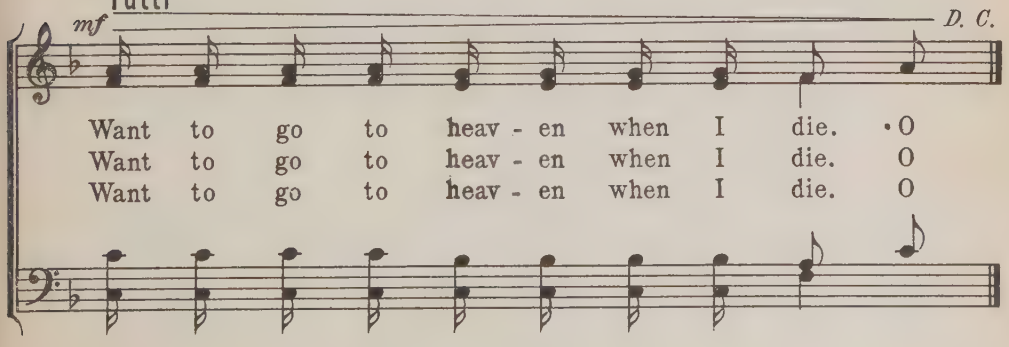


Tutti

mf

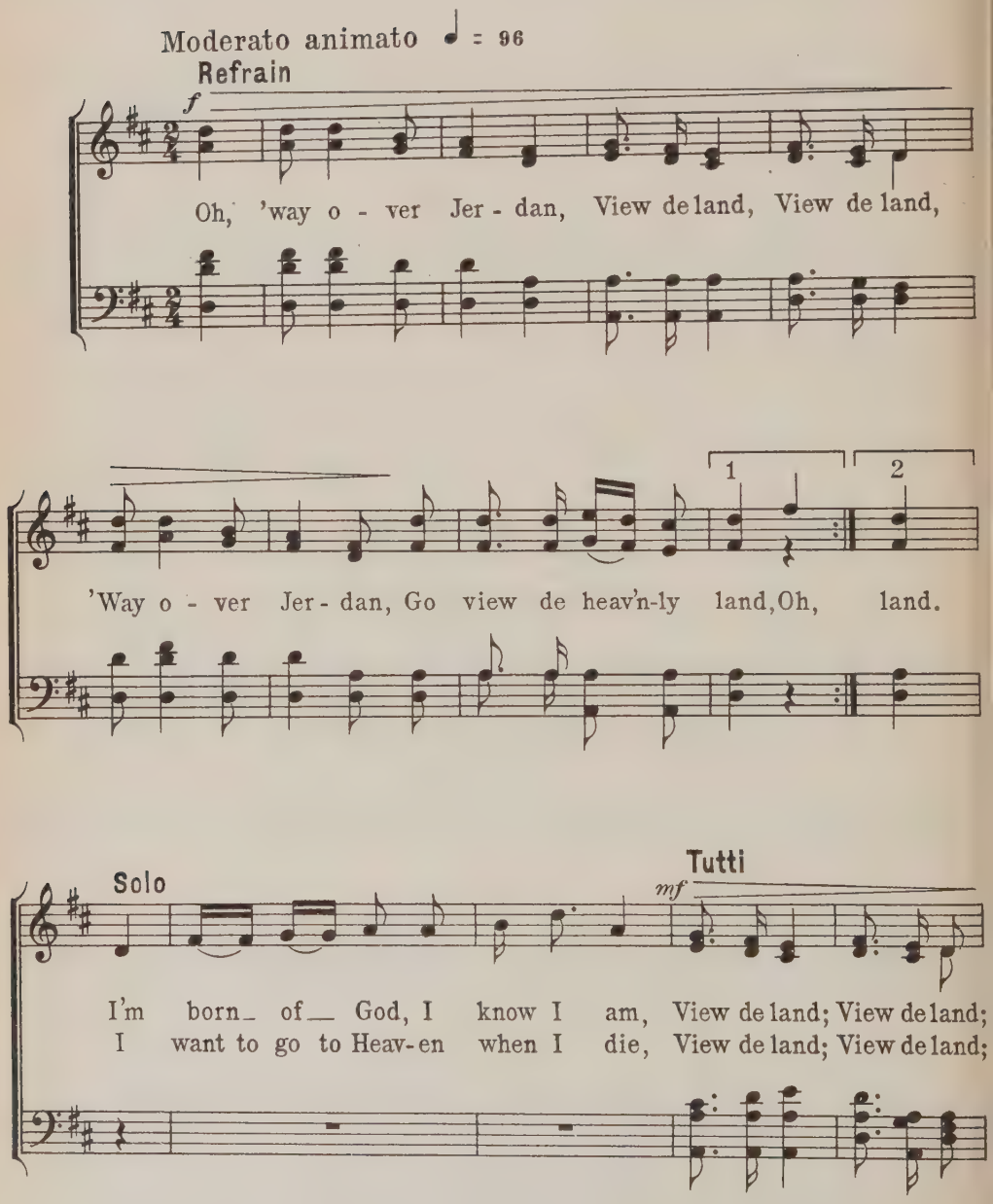
D. C.

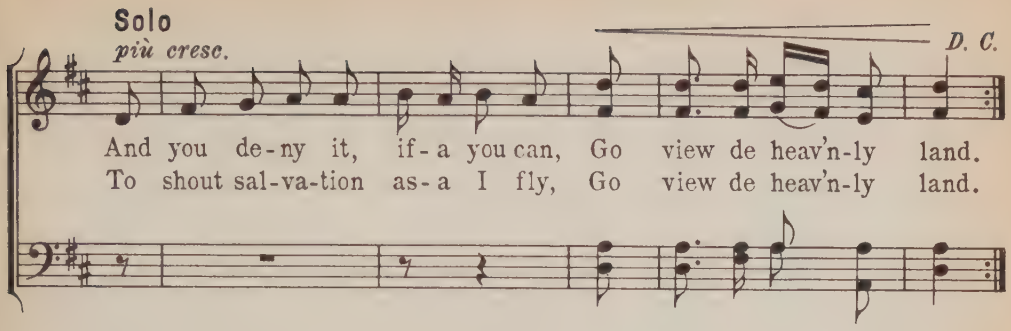
Want to go to heav - en when I die. O
Want to go to heav - en when I die. O
Want to go to heav - en when I die. O



Hymns of Invitation

View de Land


Moderato animato ♩ = 96
Refrain
f
Oh, 'way o - ver Jer - dan, View de land, View de land,
1
2
'Way o - ver Jer - dan, Go view de heav'n-ly land, Oh, land.
Solo
Tutti
mf
I'm born of God, I know I am, View de land; View de land;
I want to go to Heav-en when I die, View de land; View de land;



2

What kind o' shoes is dem-a you wear,
View de land, view de land,
Dat you can walk upon de air?
Go view de heav'nly land,
Dem shoes I wear am de gospel shoes,
View de land, view de land,
An' you can wear dem ef-a you choose;
Go view de heav'nly land.
Refrain – Oh, way over, etc.

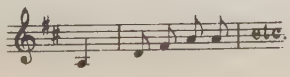
3

Dere is a tree in Paradise,
View de land, view de land,
De Christian he call it de tree ob life;
Go view de heav'nly land,
I spects to eat de fruit right off o' dat tree,
View de land, view de land,
Ef busy old Satan will let-a me be;
Go view de heav'nly land.
Refrain – Oh, way over, etc.

4

You say yer Jesus set-a you free,
View de land, view de land,
Why don't you let-a your neighbor be?
Go view de heav'nly land,
You say you're aiming for de skies,
View de land, view de land,
Why don't you stop-a your telling lies?
Go view de heav'nly land.
Refrain – Oh, way over, etc.

N.B. Where the vocal range permits, the solo is sometimes sung to this melody for the first two measure of each score.



Hymns of Invitation

What Yo' Gwine t' Do When de Lamp Burn Down?

♩ = 88
Refrain
Solo
Oh, po' sin-ner,
Tutti
Solo
Oh, po' sin-ner
Now is yo' time,
Tutti
Fine
What yo' gwine to do when de lamp burn down?
Solo
1 Oh, de lamp burn down an' yo' can - not see,
2 E - ze - kiel saw dat wheel o' time,
3 God made man an' He made him out o' clay,

Solo
Oh, de
An'—
An' put
Tutti
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
lamp burn down an' yo' can - not see;—
ev - 'ry spoke was of hu - man kind;—
him on de earth, but not to stay;—
Tutti
D. C.
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?

4

Dey cast ole Daniel in de lions' den,
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
An' Jesus locked de lions' jaw;
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
Refrain—

5

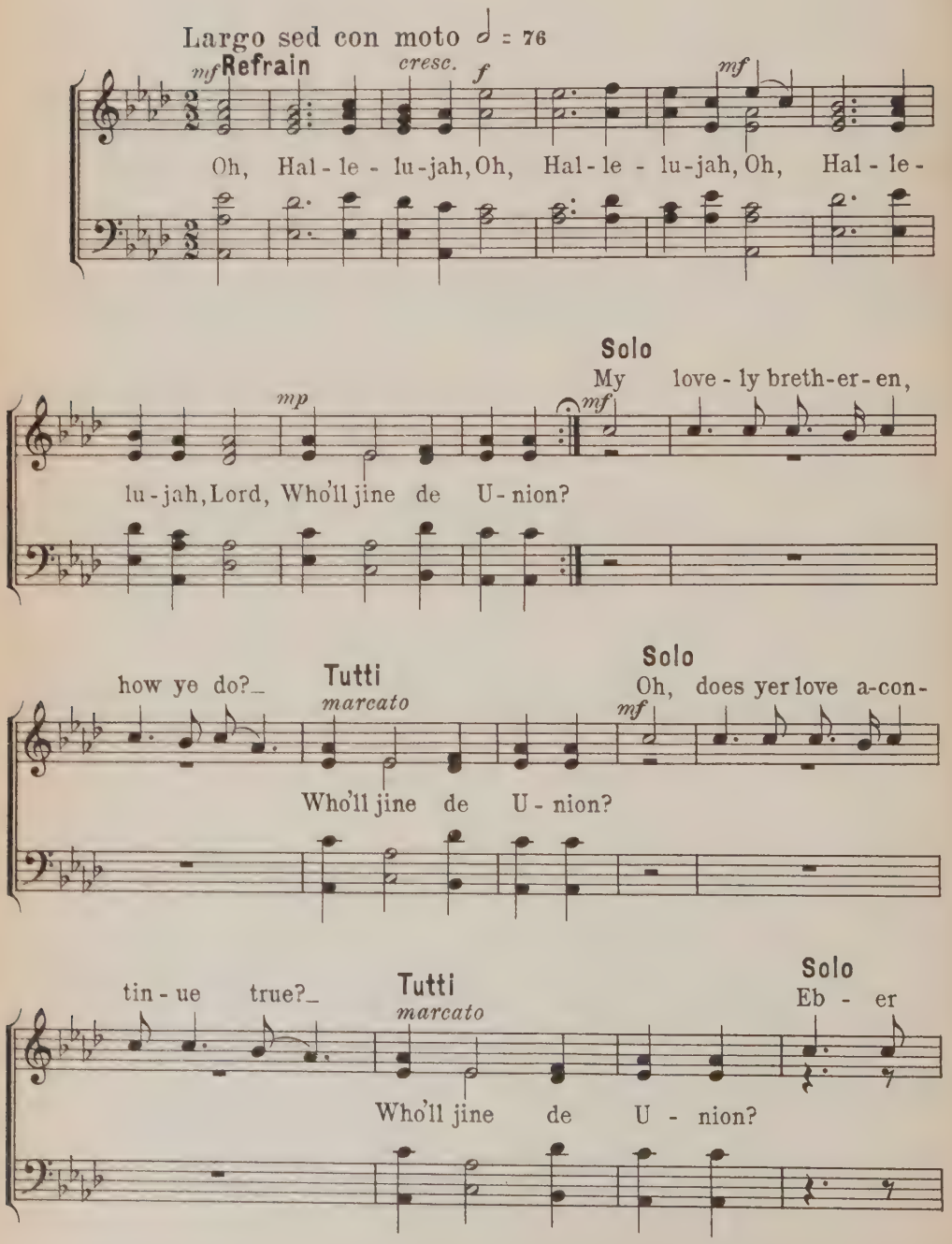
Ole Satan's mad an' I am glad;
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
He miss one soul he thought he had;
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
Refrain—

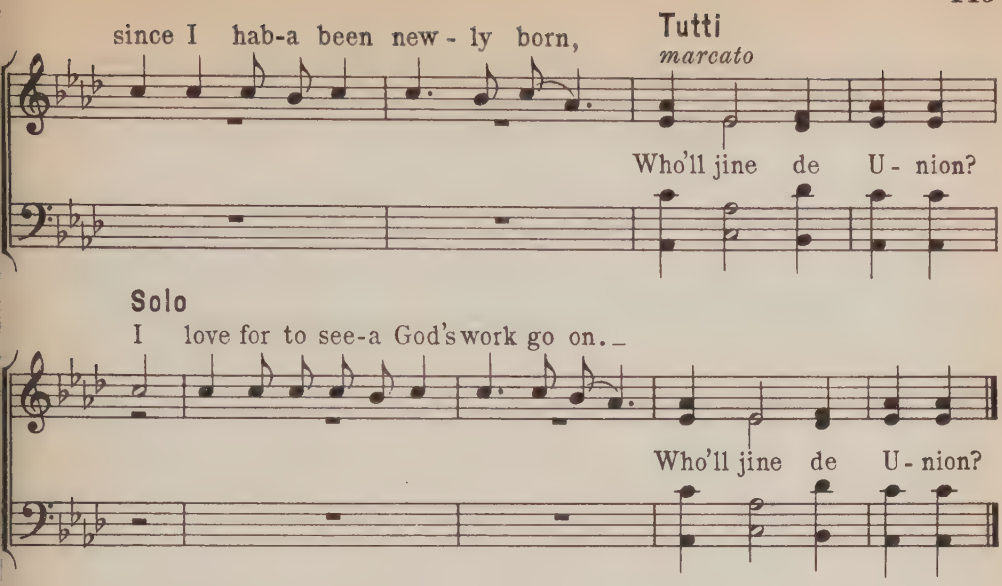
6

Ole Satan's a liar an' a conjurer too;
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
If yo' don't mind, he slip it on yo';
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
Refrain—

Hymns of Invitation

Who'll Jine de Union?





2

Ef ye want to ketch-a dat hebbenly breeze,
Who'll jine de Union?
Go down in de valley upon yer knees,
Who'll jine de Union?
Go bend yer knees right smoove wid de groun',
Who'll jine de Union?
An' pray to de Lord to turn you roun',
Who'll jine de Union?
Refrain- Oh, Hallelujah, etc.

3

Say, ef you belong to de Union ban',
Who'll jine de Union?
Den here's my heart, an' here's my han',
Who'll jine de Union?
I love yer all, both bond an' free,
Who'll jine de Union?
I love you ef-a you don't love me,
Who'll jine de Union?
Refrain- Oh, Hallelujah, etc.

4

Now ef you want to know ob me,
Who'll jine de Union?
Jess who I am, an' a-who I be,
Who'll jine de Union?
I'm a chile ob God, wid my soul sot free,
Who'll jine de Union?
For Christ hab bought my liberty,
Who'll jine de Union?
Refrain- Oh, Hallelujah, etc.

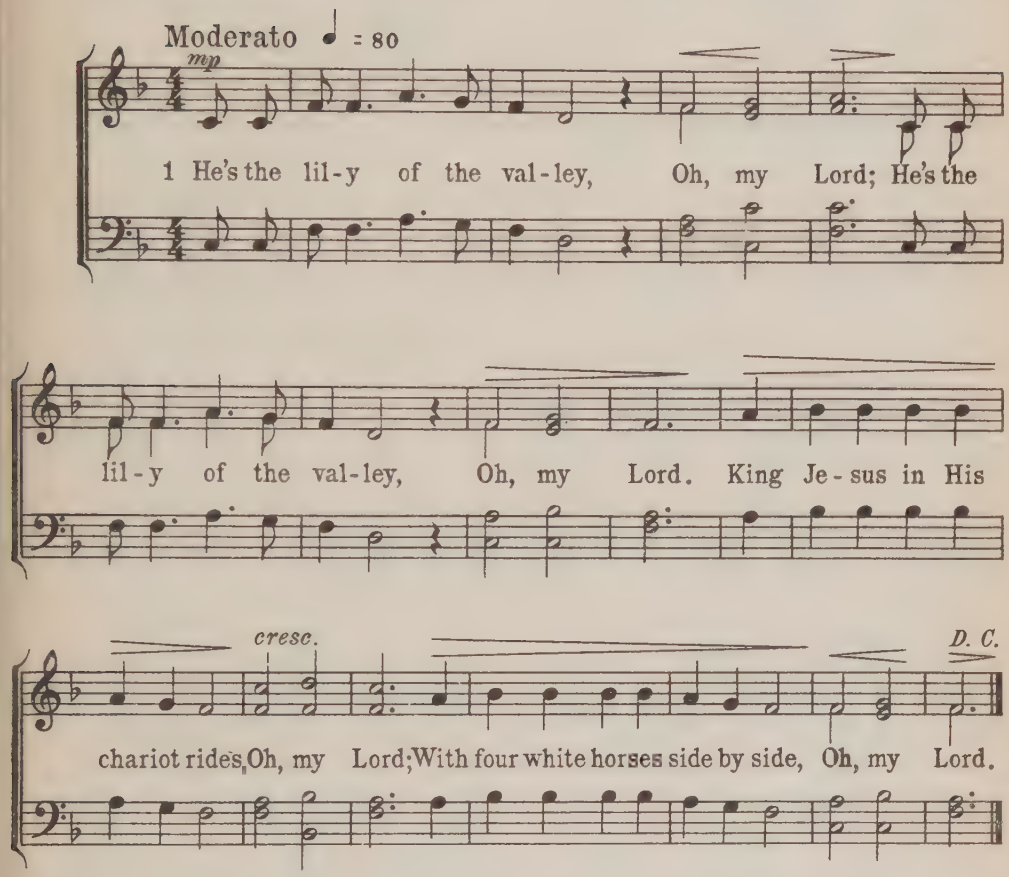
Hymns of Invitation

Somebody's Knocking at Your Door

Andante serioso ♩ = 72
Refrain
Solo
Tutti
mf
Somebody's knocking at your door, Somebody's knocking at your door;
𝄋
p espress.
Fine
O _ sin-ner, why don't you an-swer? Somebody's knocking at your door.
Solo
mf
Tutti
mf espressivo
Ossia
1 Knocks like Je - sus, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
2 Can't you hear Him? Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
3 An - swer Je - sus, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
4 Je - sus calls you, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
5 Can't you trust Him? Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
Solo
cresc.
Tutti
D. S.
Knocks like Je - sus, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
Can't you hear Him? Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
An - swer Je - sus, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
Je - sus calls you, Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.
Can't you trust Him? Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.

Hymns of Jesus Christ

He's the Lily of the Valley


Moderato ♩ = 80
mp
1 He's the lil-y of the val-ley, Oh, my Lord; He's the
lil-y of the val-ley, Oh, my Lord. King Je-sus in His
cresc.
D. C.
chariot rides, Oh, my Lord; With four white horses side by side, Oh, my Lord.

2

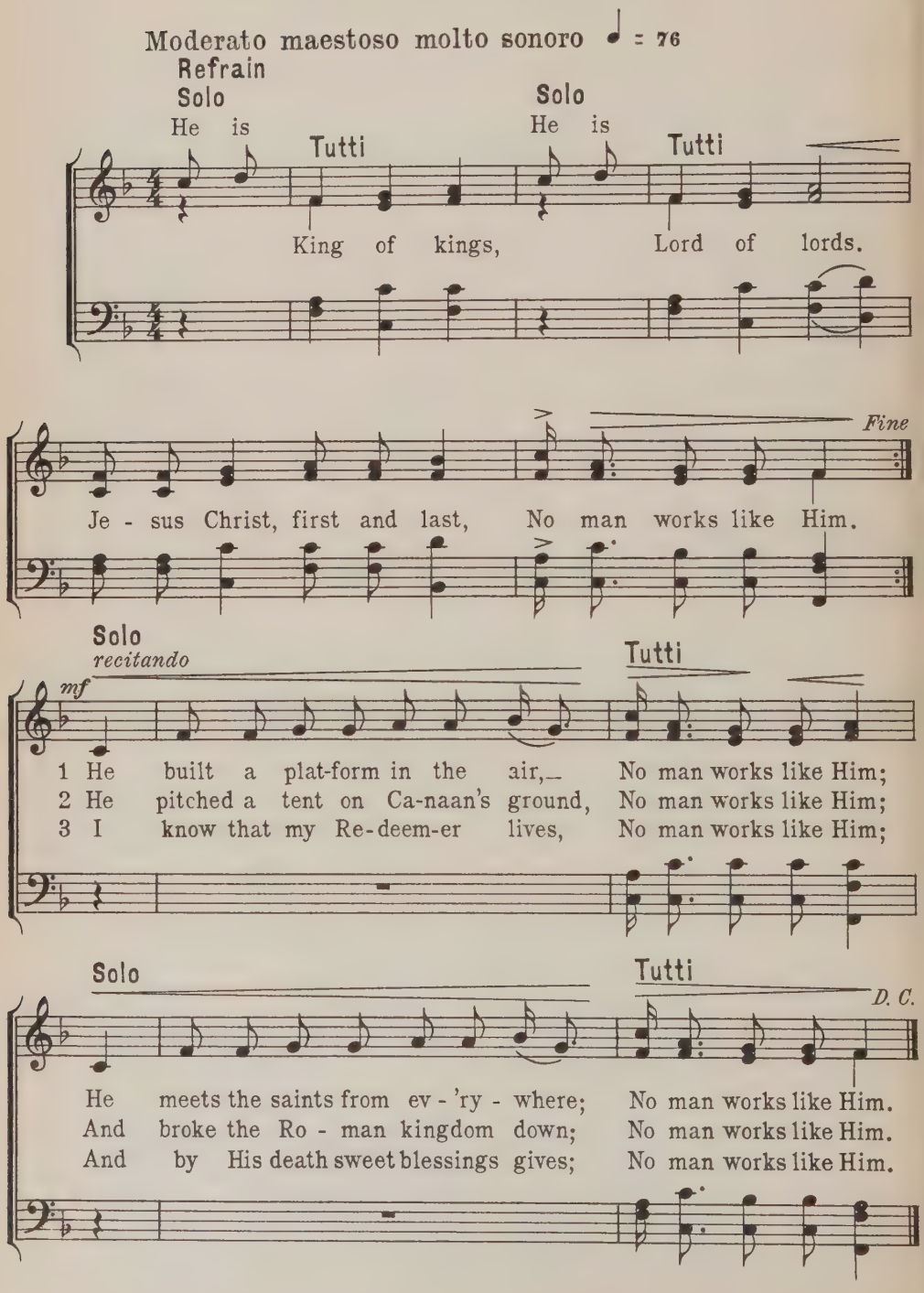
What kind of shoes are those you wear,
Oh, my Lord;
That you can ride upon the air?
Oh, my Lord.
Chorus – He's the lily, etc.

3

These shoes I wear are gospel shoes,
Oh, my Lord;
And you can wear them if you choose,
Oh, my Lord.
Chorus – He's the lily, etc.

Hymns of Jesus Christ

He Is King of Kings


Moderato maestoso molto sonoro ♩ = 76
Refrain
Solo
He is
Tutti
King of kings,
Solo
He is
Tutti
Lord of lords.
Fine
Je - sus Christ, first and last, No man works like Him.
Solo
recitando
mf
Tutti
1 He built a plat-form in the air,— No man works like Him;
2 He pitched a tent on Ca-naan's ground, No man works like Him;
3 I know that my Re-deem-er lives, No man works like Him;
Solo
Tutti
D. C.
He meets the saints from ev - 'ry - where; No man works like Him.
And broke the Ro - man kingdom down; No man works like Him.
And by His death sweet blessings gives; No man works like Him.

King Emanuel

2

Oh, some call Him Jesus; but I call Him Lord,
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
Let's talk about de hebben an' de hebben's fine t'ings,
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
Refrain — Oh, de King Emanuel, etc.

3

Oh, steady, steady, a little while;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
I will tell you what my Lord done for me;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
Refrain — Oh, de King Emanuel, etc.

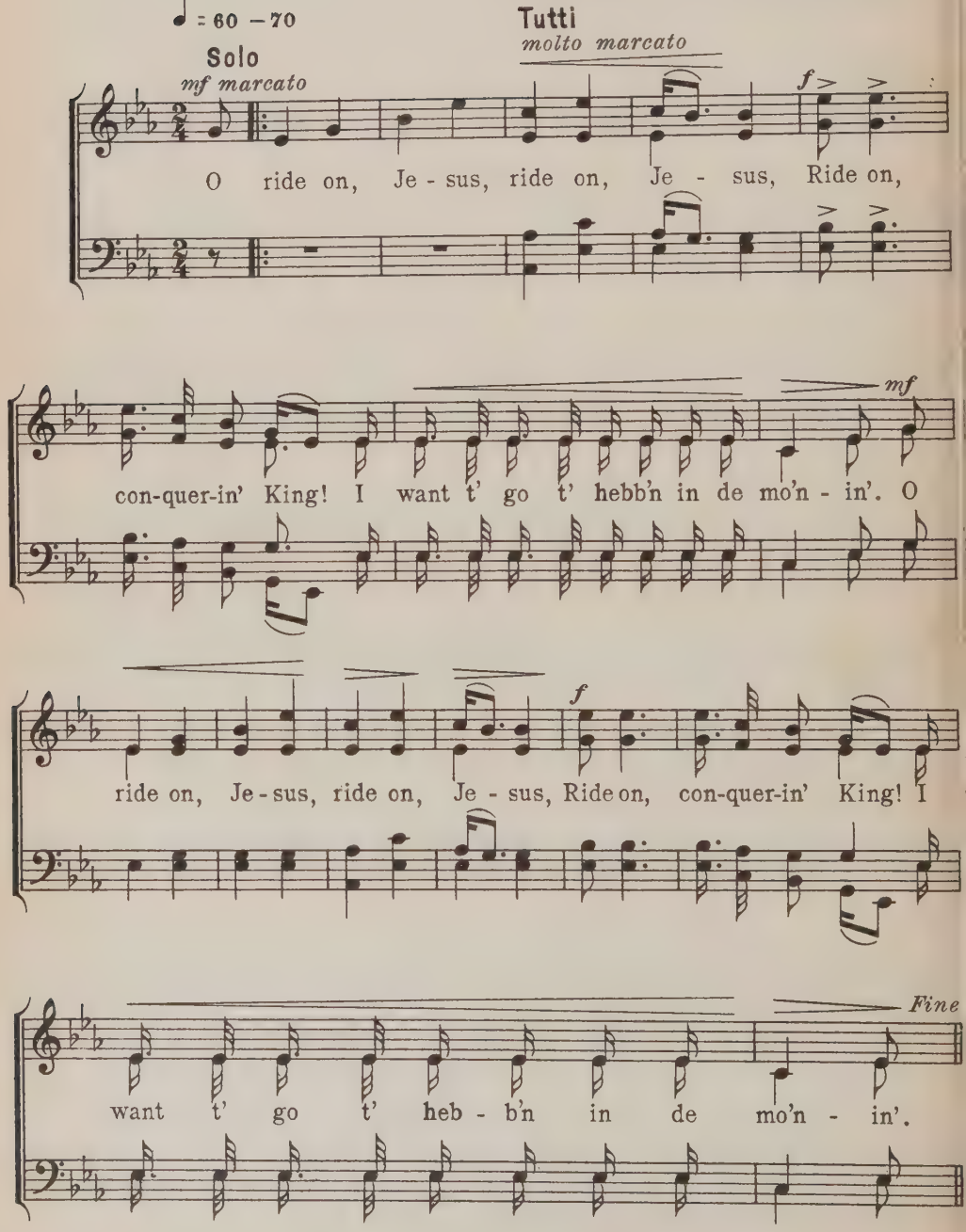
4

He pluck-a my feet out de miry clay;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
He sot dem-a on de firm Rock o' Age;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
Refrain — Oh, de King Emanuel, etc.

Hymns of Jesus Christ

Ride on, Jesus

Arranged by the editor from the recording and transcribing of this song by Natalie Curtis Burlin after the singing of the Hampton Quartet


♩ = 60 – 70
Solo
mf marcato
Tutti
molto marcato
f
O ride on, Je - sus, ride on, Je - sus, Ride on,
mf
con-quer-in' King! I want t' go t' hebb'n in de mo'n - in'. O
f
ride on, Je - sus, ride on, Je - sus, Ride on, con-quer-in' King! I
Fine
want t' go t' heb - b'n in de mo'n - in'.

Solo
declamato
1 Ef yo' see my moth-er,
2 Ef yo' see my fa - ther,
3 Ef yo' see my sis - ter,
4 Ef yo' see my broth-er,
Jes' tell her fo' me
(him)
fo' t'
Tutti
f
O yes!
O yes!
meet me t'-mor-row in Gal-i-lee; Want t' go t' heb-b'n in de mo'n-in'. O
Want t' go t' heb-b'n in de mo'n-in'.
Tutti as before
Solo
5 Ef yo' see John de Bap - tis', O yes! Jes' tell him for me,
6 Ef yo' want t' go t' heb - b'n, O yes! Well, I'll tell yo' how,
Tutti
Solo
O yes! Dat I's been to de rib-ber an I's been bap - tized;
O yes! Jes keep yo' han's on de gos - pel plow;
Tutti
Solo
Want t' go t' heb - b'n in de mo'n - in'. O

Hymns of Jesus Christ

My Lord's a-Riding All the Time*

2

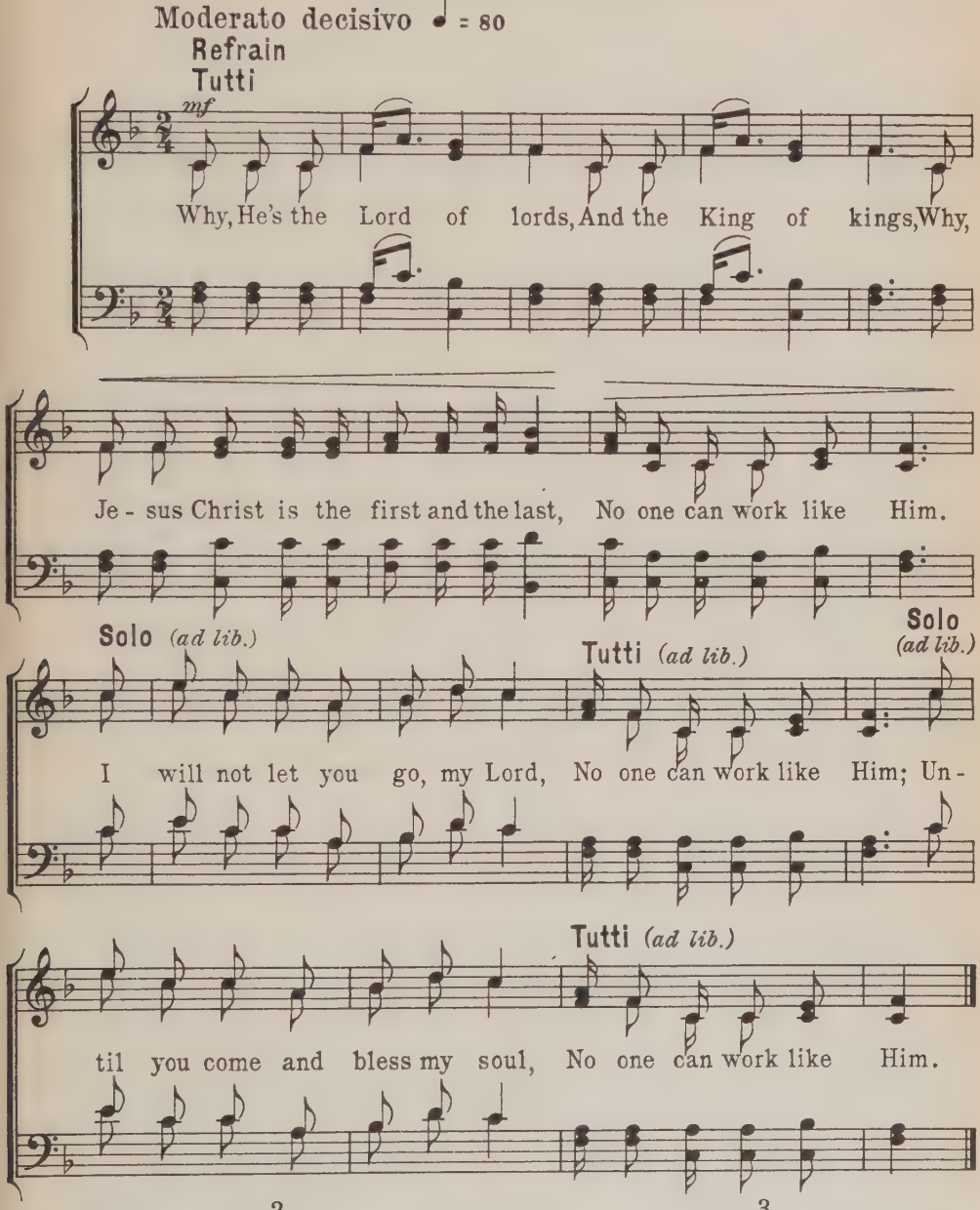
Come down, come down, my Lord, come down,
My Lord's a-riding all the time;
And take me up to wear the crown,
My Lord's a-riding all the time.

3

O sinner, you had better pray,
My Lord's a-riding all the time;
It looks like judgment ebery day,
My Lord's a-riding all the time.

*This song originally came to Hampton Institute from Fisk University. What variations our students have evolved can be seen by comparison with the Fisk edition — Editor

Why, He's the Lord of Lords*


Moderato decisivo ♩ = 80
Refrain
Tutti
mf
Why, He's the Lord of lords, And the King of kings, Why,
Je - sus Christ is the first and the last, No one can work like Him.
Solo (ad lib.)
Tutti (ad lib.)
Solo (ad lib.)
I will not let you go, my Lord, No one can work like Him; Un -
Tutti (ad lib.)
til you come and bless my soul, No one can work like Him.

2

For Paul and Silas bound in jail,
No one can work like Him;
The Christians prayed both night and day,
No one can work like Him.
Chorus—Why, He's the Lord, etc.

3

I wish those mourners would believe,
No one can work like Him;
That Jesus is ready to receive,
No one can work like Him.
Chorus—Why, He's the Lord, etc.

* Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission

Hymns of Judgment

Going to Heaven

♩ = 72
Solo
mf recitando
1 De book of rev - e - la-tion God to us re-vealed, De
De way de book was o-pened John plain-ly in-formed, De
mys-t'ries of sal - va - tion De book of sev - en seals.
law of God was brok - en, A Sav-iour must be born.
Refrain
Solo
cresc.
Tutti
Going to heav - en, going to heav - en, Going to
Fine
Heav - en to see that bleed - ing Lamb.

2

John saw de heavens open,
De Conqueror riding down,
He looked and saw white horses,
And rider following on.
If you want to know de Conqueror,
He is de Word of God,
His eyes are like a burnin' throne,
He is de Word of God. — *Refrain*

3

Hosanna to de Prince of Life,
Who clothed Himself in clay,
And entered de iron gate of death,
And bore de ties away.
See how de Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies!
With scars of honor on His flesh,
And trials in His eyes. — *Refrain*

Hymns of Judgment

Go, Mary, an' Toll de Bell

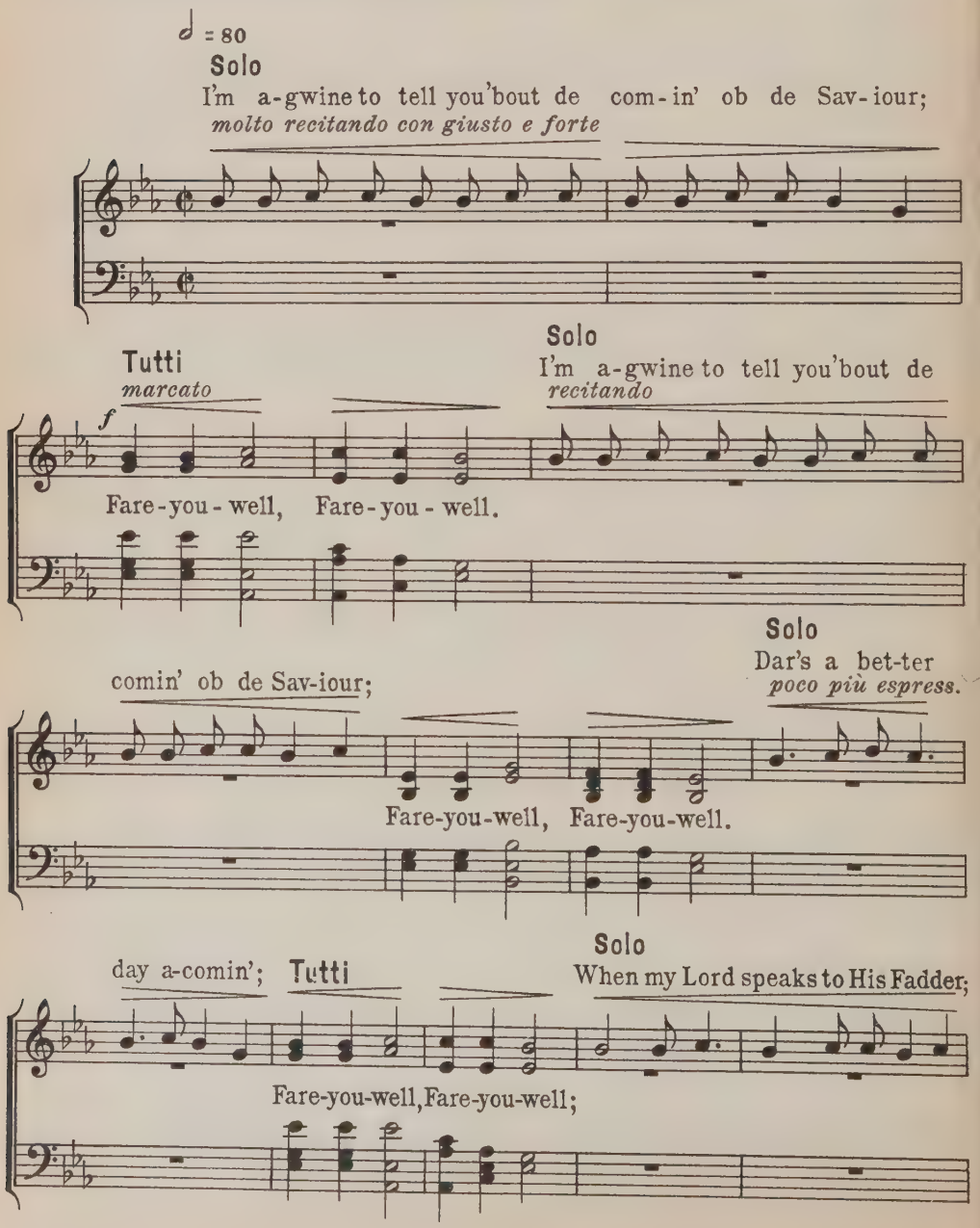
Adagio solenelle ♩ = 60
Solo
mf piagendo
Tutti
rit.
mf
Solo
mf sonore
Go, Ma - ry, an' toll de bell; Come, John, an'
Tutti
mp
mp
mf
pp Fine
call de roll, (Hum with closed lips) I thank God.
Poco allegro ♩ = 132
Solo
recitando
1 Who's all dem come dressed in white? Dey mus' be de
2 Who's all dem come dressed in red? Dey mus' be de
3 Who's all dem come dressed in blue? Dey mus' be de
4 Who's all dem come dressed in black? Dey mus' be de
Tempo Iº
Tutti
mp
mp
mf
pp
D. C.
children of de Is - rael - ite. (Hum) I thank God.
children dat Mo - ses led. (Hum) I thank God.
chil - dren jus' come thro'. (Hum) I thank God.
mourn - ers jus' turned back. (Hum) I thank God.

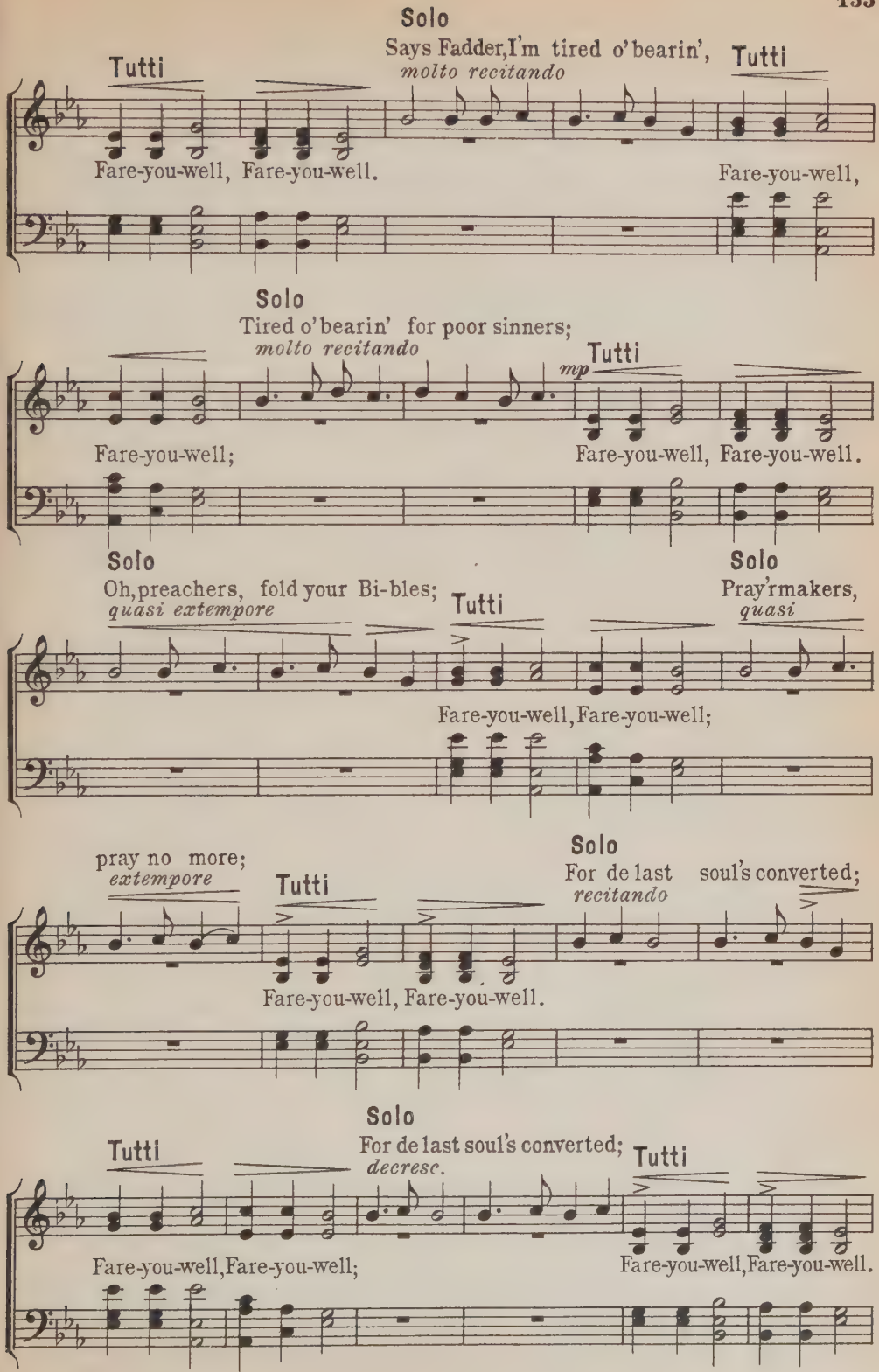
Hymns of Judgment

In Dat Great Gittin'-Up Mornin'

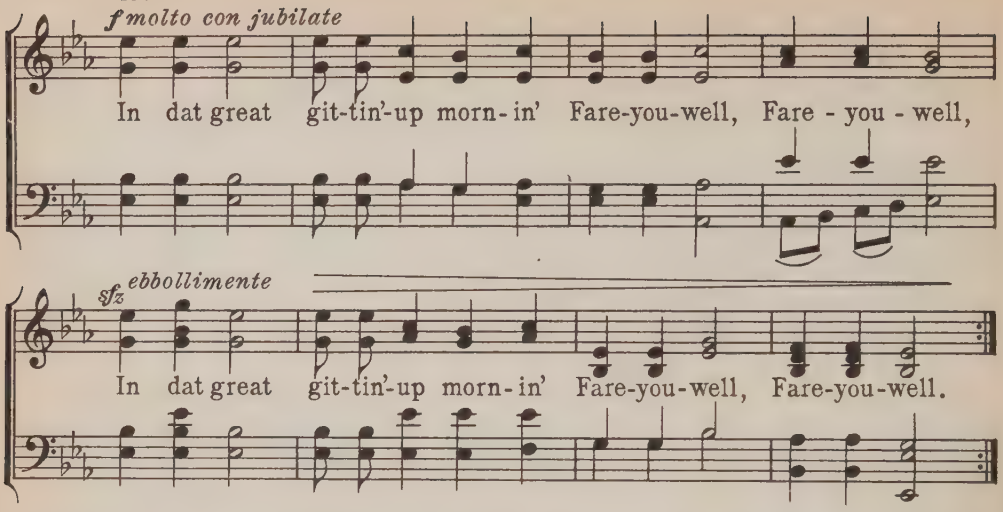
This song is a remarkable paraphrase of a portion of the Book of Revelations, and one of the finest specimens of Negro "spirituals." The student who brought it to us and who sings the solo has furnished all that he can remember of the almost interminable succession of verses, which he has heard sung for half an hour at a time by the slaves in their midnight meetings in the woods. He gives the following interesting account of its origin:—

"I have heard my uncle sing this hymn and he told me how it was made. It was made by an old slave who knew nothing about letters or figures. He could not count the number of rails that he would split when he was tasked by his master to split 150 a day. But he tried to lead a Christian life, and he dreamed of the General Judgment, and told his fellow-servants about it, and then made a tune to it and sang it in his cabin meetings." — *J. B. Towe*




Solo
Says Fadder, I'm tired o'bearin',
molto recitando
Tutti
Tutti
Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.
Fare-you-well,
Solo
Tired o'bearin' for poor sinners;
molto recitando
mp
Tutti
Fare-you-well;
Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.
Solo
Oh, preachers, fold your Bi-bles;
quasi extempore
Tutti
Solo
Pray'rmakers,
quasi
Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well;
pray no more;
extempore
Tutti
Solo
For de last soul's converted;
recitando
Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.
Solo
For de last soul's converted;
decresc.
Tutti
Tutti
Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well;
Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.

Refrain


f molto con jubilate
In dat great git-tin'-up morn-in' Fare-you-well, Fare - you - well,
sfz ebbollimente
In dat great git-tin'-up morn-in' Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.

1
2 Dere's a better day a-comin',
3 When my Lord speaks to His Fadder,
4 Says, Fadder, I'm tired o' bearin',
5 Tired o' bearin' for poor sinners,
6 Oh, preachers, fold your Bibles,
7 Prayer-makers, pray no more,
8 For de last soul's converted. *(bis)*

2 *Refrain—*
9 De Lord spoke to Gabriel,
10 Say, go look behind de altar,
11 Take down de silver trumpet,
12 Go down to de seaside,
13 Place one foot on de dry land,
14 Place de oder on de sea,
15 Raise your hand to heaven,
16 Declare by your Maker,
17 Dat time shall be no longer. *(bis)*

3 *Refrain—*
18 Blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
19 Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
20 Blow it right calm and easy,
21 Do not alarm my people,
22 Tell dem to come to judgment. *(bis)*

4 *Refrain—*
23 Den you see de coffins bustin',
24 Den you see de Christians risin',
25 Den you see de righteous marchin',
26 Dey are marchin' home to heaven.
27 Den look upon Mount Zion,
28 You see my Jesus comin',
29 Wid all his holy angels.
30 Where you runnin', sinner?
31 Judgment day is comin'. *(bis)*
Refrain—

5
32 Gabriel, blow your trumpet,
33 Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
34 Loud as seven peals of thunder,
35 Wake de sleepin' nations.
36 Den you see poor sinners risin'.
37 See de dry bones a-creepin',

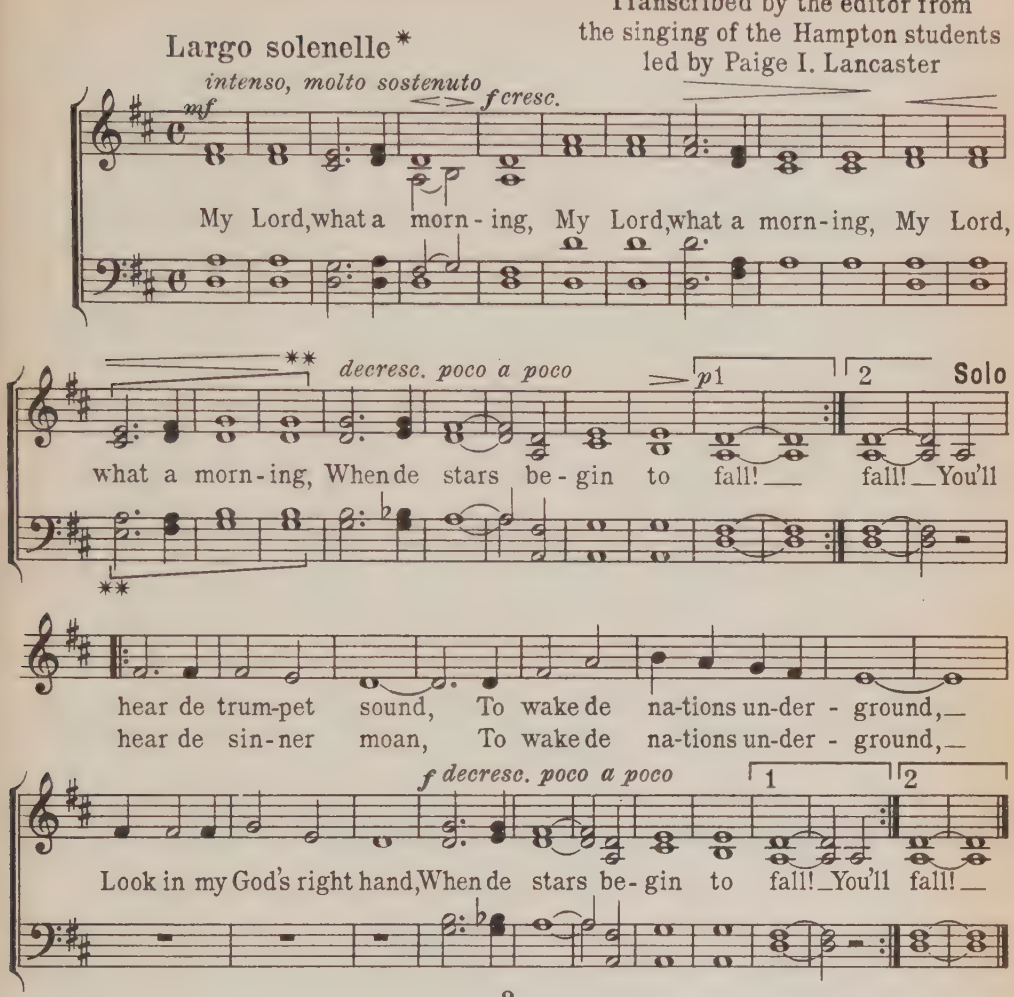
6 *Refrain—*
38 Den you see de world on fire,
39 You see de moon a-bleedin',
40 See de stars a-fallin'
41 See de elements meltin',
42 See de forked lightnin',
43 Hear de rumblin' thunder.
44 Earth shall reel and totter,
45 Hell shall be uncapped,
46 De dragon shall be loosened.
47 Fare-you-well, poor sinner.

7 *Refrain—*
48 Den you look up in de heaven,
49 See you mother in heaven,
50 While you're doomed to destruction.
51 When de partin' word is given,
52 De Christian shouts to your ruin.
53 No mercy'll ever reach you,

8 *Refrain—*
54 Den you'll cry out for cold water,
55 While de Christian's shoutin' in glory,
56 Sayin' amen to your damnation,
57 Den you hear de sinner sayin',
58 Down I'm rollin', down I'm rollin',
59 Den de righteous housed in heaven,
60 Live wid God forever. *(bis)*
Refrain—

My Lord, What a Morning!

Transcribed by the editor from the singing of the Hampton students led by Paige I. Lancaster


Largo solenelle*
intenso, molto sostenuto
mf
f cresc.
My Lord, what a morn - ing, My Lord, what a morn - ing, My Lord,
**
decresc. poco a poco
p
1
2
Solo
what a morn - ing, When de stars be - gin to fall! fall! You'll
hear de trum-pet sound, To wake de na-tions un-der - ground,
hear de sin-ner moan, To wake de na-tions un-der - ground,
f decresc. poco a poco
1
2
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars be - gin to fall! You'll fall!

2

You'll hear de Christians shout, To wake, etc.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, etc.
You'll hear de angels sing, To wake, etc.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, etc.
Refrain

3

You'll see my Jesus come, To wake, etc.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, etc.
His chariot wheels roll round, To wake, etc.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, etc.
Refrain

* Metronome markings are purposely omitted here, as the pulse, excepting in the solo lines, is neither very pronounced nor regular. — Editor

** The parallel movement of the outside voices, while musically ungrammatical, is nevertheless effective, being not unlike passages in Russian liturgic music. — Editor

Hymns of Judgment

Judgment

Moderato ♩ = 80
marcato
Judg - ment, Judg - ment, Judg - ment Day is a -
roll - in' a-round, Judgment, Judgment, Oh, how I long to go.
Meno mosso ♩ = 60
Solo
I've a good ole mud - der in de heav - en, my Lord,
I've a good ole fad - der in de heav - en, my Lord,
Tutti
Solo
Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole mud-der in de
Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole fad - der in de
Tutti
Tempo Iº
heav - en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go.
heav - en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go.
Judg - ment,—

2

Dar's a long white robe in de heaven for me,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Dar's a starry crown in de heaven for me,
Oh, how I long to go.
My name is written in de book ob life,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Ef you look in de book you'll fin' em dar,
Oh, how I long to go.

3

Brudder Moses gone to de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Sister Mary gone to de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's no more slave in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
All is glory in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.

4

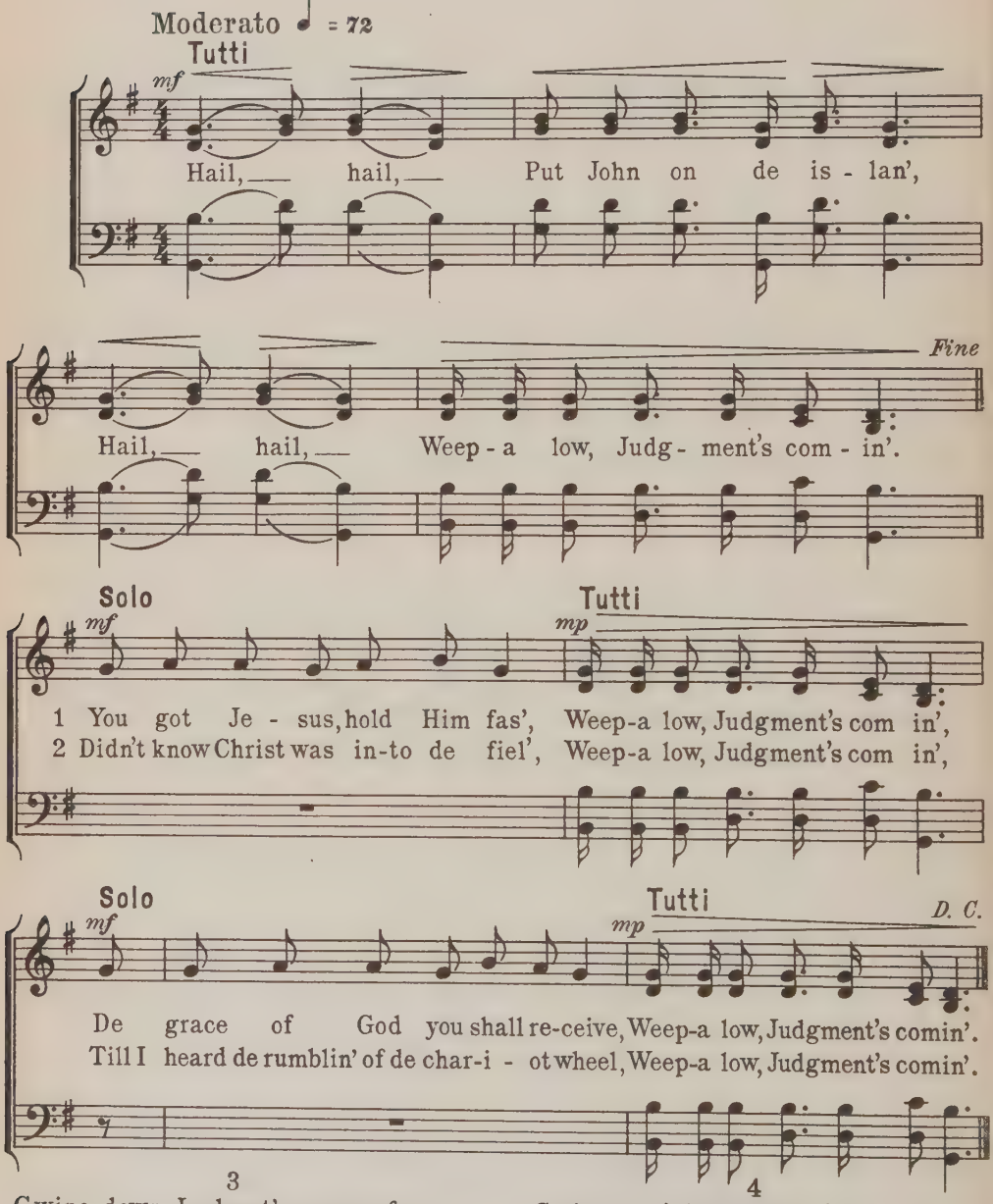
My brudder build a house in Paradise,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
He built it by dat ribber of life,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's a big camp-meetin' in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Come, let us jine dat-a heavenly crew,
Oh, how I long to go.

5

King Jesus sittin' in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
De angles singin' all round de trone,
Oh, how I long to go.
De trumpet sound de Jubilo,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
I hope dat trump will blow me home,
Oh, how I long to go.

Hymns of Judgment

Put John on de Islan'


Moderato ♩ = 72
Tutti
mf
Hail, — hail, — Put John on de is - lan',
Fine
Hail, — hail, — Weep - a low, Judg - ment's com - in'.
Solo
Tutti
mf
mp
1 You got Je - sus, hold Him fas', Weep-a low, Judgment's com in',
2 Didn't know Christ was in-to de fiel', Weep-a low, Judgment's com in',
Solo
Tutti
D. C.
mf
mp
De grace of God you shall re-ceive, Weep-a low, Judgment's comin'.
Till I heard de rumblin' of de char-i - ot wheel, Weep-a low, Judgment's comin'.

3

Gwine down Jordan t' pay my fare,
Weep-a low, Judgment's comin',
Have a little meetin' when I gits dere,
Weep-a low, Judgment's comin'.

4

Gwine up t' hebben, don't wan' t' stop,
Weep-a low, Judgment's comin',
Don't wan' t' be no stumblin' block,
Weep-a low, Judgment's comin'.

Not a familiar song at Hampton Institute. — Editor

Hymns of Judgment

Oh, the Rocks and the Mountains

♩ = 80
Refrain
Tutti
mf
Oh, the rocks and the moun-tains shall all flee a-way,
And you shall have a new hid - ing - place that day.
Fine
Duet
molto ad lib.
1 Seek - er, seek - er, give up your heart to God,
Tutti
a tempo
D. C.
And you shall have a new hid - ing - place that day.

2 Doubter, doubter, give up your heart to God,
And you shall have a new hiding-place that day.
Refrain—Oh, the rocks and the mountains, etc.

3 Mourner, mourner, give up your heart to God, etc.

4 Sinner, sinner, give up your heart to God, etc.

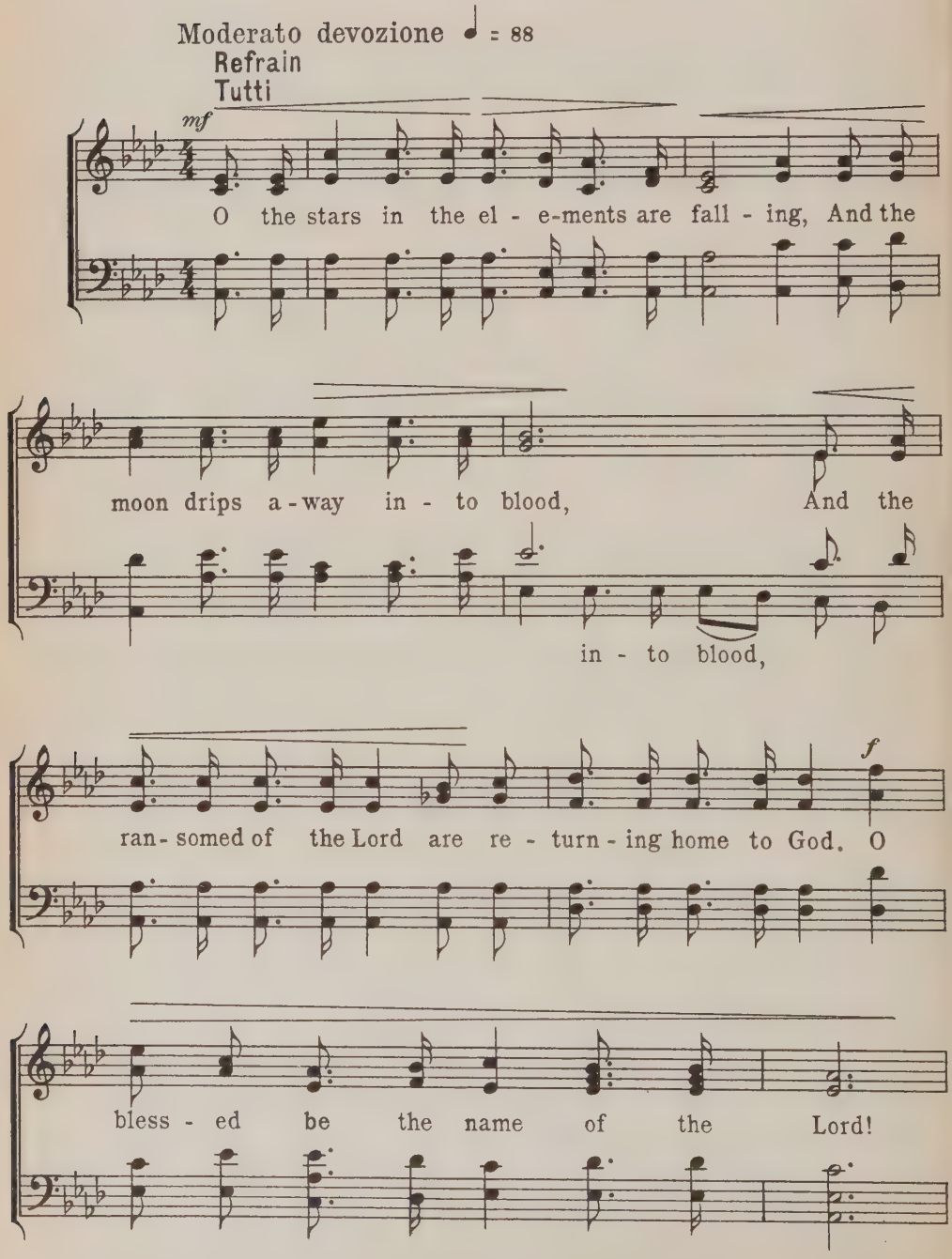
5 Sister, sister, give up your heart to God, etc.

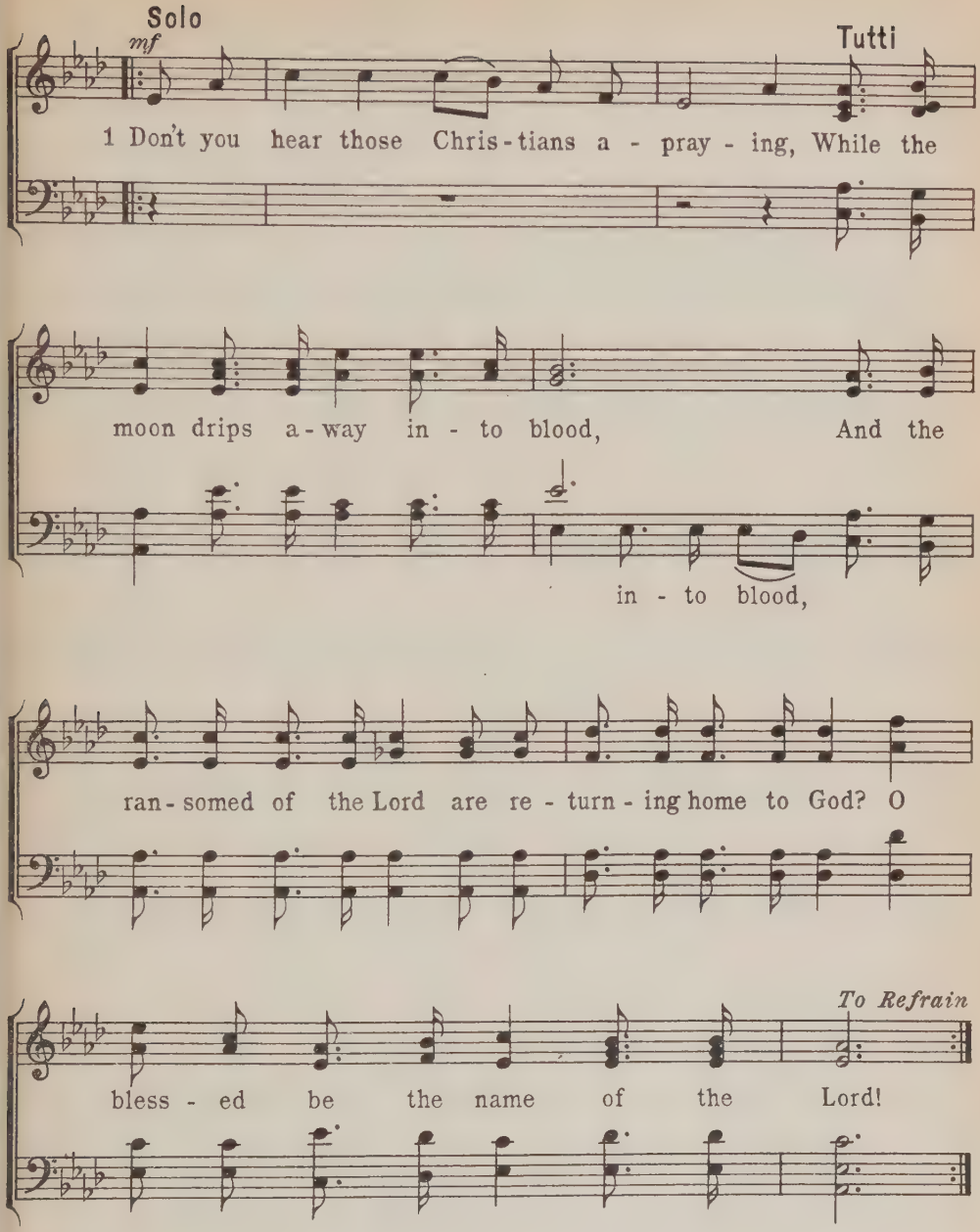
6 Mother, mother, give up your heart to God, etc.

7 Children, children, give up your heart to God, etc.

Hymns of Judgment

Stars in the Elements


Moderato devozione ♩ = 88
Refrain
Tutti
mf
O the stars in the el - e-ments are fall - ing, And the
moon drips a - way in - to blood,
And the
in - to blood,
ran - somed of the Lord are re - turn - ing home to God. O
f
bless - ed be the name of the Lord!

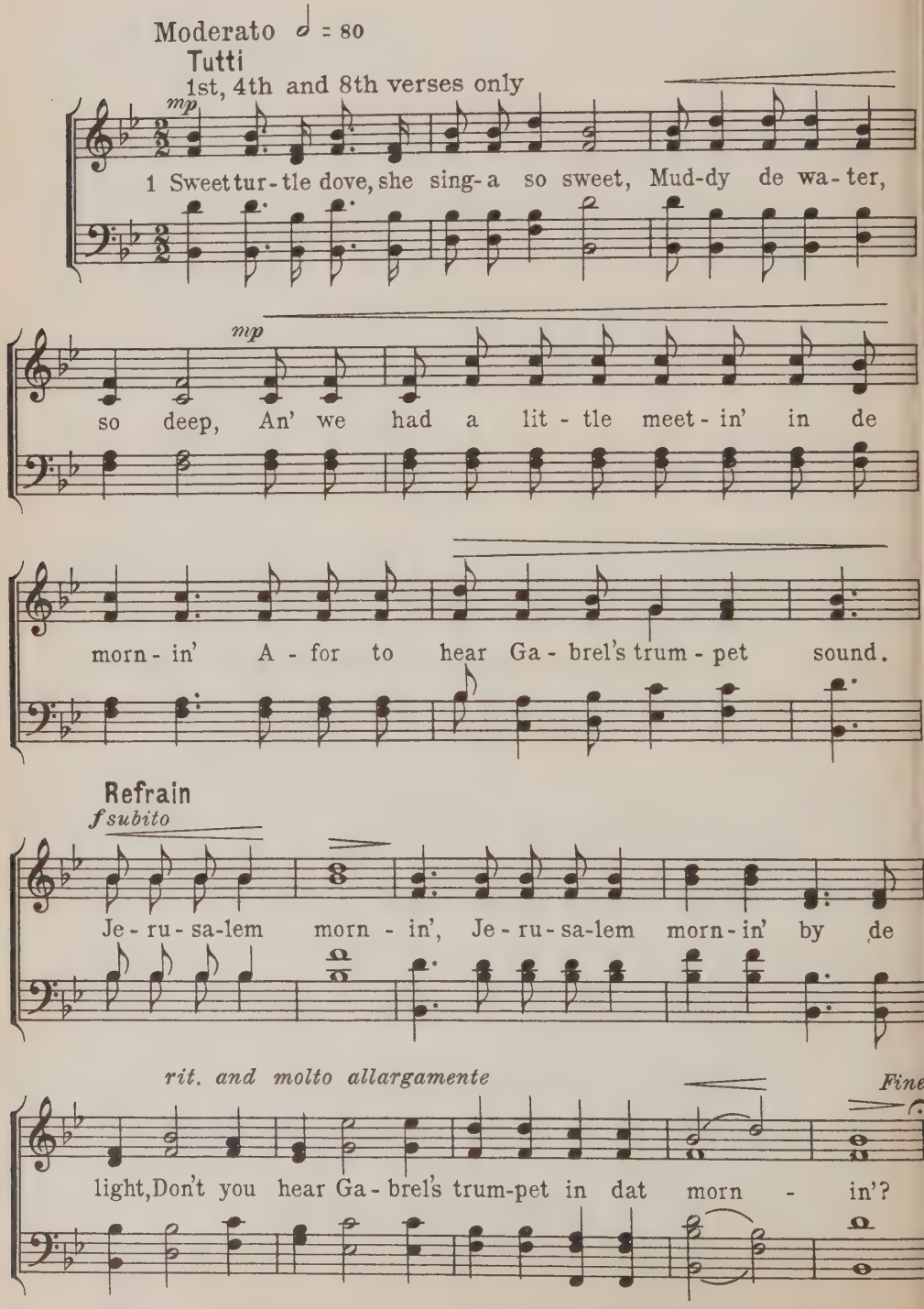

Solo
mf
Tutti
1 Don't you hear those Chris-tians a - pray - ing, While the
moon drips a-way in - to blood, And the
in - to blood,
ran-somed of the Lord are re - turn - ing home to God? O
To Refrain
bless - ed be the name of the Lord!

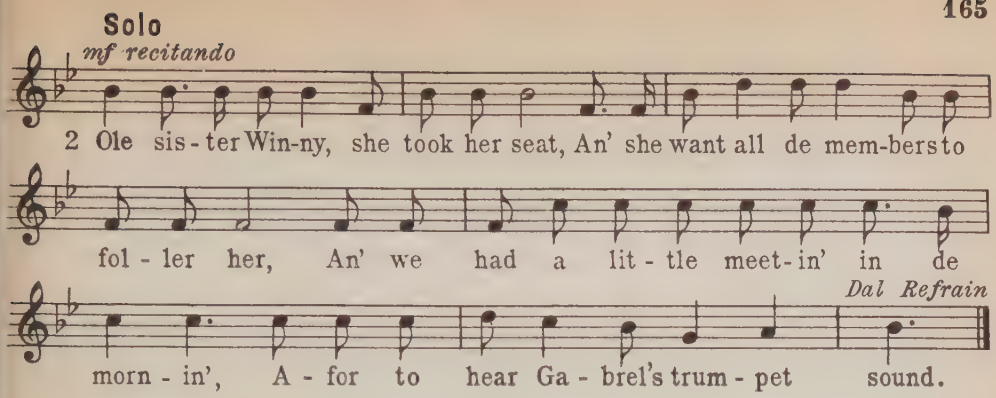
2
Don't you hear those sinners a-screaming,
While the moon, etc.

3
Don't you hear those sinners a-crying,
While the moon, etc.

Hymns of Judgment

Sweet Turtle Dove, or Jerusalem Mornin'


Moderato ♩ = 80
Tutti
1st, 4th and 8th verses only
mp
1 Sweet tur-tle dove, she sing-a so sweet, Mud-dy de wa-ter,
mp
so deep, An' we had a lit-tle meet-in' in de
morn-in' A-for to hear Ga-brel's trum-pet sound.
Refrain
f subito
Je-ru-sa-lem morn-in', Je-ru-sa-lem morn-in' by de
rit. and molto allargamente
Fine
light, Don't you hear Ga-brel's trum-pet in dat morn-in'?


Solo
mf recitando
2 Ole sis - ter Win-ny, she took her seat, An' she want all de mem-bers to
fol - ler her, An' we had a lit - tle meet - in' in de
Dal Refrain
morn - in', A - for to hear Ga - brel's trum - pet sound.

3

(Solo) Ole sister Hannah, she took her seat,
An' she want all de members to foller her;
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabrel's trumpet sound.
Refrain – Jerusalem mornin', etc.

4

Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet,
Muddy de water, so deep,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabrel's trumpet sound.
Refrain – Jerusalem mornin', etc.

5

(Solo) Ole brudder Philip, he took his seat,
An' he want all de members to foller him;
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabrel's trumpet sound.
Refrain – Jerusalem mornin', etc.

6

(Solo) Ole sister Hagar, she took her seat,
An' she want all de members to foller her;
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabrel's trumpet sound.
Refrain – Jerusalem mornin', etc.

7

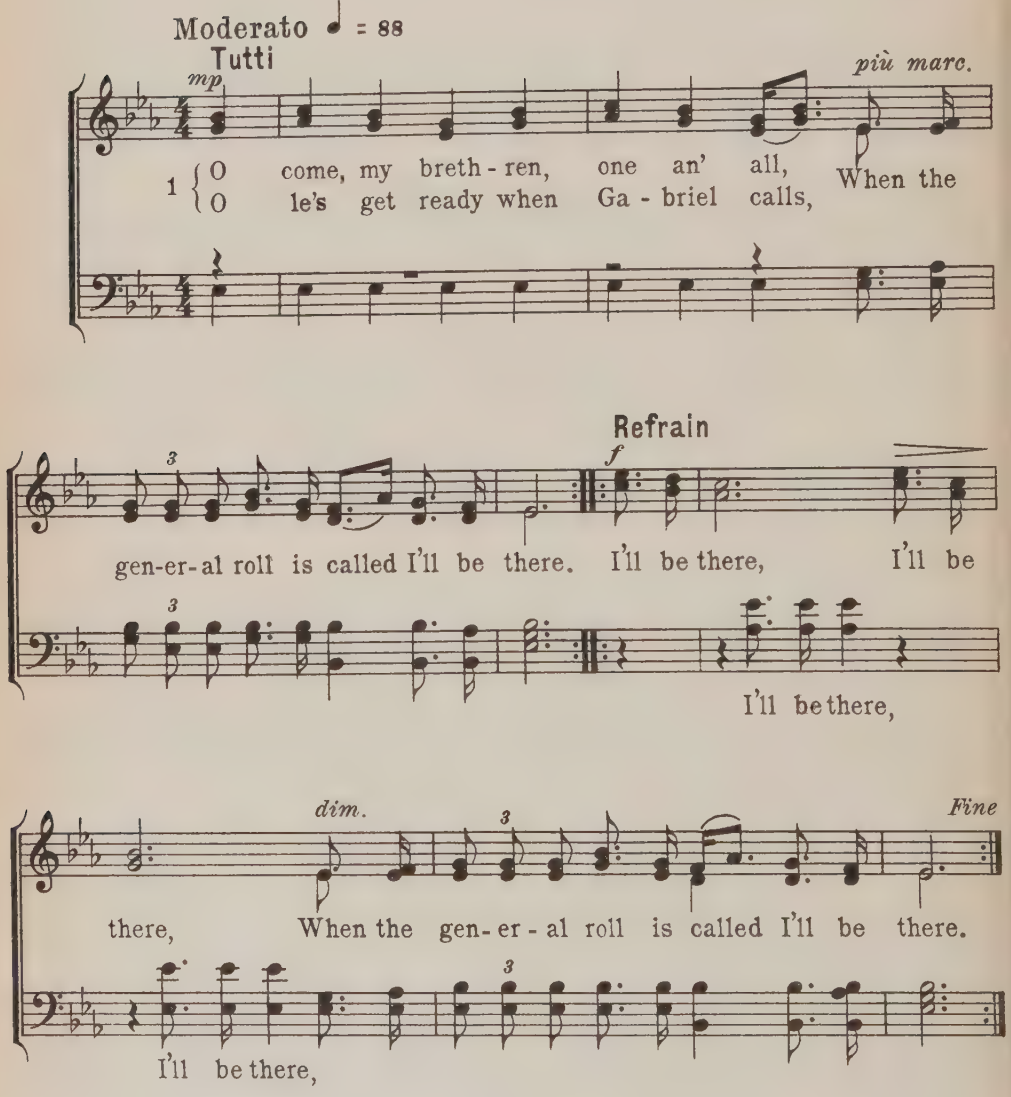
(Solo) Ole brudder Moses, he took his seat,
An' he want all de members to foller him;
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabrel's trumpet sound.
Refrain – Jerusalem mornin', etc.

8

Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet,
Muddy de water, so deep,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabrel's trumpet sound.
Refrain – Jerusalem mornin', etc.

Hymns of Judgment

When the General Roll Is Called


Moderato ♩ = 88
Tutti
mp
più marc.
1 O come, my breth - ren, one an' all, When the
O le's get ready when Ga - briel calls,
Refrain
f
gen-er-al roll is called I'll be there. I'll be there, I'll be
I'll be there,
dim.
Fine
there, When the gen-er-al roll is called I'll be there.
I'll be there,

2

Do you belong to the union ban'?
When the general roll is called I'll be there,
Then here's my heart an' here's my han',
When the general roll is called I'll be there.

Deep River

Andante molto espress.
f — p
Deep — river, my home is o-ver Jor-dan, — Deep — river, Lord, I
pp
want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground, Lord, I
want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground, Lord, I
want to cross o - ver in - to camp - ground, — Lord, I
Fine
want to cross o - ver in - to camp - ground.
1 O don't you want to go to that Gos - pel feast, That
prom - ised land where all is peace? Lord, I
want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground, Lord, I
want to cross o - ver in - to camp - ground, — Lord, I
D. C.
want to cross o - ver in - to camp - ground.

2

I'll go into heaven and take my seat,
Cast my crown at Jesus' feet.

3

O when I get to heav'n I'll walk all about,
There's nobody there for to turn me out.

Hymns of Meditation

Dere's a Little Wheel a-Turnin' in My Heart*

Moderato placido ♩ = 80
Solo
Tutti
1 Dere's a lit-tle wheel a-turn-in' in my heart, Dere's a
cresc.
decresc.
lit-tle wheel a-turn-in' in my heart, In my heart, in my
decresc.
mp
heart, Dere's a lit-tle wheel a-turn-in' in my heart.

2

‖: O I feel so very happy in my heart,:‖
In my heart, in my heart,
O I feel so very happy in my heart.

3

‖: O I don't feel no ways tired in my heart,:‖
In my heart, in my heart,
O I don't feel no ways tired in my heart.

4

‖: O I feel like shouting in my heart,:‖
In my heart, in my heart,
O I feel like shouting in my heart.

5

‖: I've a double 'termination in my heart,:‖
In my heart, in my heart,
I've a double 'termination in my heart.

*From Tuskegee Collection, by permission

Hymns of Meditation

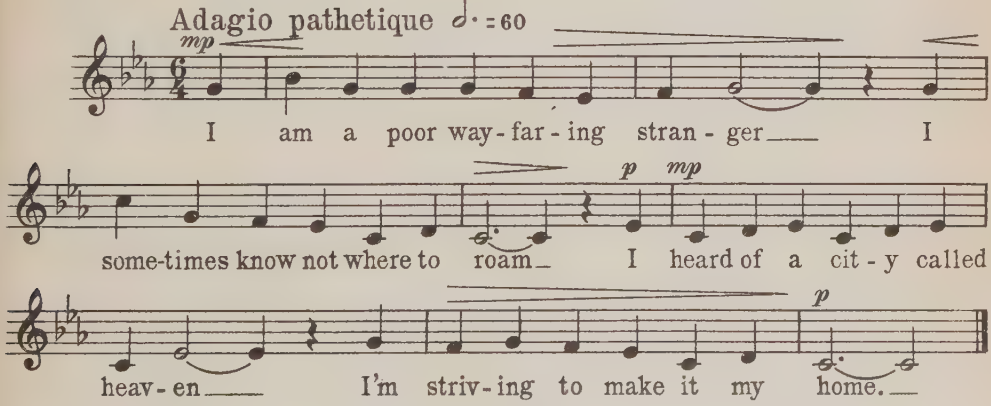
Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit

Andante molto espress. ♩ = 68 – 72
Tutti
decresc. poco a poco
mp
Fine
Ev'-ry time I feel the Spir-it mov-ing in my heart I will pray.
Solo
mp
D. C.
1 Up-on the moun-tain my Lord spoke, Out His mouth came fire and smoke.
2 All a-round me looks so shine, Ask my Lord if all was mine.
3 Jor - dan riv - er is chil-ly and cold, Chills the bod - y but not the soul.

Poor Pilgrim

Sung by
Mrs. Eva Evans

Collected by
R. N. D.


Adagio pathetique ♩. = 60
mp
I am a poor way-far-ing stran - ger I
p
mp
some-times know not where to roam I heard of a cit - y called
p
heav - en I'm striv-ing to make it my home.

Sometimes I'm both tosséd and driven,
I sometimes know not where to roam,
I heard of a city called heaven,
I'm striving to make it my home.

My friends and relations forsake me,
And troubles roll round me so high,
I thought of the kind voice of Jesus
Saying "Poor pilgrim, I'm always nigh."

I've Been a-List'ning All de Night Long

Allegrezza pianamente ♩ = 92
Refrain
Tutti
mp
I've been a - list-'ning all de night long, Been a -
list-'ning all de day, I've been a - list-'ning all de
poco a poco rit.
1
2
Fine
night long, To hear some sin - ner pray, pray.
Andante con espressione
Duet
Some say that John de Bap-tist, Was noth-in' but a Jew,
più cresc.
D. C.
But the Bi - ble doth in - form us Dat he was a preach-er too.

2

Go read the fifth of Matthew,
An' a-read de chapter thro',
It is a guide to Christians,
An' a-tells dem what to do.
Refrain—I've been a-list'ning, etc.

3

Dere was a search in heaven,
An' a-all de earth around,
John stood in sorrow hoping
Dat a Saviour might be found.
Refrain—I've been a-list'ning, etc.

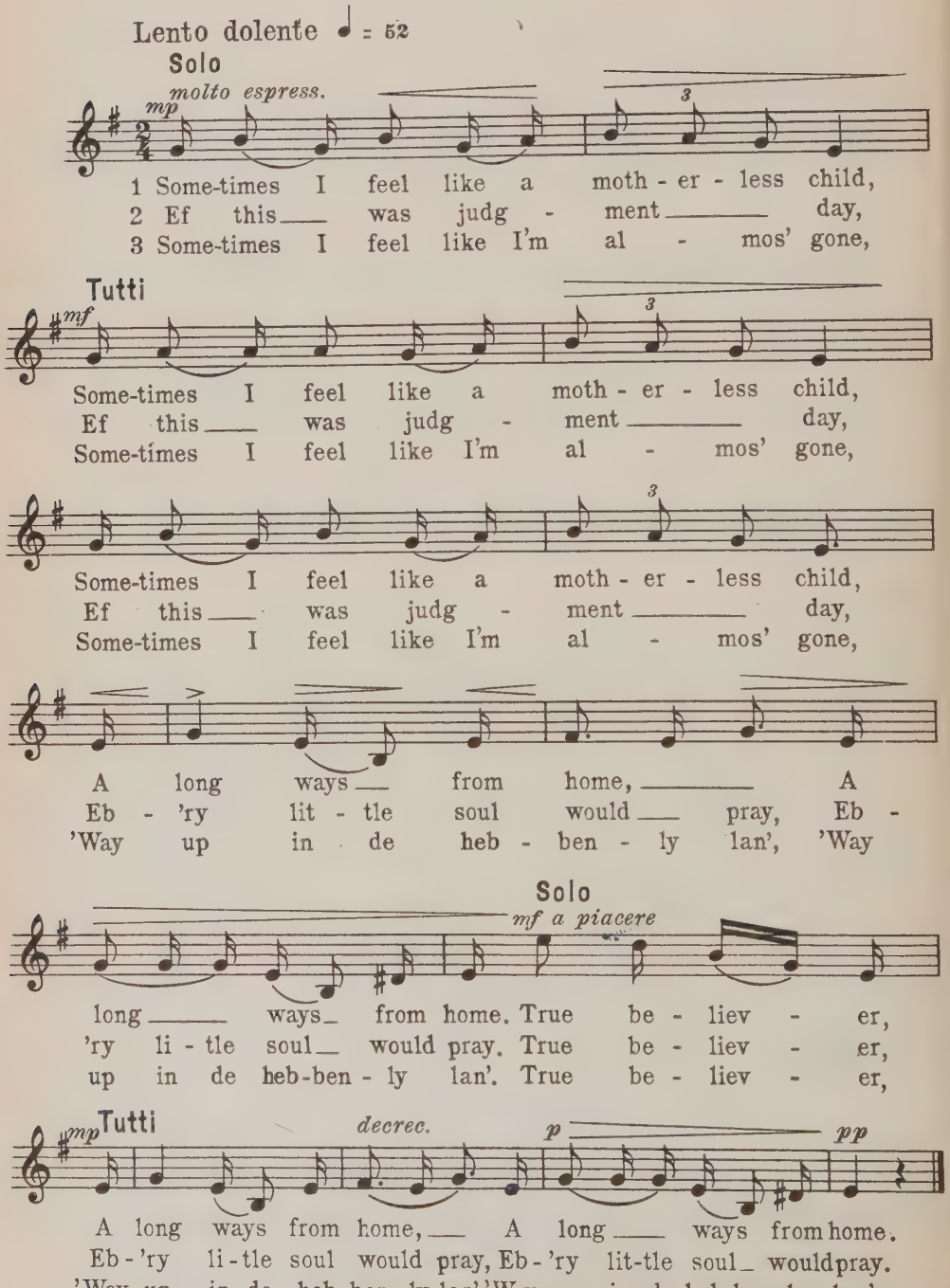
Hymns of Meditation

Prayer Is de Key of Heaven

Moderato tranquillo ♩ = 80
Refrain
Tutti
mp
cresc.
Prayer is de key of Heav-en, Prayer is de key of Heav-en,
mf
dim.
1
2
Solo (ad lib.)
Fine
Prayer is de key of Heav-en, Faith un-locks de do'. I know dat do'.
Solo
Tutti
mf
mf
Solo
1 I think it was 'bout twelve o' clock, Faith un-locks de do'. When
2 I re-mem-ber de day, I know de time, Faith un-locks de do'. When
3 My head got wet with de mid-night dew, Faith un-locks de do'. De
Tutti
D. C.
mf
Solo (ad lib.)
Je - sus led me to de rock, Faith un-locks de do'. I know dat
Je - sus freed dis soul o' mine, Faith un-locks de do'. I know dat
morn-in' star was wit-ness too, Faith un-locks de do'. I know dat

Hymns of Meditation

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child


Lento dolente ♩ = 52
Solo
molto espress.
mp
1 Some-times I feel like a moth - er - less child,
2 Ef this was judg - ment day,
3 Some-times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone,
Tutti
mf
Some-times I feel like a moth - er - less child,
Ef this was judg - ment day,
Some-times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone,
Some-times I feel like a moth - er - less child,
Ef this was judg - ment day,
Some-times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone,
A long ways from home, A
Eb - 'ry lit - tle soul would pray, Eb -
'Way up in de heb - ben - ly lan', 'Way
Solo
mf a piacere
long ways from home. True be - liev - er,
'ry li - tle soul would pray. True be - liev - er,
up in de heb-ben - ly lan'. True be - liev - er,
mp Tutti
decrec.
p
pp
A long ways from home, A long ways from home.
Eb - 'ry li - tle soul would pray, Eb - 'ry lit-tle soul would pray.
'Way up in de heb-ben - ly lan', 'Way up in de heb-ben-ly lan'.

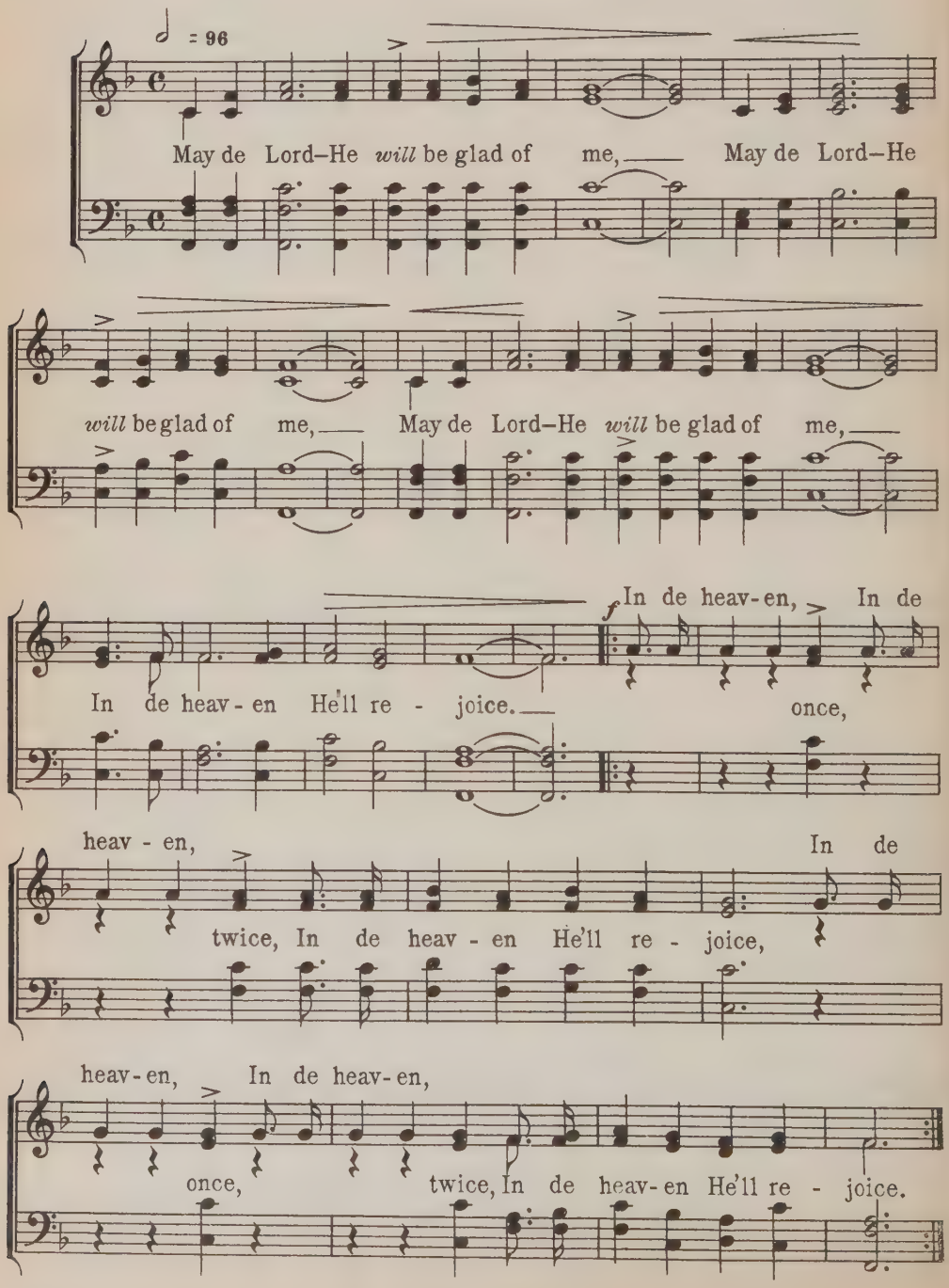
Where Shall I Be When de Firs' Trumpet Soun'?

Andante serioso ♩ = 72
Refrain
Tutti
Where shall I be when de firs' trum - pet soun',
cresc
Where shall I be when it soun' so loud, Soun' so loud till it
When it
Fine
wakes up de dead, Where shall I be when it soun'?
Solo
1 Mos - es died in de days of old,
2 God gave de peo - ple de rain - bow sign,
mf recitando
Tutti
Where shall I be?
Where shall I be?
Where he was bur-ied has nev-er been told,
No more wa-ter, but fire next time,
Solo
Oh
Oh
Tutti
D.C.
Where shall I be?
Where shall I be?

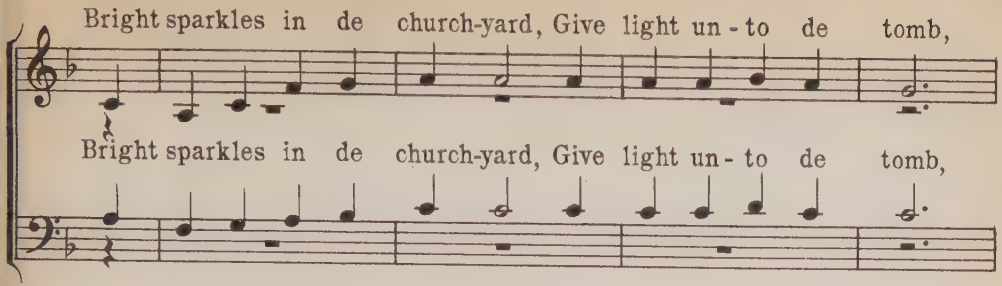
Hymns for Occasions

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard

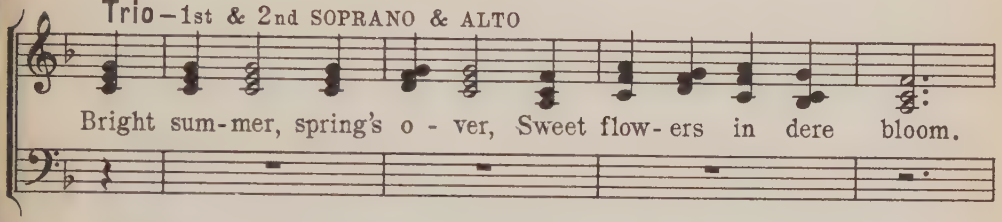
This peculiar but beautiful medley was a great favorite among the hands in the tobacco factories in Danville, Va. — *Contributor*


♩ = 96
May de Lord–He *will* be glad of me, May de Lord–He
will be glad of me, May de Lord–He *will* be glad of me,
In de heav-en, In de
In de heav-en He'll re - joice. once,
heav - en, In de
twice, In de heav - en He'll re - joice,
heav-en, In de heav-en,
once, twice, In de heav-en He'll re - joice.

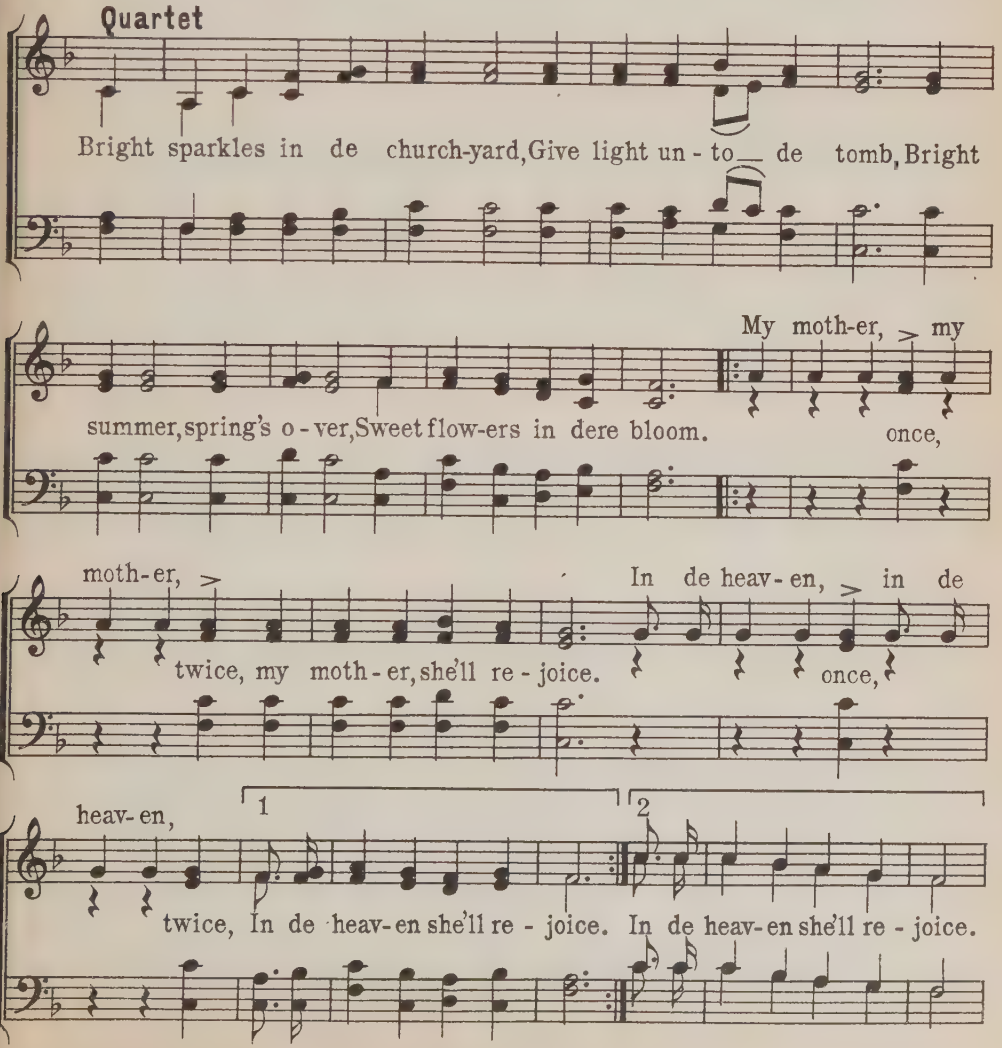
Duo – SOPRANO & TENOR



Trio – 1st & 2nd SOPRANO & ALTO

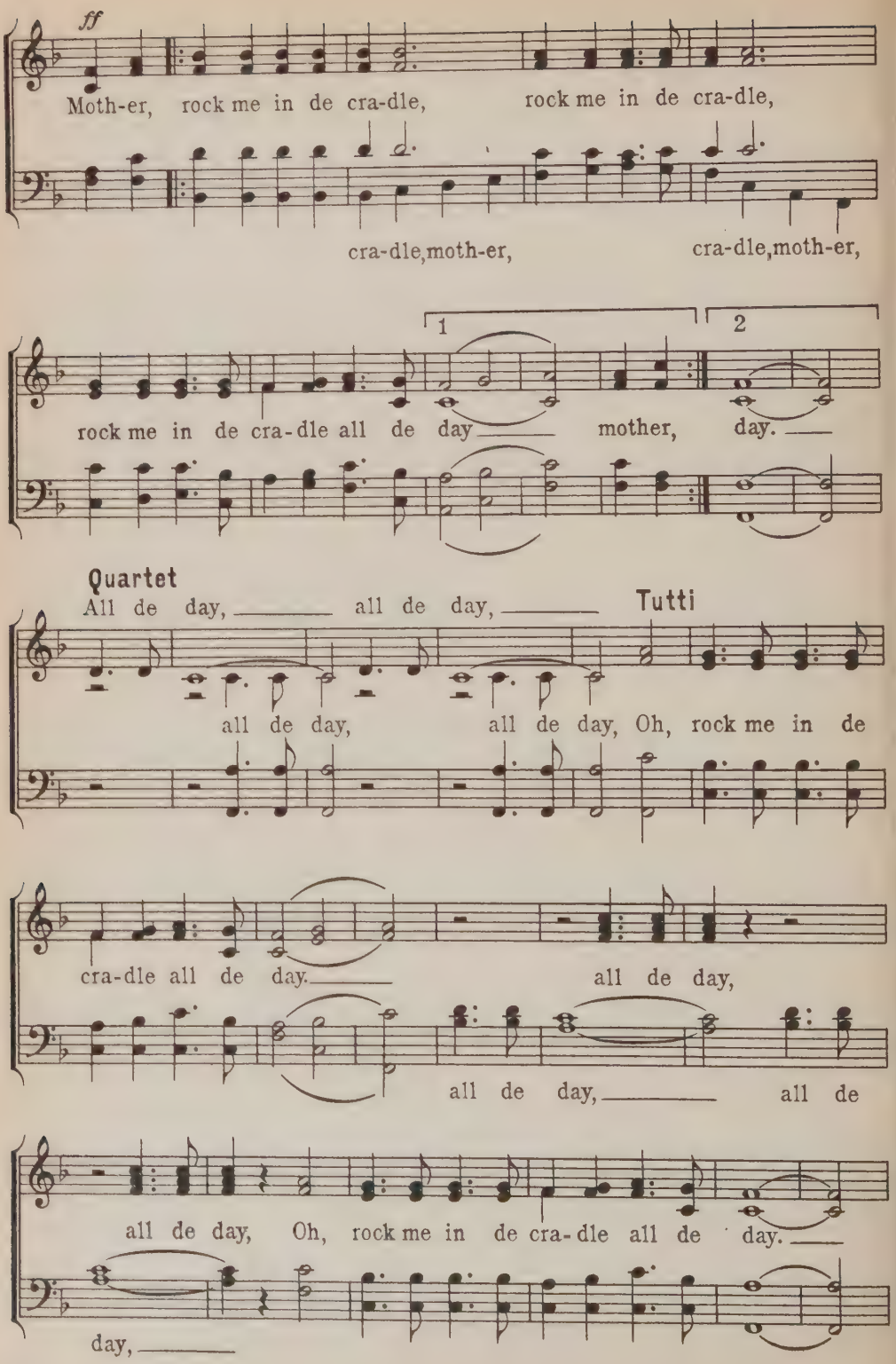


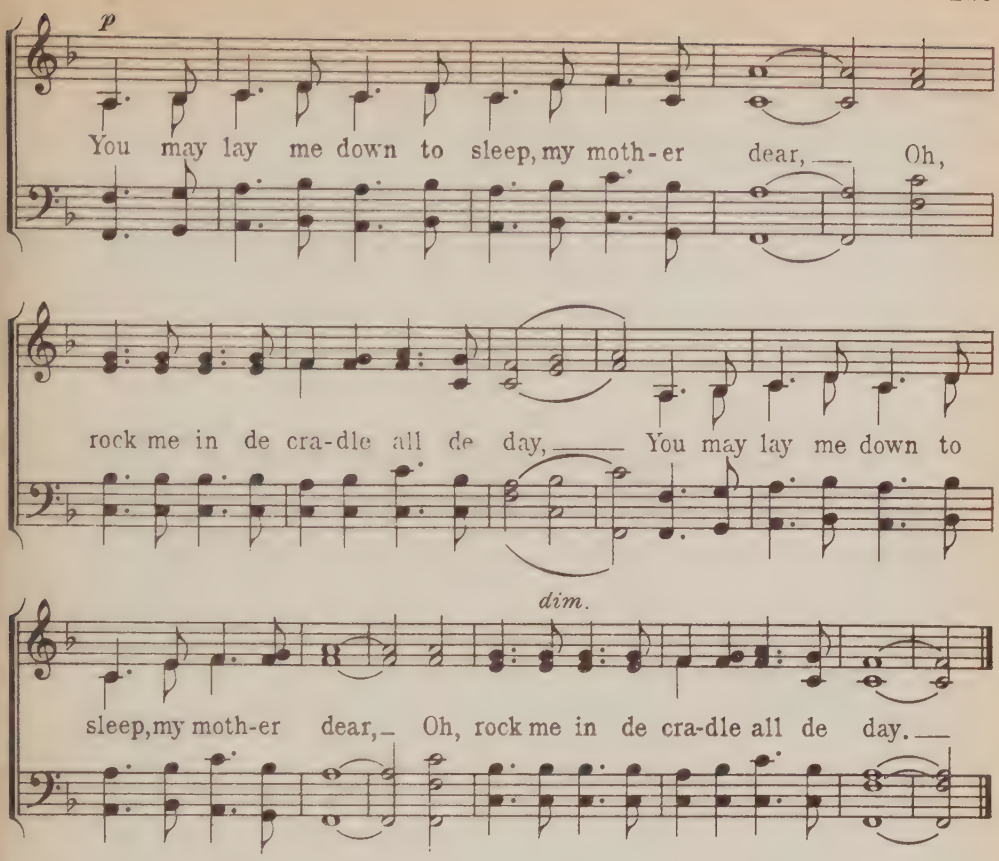
Quartet


Bright sparkles in de church-yard, Give light un - to de tomb, Bright
My moth-er, my
summer, spring's o - ver, Sweet flow-ers in dere bloom.
once,
moth-er,
In de heav - en, in de
twice, my moth - er, she'll re - joice.
once,
heav - en,
1
2
twice, In de heav-en she'll re - joice. In de heav-en she'll re - joice.

p
day,
Moth-er, rock me in de cra-dle all de day, all de day, Moth-er,
rock me in de cra-dle all de day, Moth-er, rock me in de
day,
cra-dle all de day, all de day, Moth-er, rock me in de
Quartet
All de day, all de
mp espress.
cra-dle all de day.
all de day,
day,
Tutti
all de day, Oh, rock me in de cra-dle all de day.

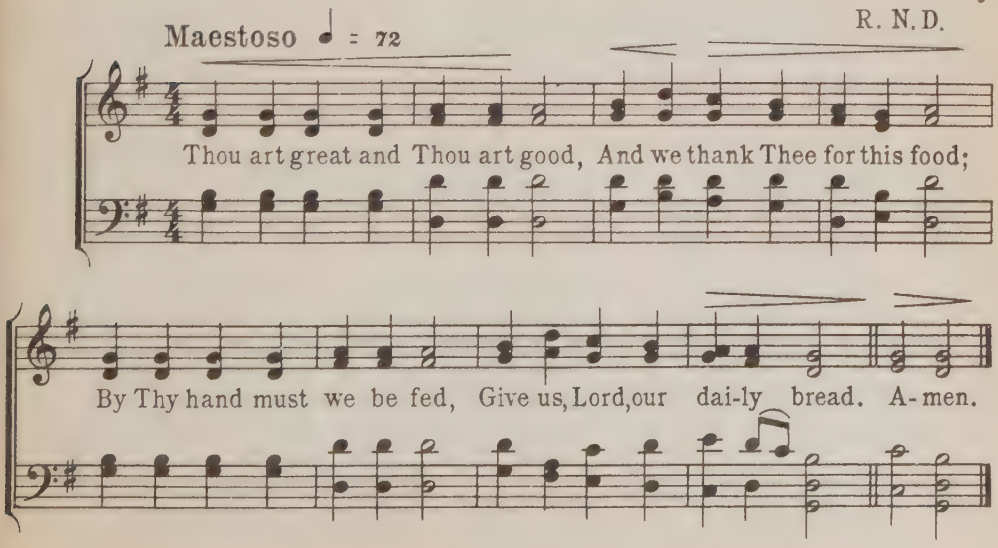
più cresc
All de day, all de day, Oh,
All de day, all de day,
p
rock me in de cra-dle all de day. Oh, moth-er, don't ye
love yer dar-lin' child? Oh, rock me in de cra-dle all de
day, Oh, moth-er don't ye love yer dar-lin'
child? Oh, rock me in de cra-dle all de day.


ff
Moth-er, rock me in de cra-dle, rock me in de cra-dle,
cra-dle, moth-er, cra-dle, moth-er,
1
2
rock me in de cra-dle all de day mother, day.
Quartet
All de day, all de day,
Tutti
all de day, all de day, Oh, rock me in de
cra-dle all de day. all de day,
all de day, all de
all de day, Oh, rock me in de cra-dle all de day.
day,


p
You may lay me down to sleep, my moth-er dear, — Oh,
rock me in de cra-dle all de day, — You may lay me down to
dim.
sleep, my moth-er dear, — Oh, rock me in de cra-dle all de day. —

Grace Before Meat at Hampton

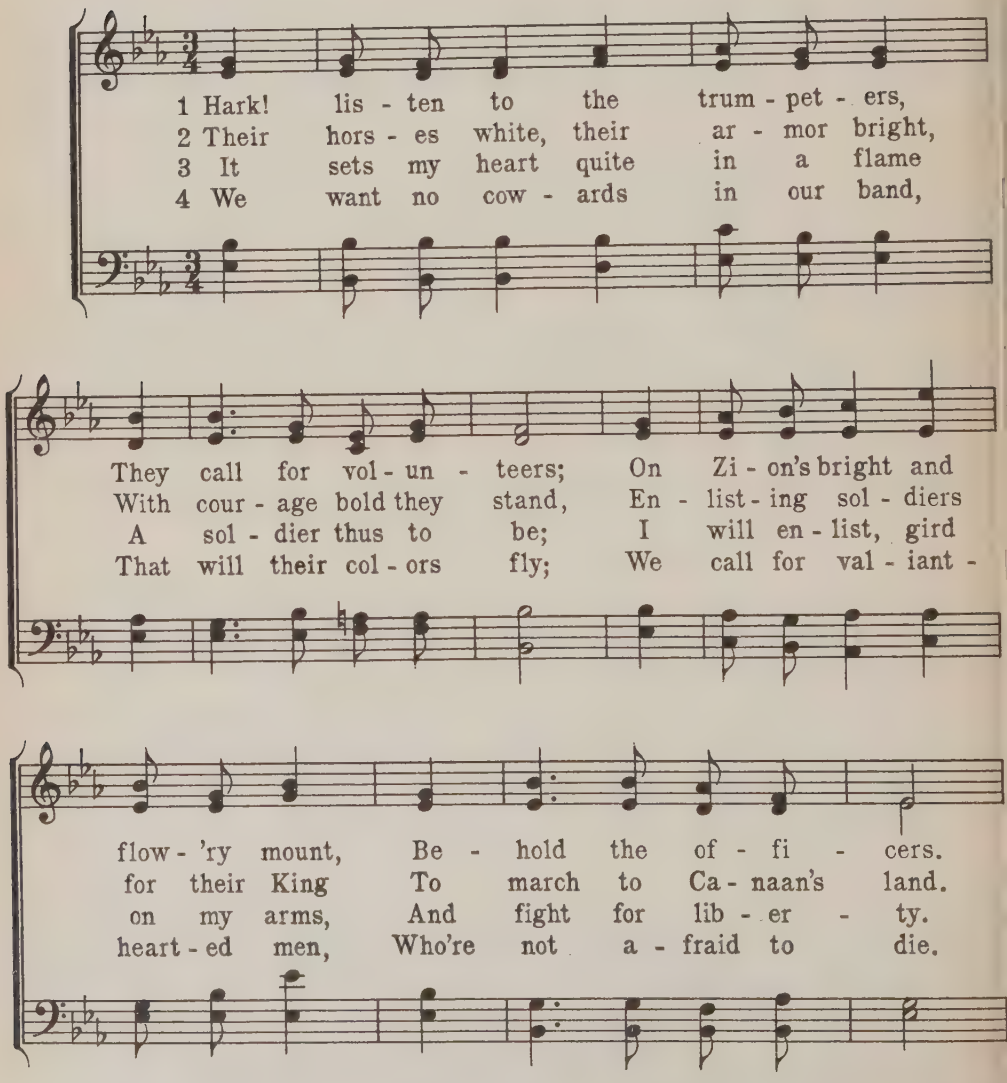
Harmonized by
R. N. D.


Maestoso ♩ = 72
Thou art great and Thou art good, And we thank Thee for this food;
By Thy hand must we be fed, Give us, Lord, our dai-ly bread. A-men.

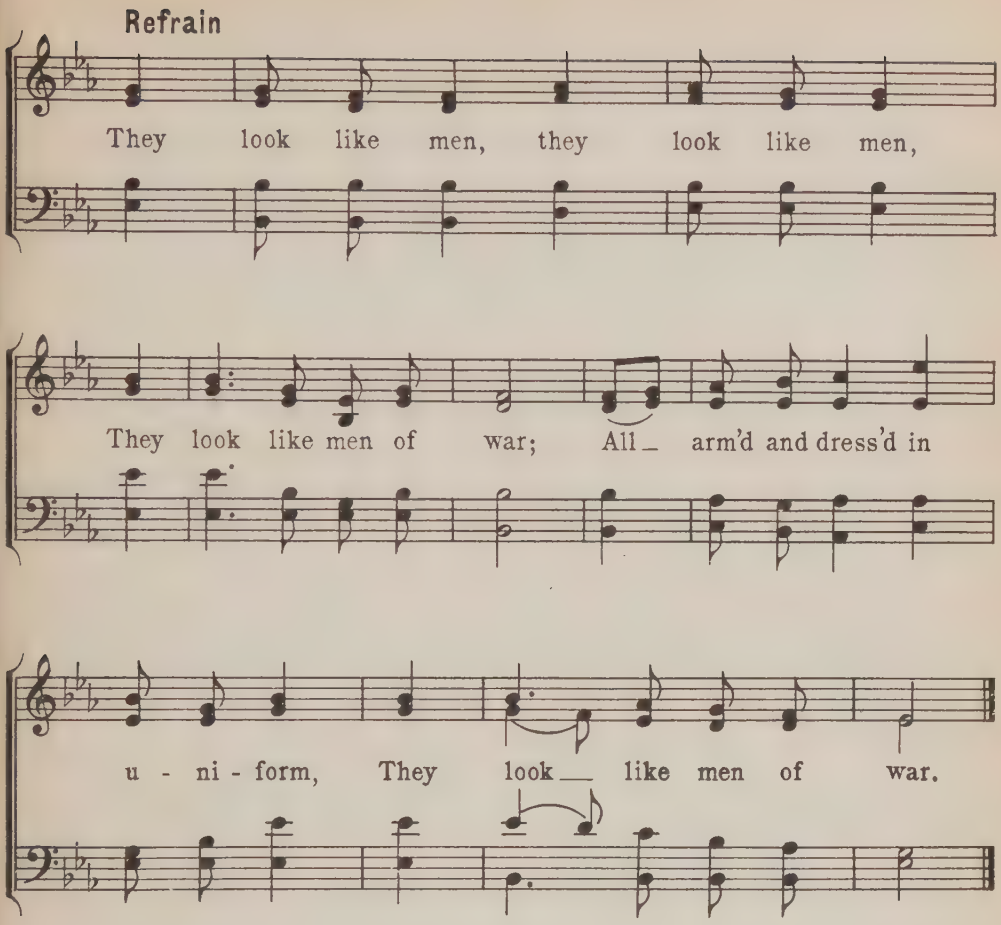
Hymns for Occasions

They Look Like Men of War

While recruiting and drilling the 9th Regiment, U. S. Colored troops at Benedict, Maryland, in the winter of 1863-64, the men gathered around the camp-fire would sing by the hour the melodies of the plantation slave life that they had just left—not always very melodious; but late one evening I was startled by a magnificent chorus from nearly a thousand black soldiers, that called me from my tent to listen to its most inspiring strains, and I caught the following words which I called the "Negro Battle Hymn." — *S. C. Armstrong*


1 Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pet - ers,
2 Their hors - es white, their ar - mor bright,
3 It sets my heart quite in a flame
4 We want no cow - ards in our band,
They call for vol - un - teers; On Zi - on's bright and
With cour - age bold they stand, En - list - ing sol - diers
A sol - dier thus to be; I will en - list, gird
That will their col - ors fly; We call for val - iant -
flow - 'ry mount, Be - hold the of - fi - cers.
for their King To march to Ca - naan's land.
on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.
heart - ed men, Who're not a - fraid to die.

The harmonization is by Dr. Herbert B. Turner, Chaplain Emeritus, Hampton Institute — Ed.


Refrain
They look like men, they look like men,
They look like men of war; All arm'd and dress'd in
u - ni - form, They look like men of war.

5

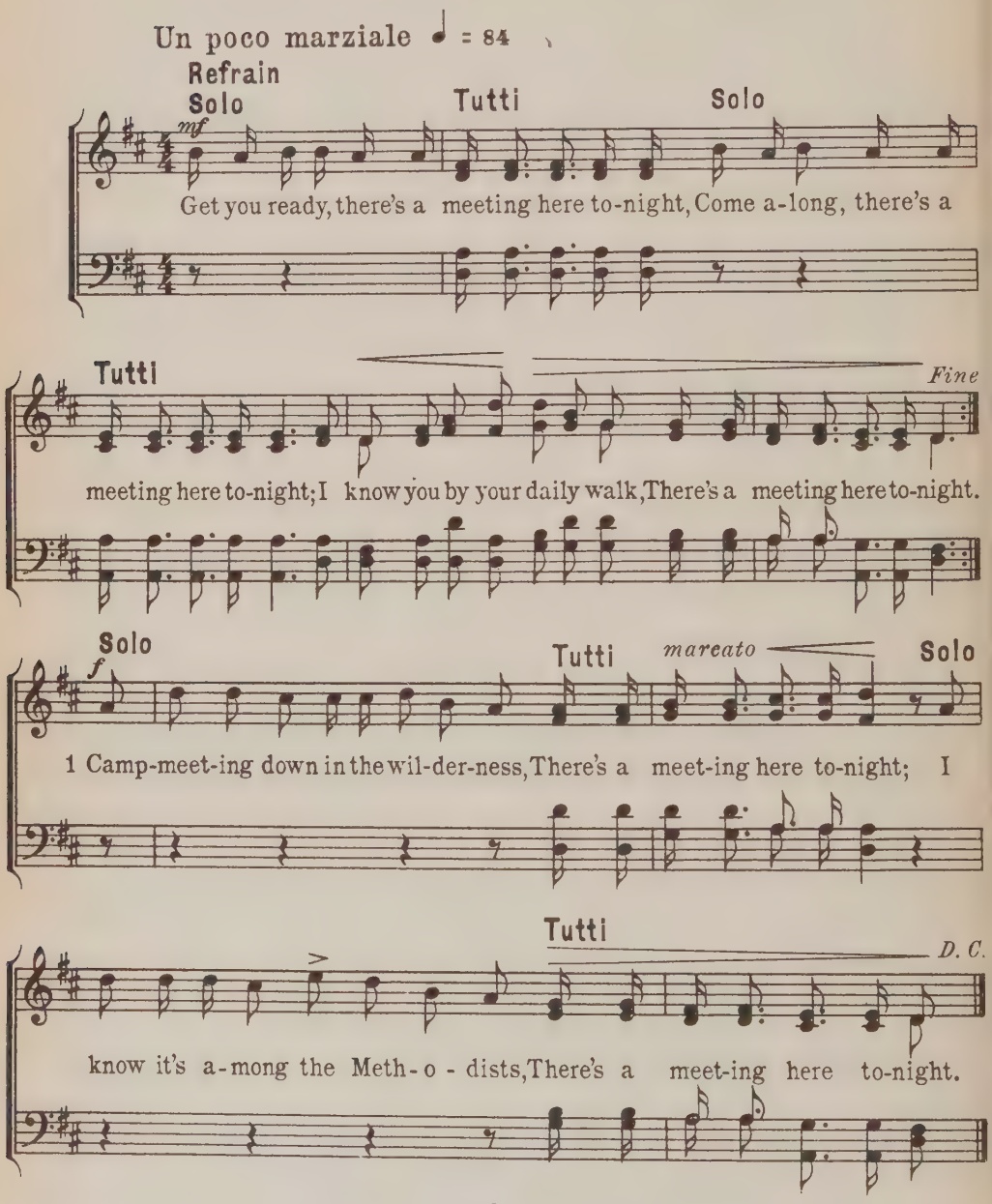
They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb,
His garment stained in His own blood,
King Jesus is His name.
Refrain—

6

The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the host of hell;
How dreadful is God to adore,
The great Immanuel!
Refrain—

Hymns for Occasions

There's a Meeting Here To-night



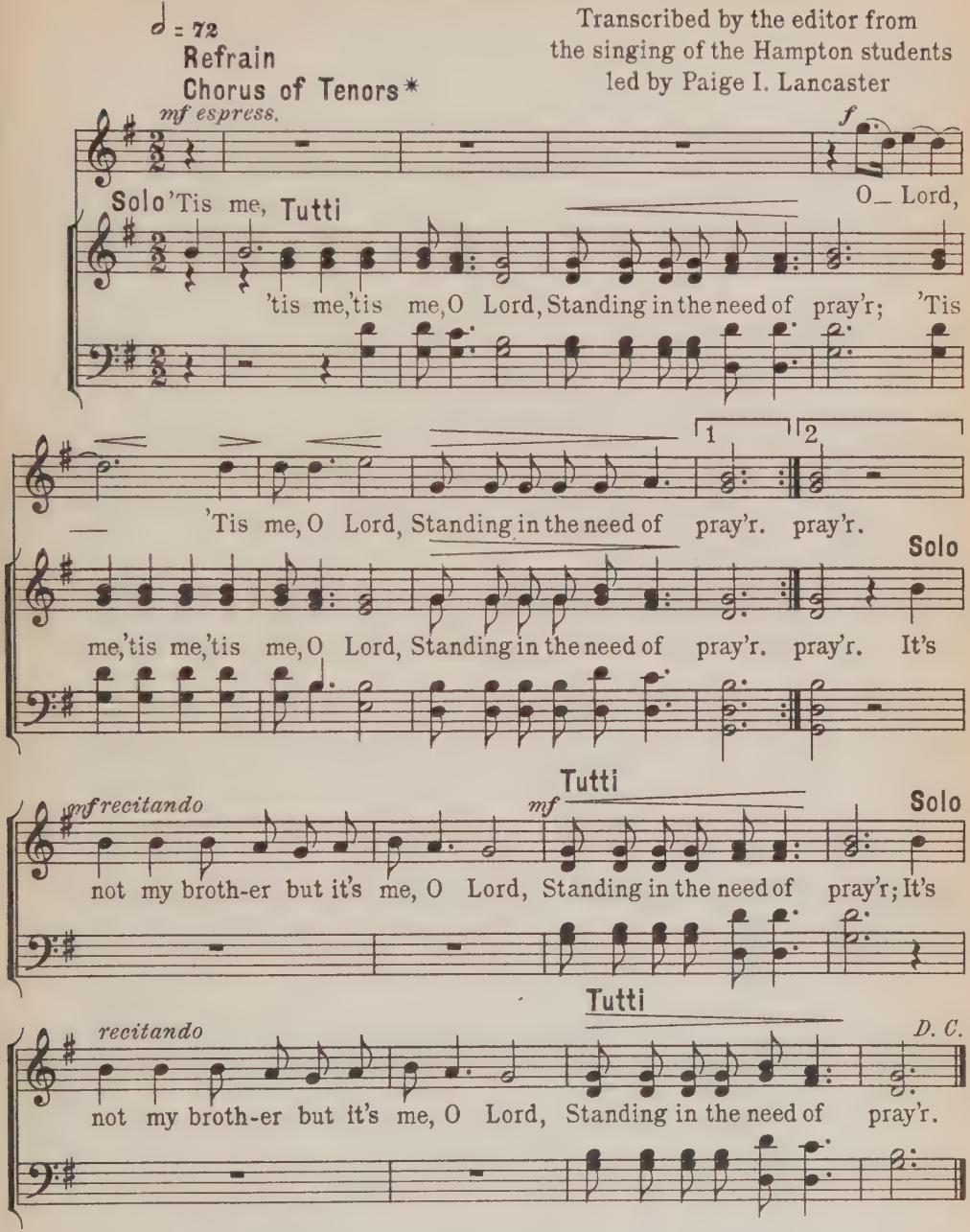
2

You say you're aiming for the skies,
There's a meeting here to-night;
Why don't you stop your telling lies?
There's a meeting here to-night.

Hymn of Penitence

'Tis Me

Transcribed by the editor from
the singing of the Hampton students
led by Paige I. Lancaster


♩ = 72
Refrain
Chorus of Tenors*
mf espress.
f
Solo 'Tis me, Tutti
O_ Lord,
'tis me, 'tis me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r; 'Tis
1
2
'Tis me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r. pray'r.
Solo
me, 'tis me, 'tis me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r. pray'r. It's
mf recitando
mf
Tutti
Solo
not my broth-er but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r; It's
recitando
Tutti
D. C.
not my broth-er but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r.

2 It's not my sister, but it's me, O Lord,

3 It's not my mother, but it's me, O Lord,

4 It's not my elder, but it's me, O Lord,

*The tendency toward improvisation on the part of certain groups of the chorus is illustrated also in Ole-Time Religion p.200, and I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray, p. 202.— Editor

Hymns of Pilgrimage

A Wheel in a Wheel

3

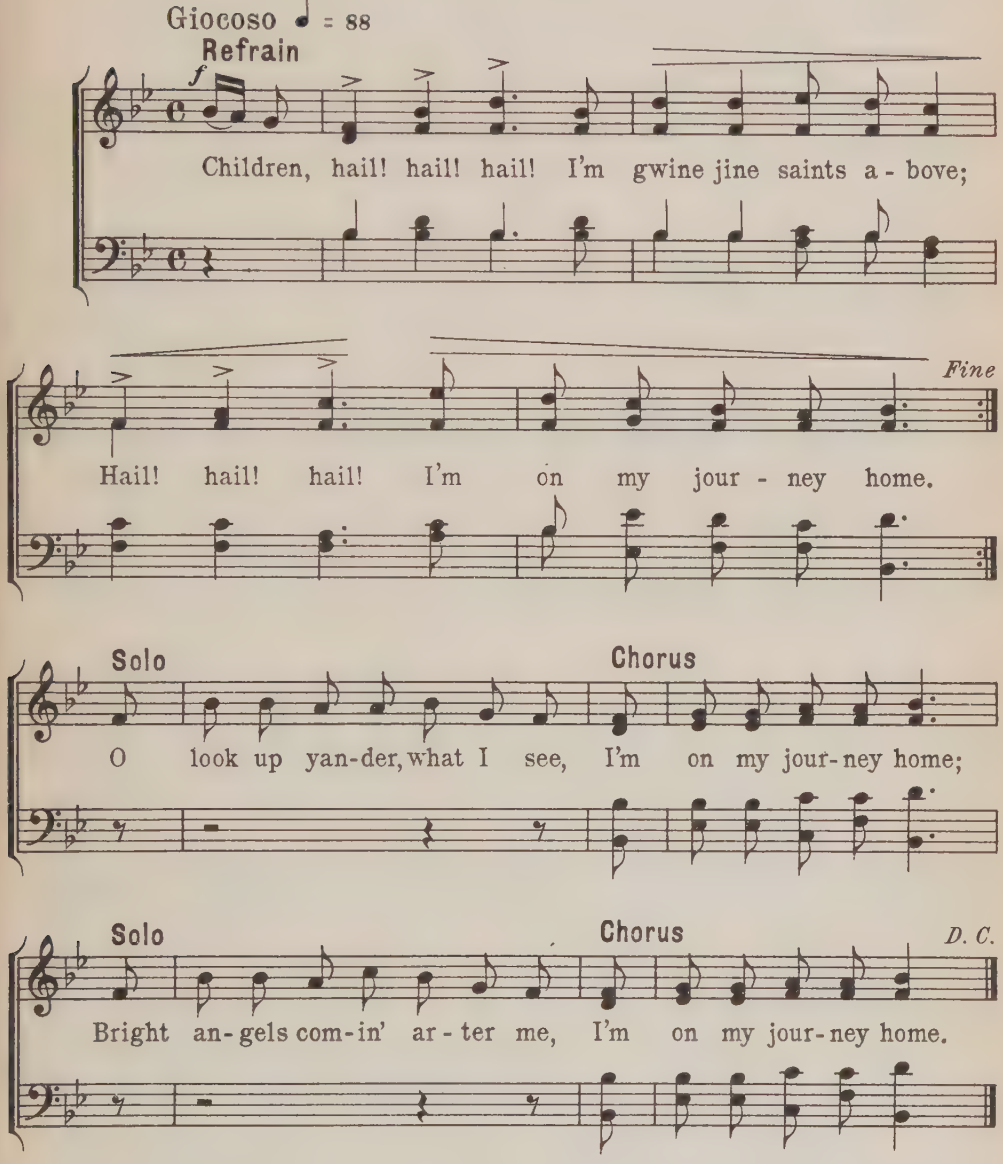
It runs by faith,
Oh, my Lord,
It runs by faith,
Oh, my Lord,
Gwine to take a ride,
On de chariot wheel.

4

Chariot's a-comin',
Oh, my Lord,
Chariot's a-comin',
Oh, my Lord,
Gwine to take a ride,
On de chariot wheel.

Hymns of Pilgrimage

Hail! Hail! Hail!


Giocoso ♩ = 88
Refrain
f
Children, hail! hail! hail! I'm gwine jine saints a - bove;
Fine
Hail! hail! hail! I'm on my jour - ney home.
Solo
Chorus
O look up yan-der, what I see, I'm on my jour-ney home;
Solo
Chorus
D. C.
Bright an-gels com-in' ar - ter me, I'm on my jour-ney home.

2

If you git dere before I do,
I'm on my journey home,
Look out for me,—I'm comin' too;
I'm on my journey home.
Refrain—Children, hail, etc.

3

Oh, hallelujah to de Lamb!
I'm on my journey home,
King Jesus died for ebry man,
I'm on my journey home.
Refrain—Children, hail, etc.

Hymns of Pilgrimage

I'm a-Rolling*

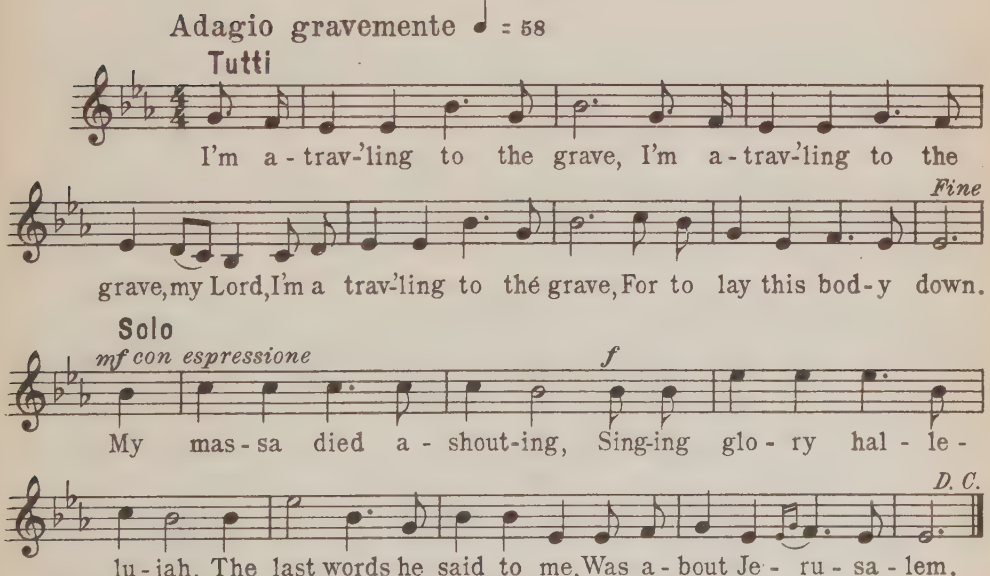
Andante con moto ♩ = 52
Refrain
Tutti
mf
I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a -
roll - ing thro' an un - friend - ly world; I'm a -
roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing thro' an un - friend-ly world.
Solo
f declamato
Duet
1 O broth - ers, won't you help me, O broth - ers, won't you
2 O sis - ters, won't you help me, O sis - ters, won't you
3 O preach - ers, won't you help me, O preach - ers, won't you

* Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission

** Lower octave used after D. S.

Tutti
help me to pray? O broth - ers, won't you help me, Won't you
help me to pray? O sis - ters, won't you help me, Won't you
help me to fight? O preach - ers, won't you help me, Won't you
D. S.
help me in the ser - vice of the Lord? I'm a -

I'm a-Trav'ling to the Grave*


Adagio gravemente ♩ = 58
Tutti
I'm a - trav-'ling to the grave, I'm a - trav-'ling to the
Fine
grave, my Lord, I'm a trav-'ling to thé grave, For to lay this bod - y down.
Solo
mf con espressione
f
My mas - sa died a - shout-ing, Sing-ing glo - ry hal - le -
D. C.
lu - jah, The last words he said to me, Was a - bout Je - ru - sa - lem.

2 My missis died a-shouting, etc. 3 My brother died a-shouting, etc.

4 My sister died a-shouting, etc.

*Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission

Hymns of Pilgrimage

Sweet Canaan

My mother used to tell me how the colored people all expected to be free some day, and how one night a great many of them met together in a cabin, and tied little budgets on their backs as though they expected to go off somewhere, and cried, and shook hands, and sang this hymn.

— *Alice Davis*

Moderato giusto ♩ = 80
mf Tutti
Oh, de land I am bound for, Sweet Ca-naan's hap-py land I am
bound for, Sweet Ca-naan's hap-py land I am bound for, Sweet
1
2 Fine
Ca-naan's hap-py land, Pray give me your right hand, hand.
mp
mf Tutti
Oh, my broth-er, did you come for to help me,
Oh, my sis-ter, did you come for to help me,
cresc.
Oh, my broth-er, did you come for to help me, Oh, my broth-er, did you
Oh, my sis-ter, did you come for to help me, Oh, my sis-ter, did you
mp
1
2
D. C.
come for to help me? Pray, give me your right hand,
come for to help me? Pray, give me your right hand.

Hymns of Pilgrimage

Oh, Stand the Storm

Con anima ♩ = 80
Refrain
mf
Oh, stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an-chor by and by;
Stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an-chor by and by.
f
1 My ship is on the o-cean, We'll an-chor by and by; My
D. C. Refrain
ship is on the o-cean, We'll an-chor by and by.

2

She's making for the kingdom,
We'll anchor by and by:
She's making for the king dom,
We'll anchor by and by.

3

I've a mother in the kingdom,
We'll anchor by and by;
I've a mother in the kingdom,
We'll anchor by and by.

4

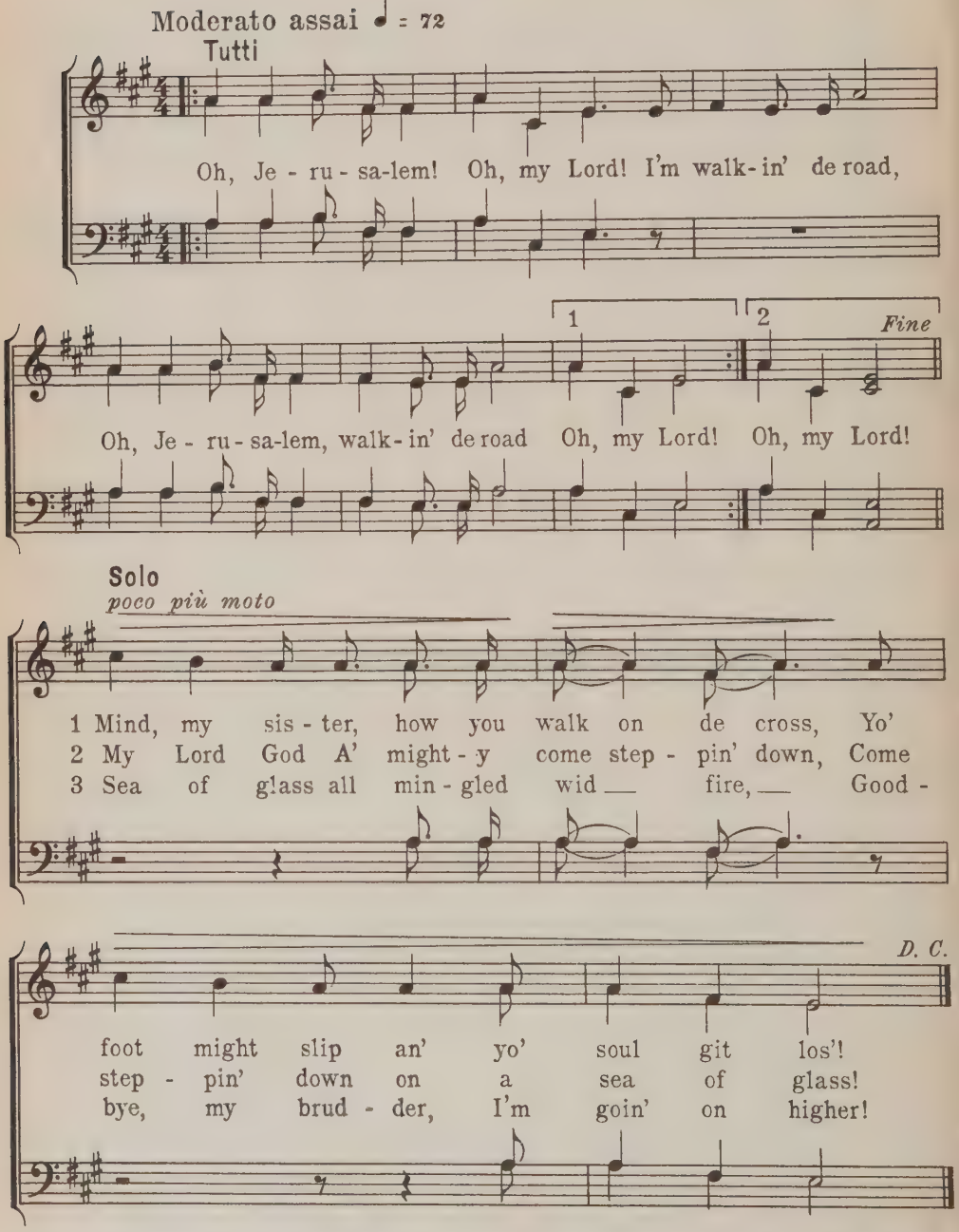
We're crossing over Jordan,
We'll anchor by and by;
We're crossing over Jordan,
We'll anchor by and by.

5

King Jesus is our captain,
We'll anchor by and by;
King Jesus is our captain,
We'll anchor by and by.

Hymns of Pilgrimage

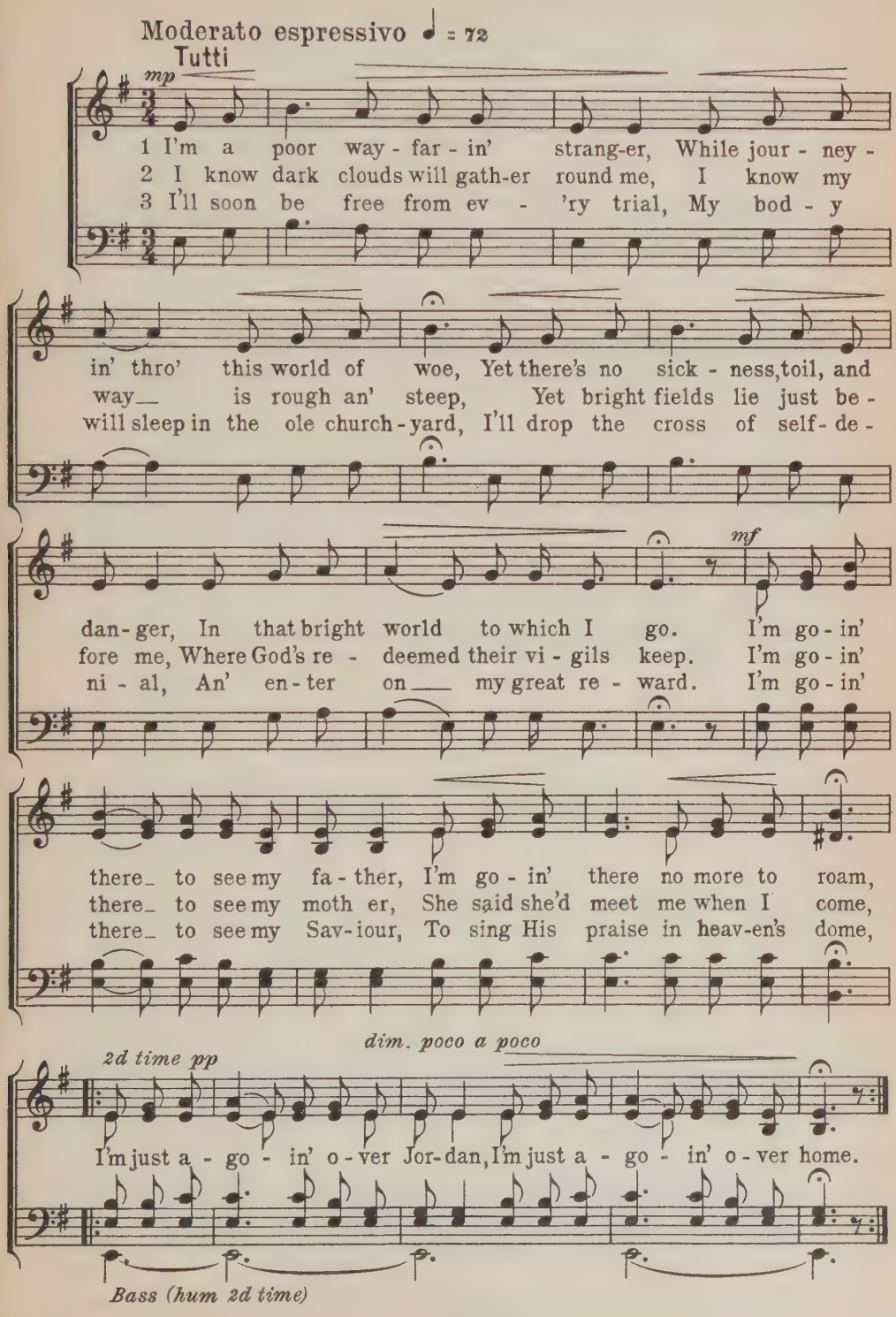
Oh, Jerusalem!


Moderato assai ♩ = 72
Tutti
Oh, Je - ru - sa-lem! Oh, my Lord! I'm walk-in' de road,
1
2
Fine
Oh, Je - ru - sa-lem, walk-in' de road Oh, my Lord! Oh, my Lord!
Solo
poco più moto
1 Mind, my sis - ter, how you walk on de cross, Yo'
2 My Lord God A' might - y come step - pin' down, Come
3 Sea of glass all min - gled wid fire, Good -
D. C.
foot might slip an' yo' soul git los'!
step - pin' down on a sea of glass!
bye, my brud - der, I'm goin' on higher!

This must be a very old, or very obscure song as I have been unable to find anyone who knows it. The markings therefore are merely suggestive of its probably best interpretation. —Editor

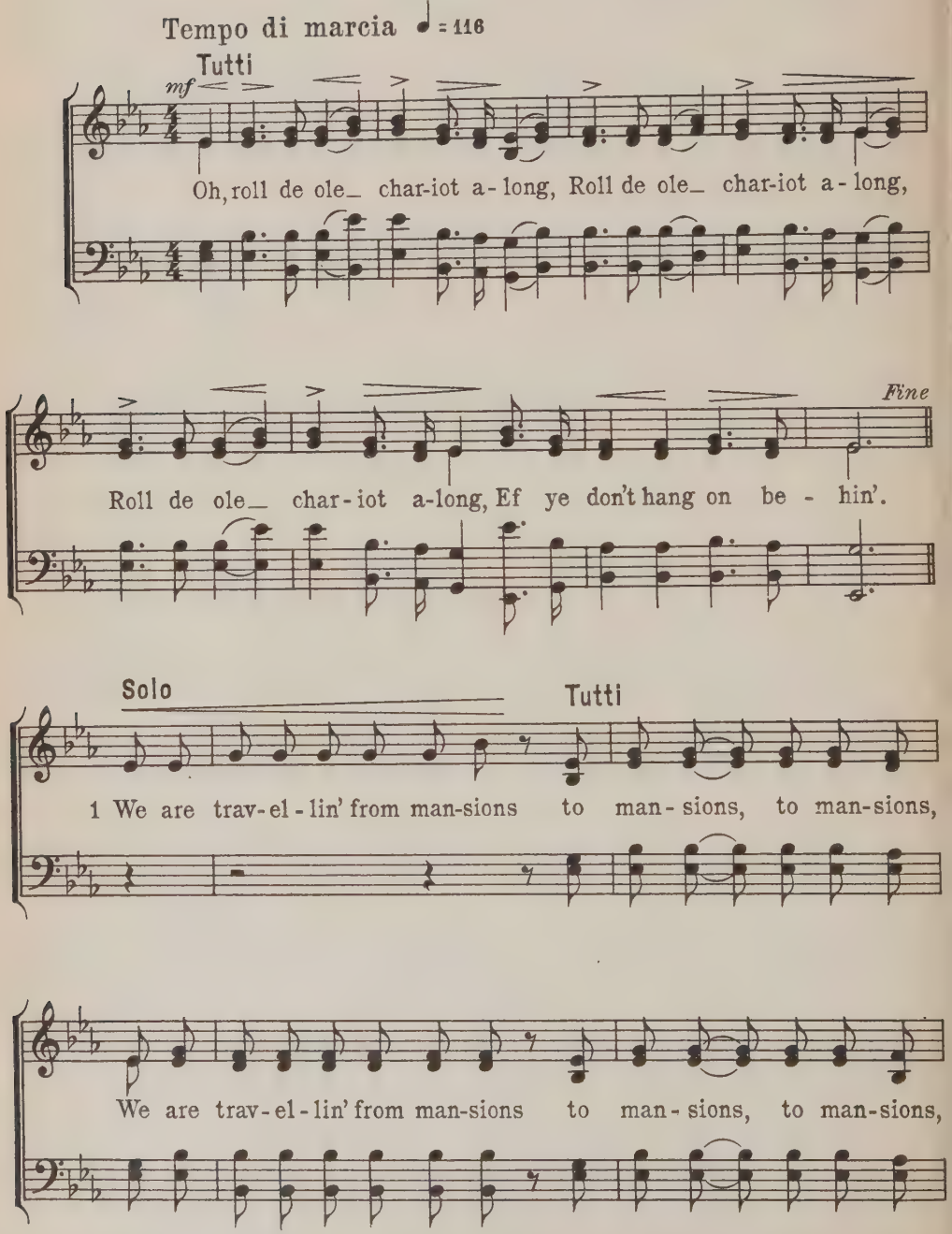
Hymns of Pilgrimage

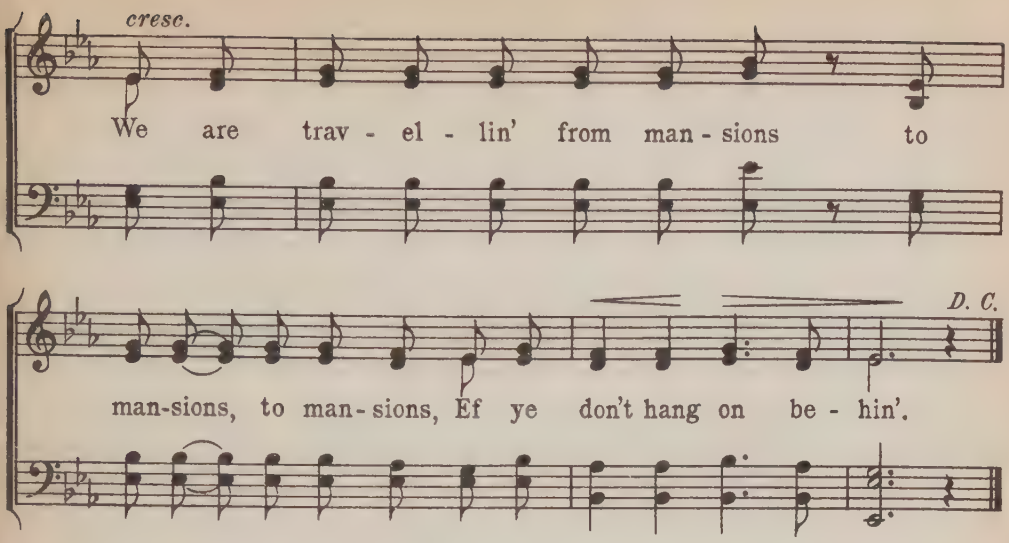
Pilgrim's Song


Moderato espressivo ♩ = 72
Tutti
mp
1 I'm a poor way - far - in' strang-er, While jour - ney -
2 I know dark clouds will gath-er round me, I know my
3 I'll soon be free from ev - 'ry trial, My bod - y
in' thro' this world of woe, Yet there's no sick - ness,toil, and
way__ is rough an' steep, Yet bright fields lie just be -
will sleep in the ole church - yard, I'll drop the cross of self - de -
mf
dan - ger, In that bright world to which I go. I'm go - in'
fore me, Where God's re - deemed their vi - gils keep. I'm go - in'
ni - al, An' en - ter on__ my great re - ward. I'm go - in'
there_ to see my fa - ther, I'm go - in' there no more to roam,
there_ to see my moth er, She said she'd meet me when I come,
there_ to see my Sav - iour, To sing His praise in heav-en's dome,
dim. poco a poco
2d time pp
I'm just a - go - in' o - ver Jor-dan, I'm just a - go - in' o - ver home.
Bass (hum 2d time)

Hymns of Pilgrimage

Roll de Ole Chariot Along


Tempo di marcia ♩ = 116
Tutti
mf
Oh, roll de ole_ char-iot a-long, Roll de ole_ char-iot a-long,
Fine
Roll de ole_ char-iot a-long, Ef ye don't hang on be - hin'.
Solo
Tutti
1 We are trav-el-lin' from man-sions to man-sions, to man-sions,
We are trav-el-lin' from man-sions to man-sions, to man-sions,



2

‖: Gwine t'jine wid de hundred
An' forty-fo' thousand, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

3

‖: Ef my farder will go
He shall wear a starry crown, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

4

‖: Ef my mudder will go
She shall wear a starry crown, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

5

‖: Ef de elder will go
He shall wear a starry crown, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

6

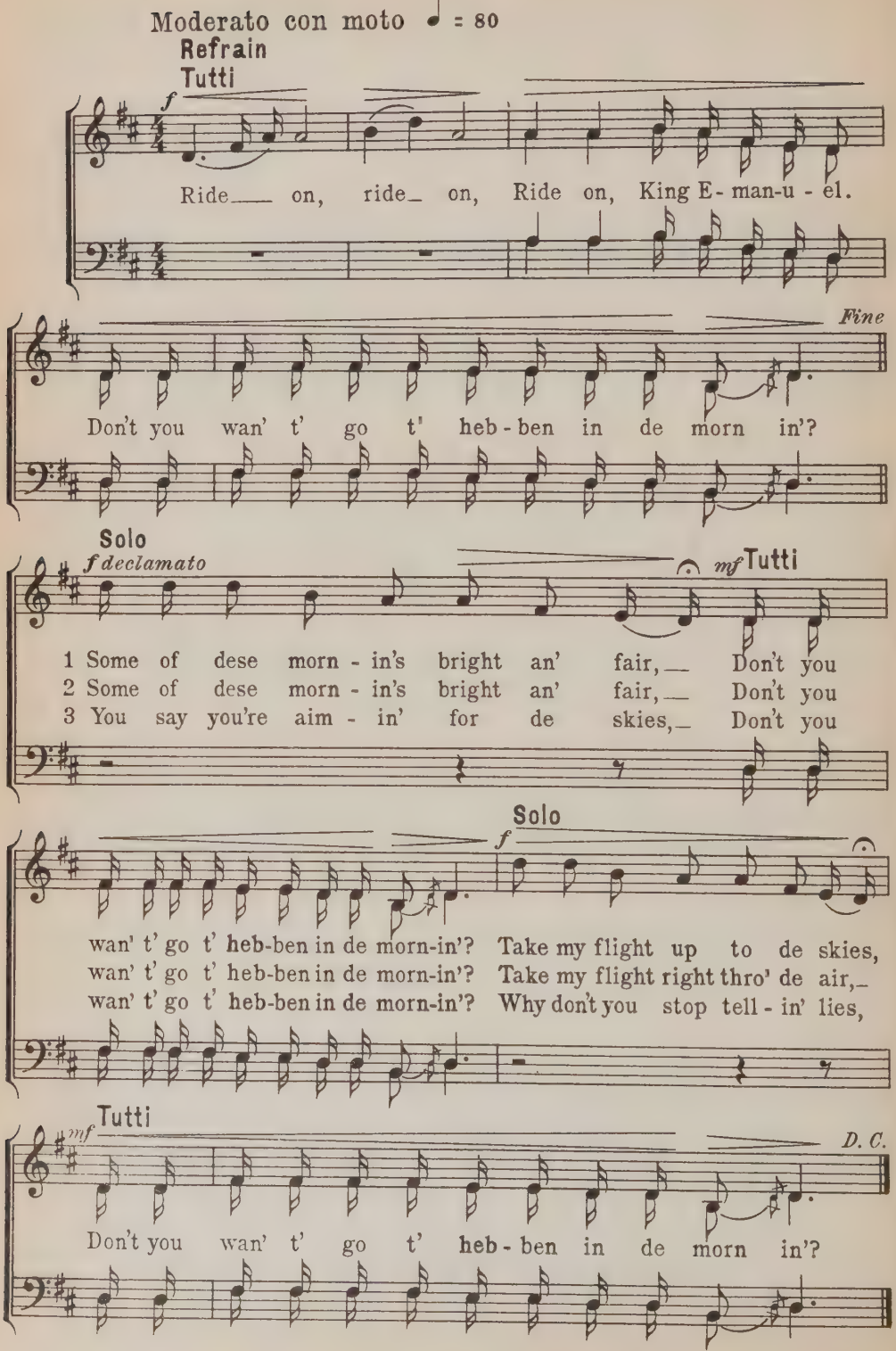
‖: Ef de preacher's in de way,
Jus' roll him over, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

7

‖: Ef de deacon will go
He shall wear a starry crown, :‖
Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

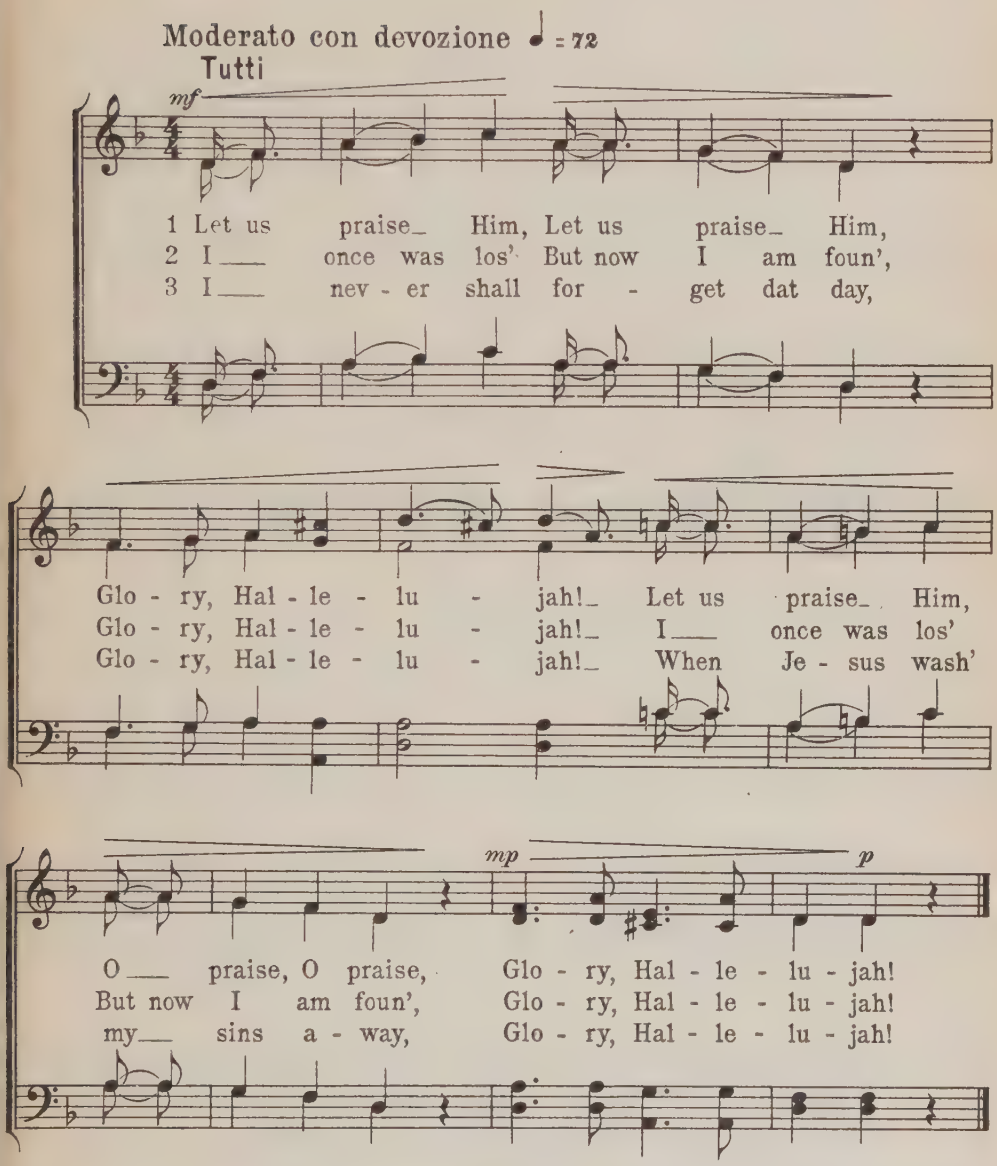
Hymns of Praise

Ride On


Moderato con moto ♩ = 80
Refrain
Tutti
f
Ride on, ride on, Ride on, King E-man-u-el.
Fine
Don't you wan' t' go t' heb-ben in de morn in'?
Solo
f declamato
mf Tutti
1 Some of dese morn-in's bright an' fair, Don't you
2 Some of dese morn-in's bright an' fair, Don't you
3 You say you're aim-in' for de skies, Don't you
Solo
f
wan' t' go t' heb-ben in de morn-in'? Take my flight up to de skies,
wan' t' go t' heb-ben in de morn-in'? Take my flight right thro' de air,
wan' t' go t' heb-ben in de morn-in'? Why don't you stop tell-in' lies,
Tutti
mf
D. C.
Don't you wan' t' go t' heb-ben in de morn in'?

Hymns of Praise

Let Us Praise Him


Moderato con devozione ♩ = 72
Tutti
mf
1 Let us praise_ Him, Let us praise_ Him,
2 I___ once was los' But now I am foun',
3 I___ nev - er shall for - get dat day,
Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!_ Let us praise_ Him,
Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!_ I___ once was los'
Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!_ When Je - sus wash'
mp
p
O___ praise, O praise, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!
But now I am foun', Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!
my___ sins a - way, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!

4

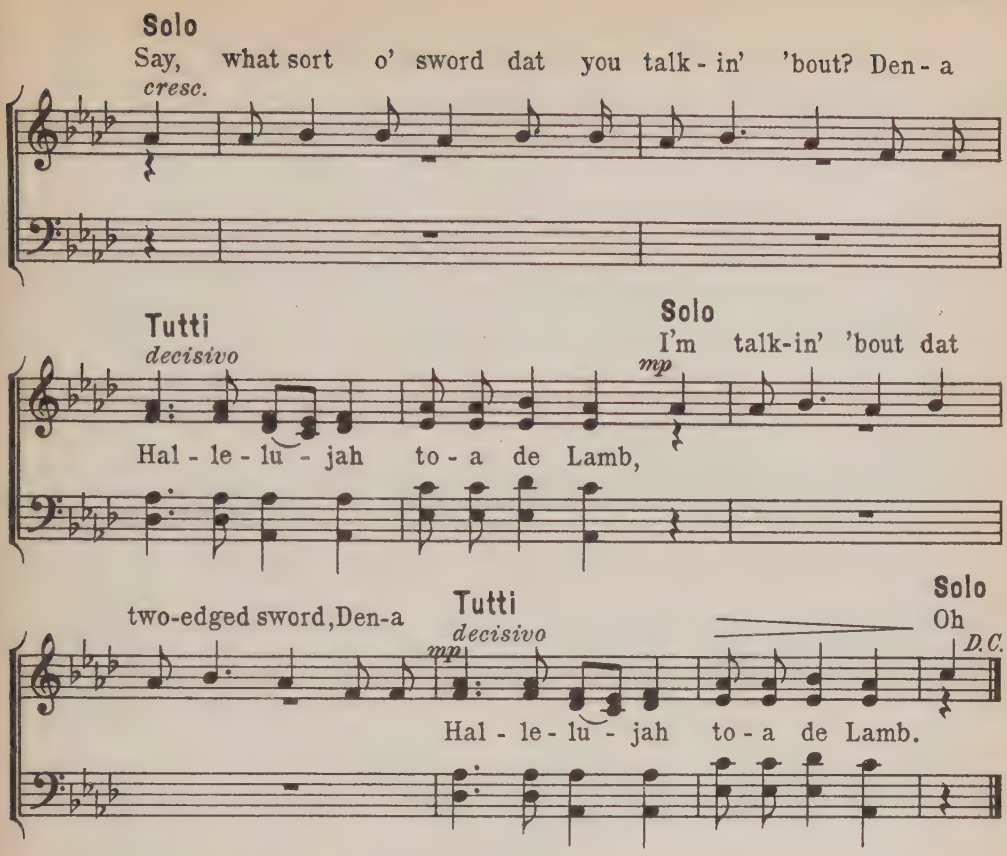
'Twas little I thought He was so nigh,
Glory, Hallelujah!
He spoke and He made me laugh and cry,—
Glory, Hallelujah!

Verse 4 supplied by Dr. Robert R. Moton, Principal Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

Hymns of Praise

Zion, Weep a-Low

Moderato un poco patetico ♩ = 72
Refrain
Tutti
mf
Zi - on, weep a - low, Zi - on, weep a - low, Zi - on,
più marcato
weep a - low, Den-a Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb.
Solo
My Je - sus Christ, a-walk - in' down de heb-ben-ly road, Den-a
mp
Tutti
decisivo
Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb,
Solo
An' out o' His mouth come a
mp
two-edged sword, Den-a
Tutti
decisivo
Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb,



2

Oh, look up yonder, Lord, a-what I see,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
Dere's a long tall angel a-comin' a'ter me,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
Wid a palms o' vicatry in-a my hand,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
Wid a golden crown a-placed on-a my head,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
Chorus – Oh, Zion, weep-a low.

3

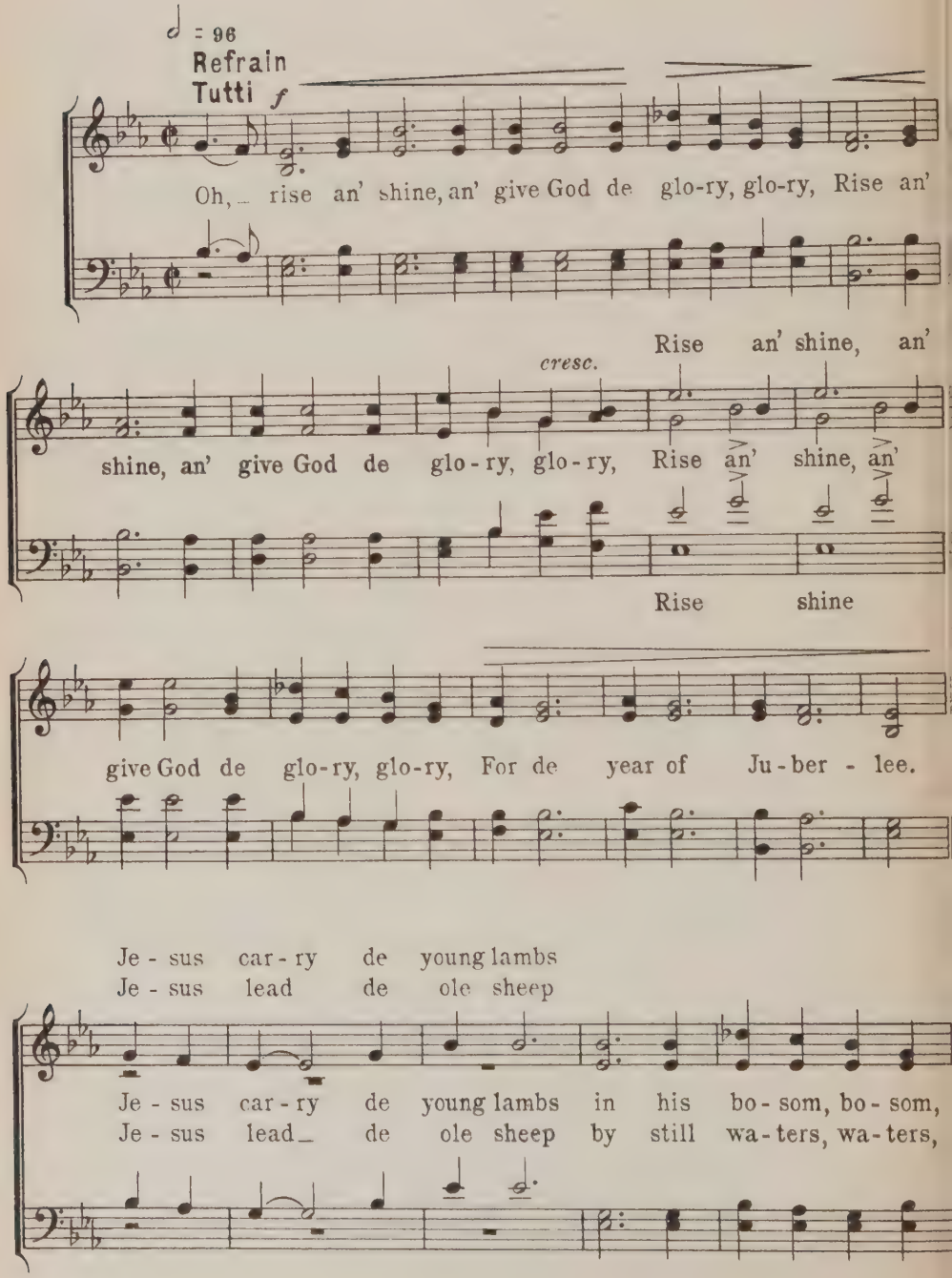
Zion been a-weepin' all o' de day,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
Say, come, poor sinners, come-a an' pray,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
Oh, Satan, like-a dat huntin' dog,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
He hunt dem-a Christians home to God,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
Chorus – Oh, Zion, weep-a low.

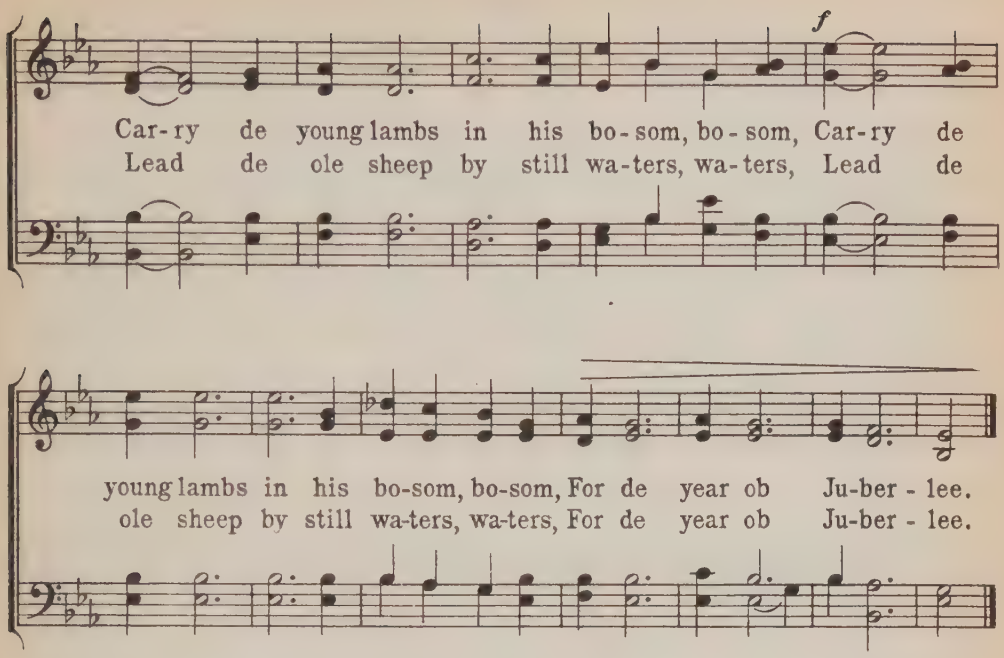
4

Oh, hebben so high, an' I so low,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
I don' know shall I ebber get to hebben or no,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
Gwine to tell my brudder befo' I go,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
What a dolesome road-a I had to go,
Den-a Hallelujah, etc.
Chorus – Oh, Zion, weep-a low.

Hymns of Praise

Rise an' Shine


♩ = 96
Refrain
Tutti f
Oh, rise an' shine, an' give God de glo-ry, glo-ry, Rise an'
cresc.
Rise an' shine, an'
shine, an' give God de glo-ry, glo-ry, Rise an' shine, an'
Rise shine
give God de glo-ry, glo-ry, For de year of Ju-ber-lee.
Je-sus car-ry de young lambs
Je-sus lead de ole sheep
Je-sus car-ry de young lambs in his bo-som, bo-som,
Je-sus lead de ole sheep by still wa-ters, wa-ters,


f
Car-ry de young lambs in his bo-som, bo-som, Car-ry de
Lead de ole sheep by still wa-ters, wa-ters, Lead de
young lambs in his bo-som, bo-som, For de year ob Ju-ber-lee.
ole sheep by still wa-ters, wa-ters, For de year ob Ju-ber-lee.

2

Oh, come on, mourners, get you ready, ready,
Come on, mourners, get you ready, ready,
Come on, mourners, get you ready, ready,
For de year ob Juberlee;
You may keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning,
Keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning,
Keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning,
For de year ob Juberlee.
Refrain—Oh, rise an' shine, etc.

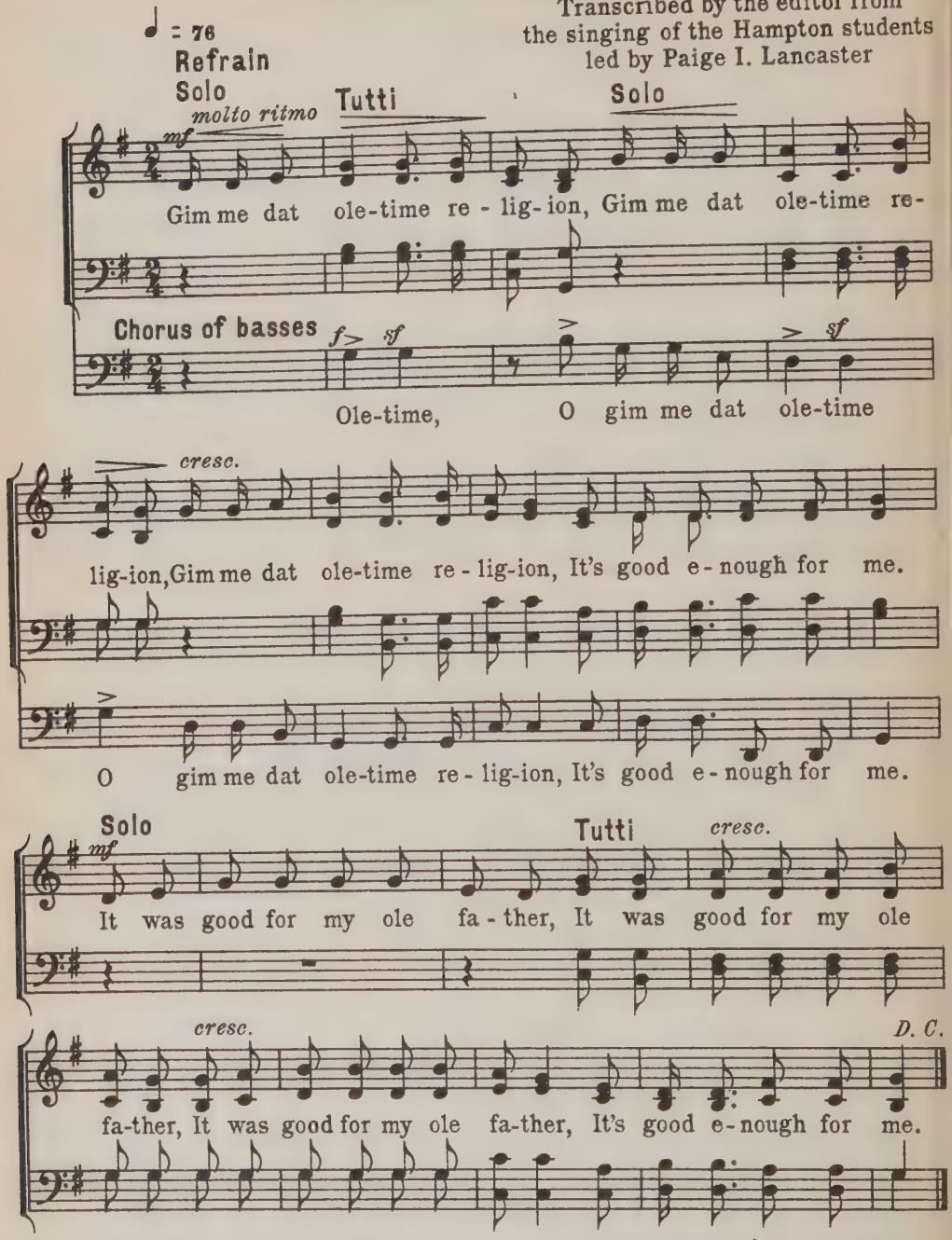
3

Oh, come on, children, don't be weary, weary,
Come on, children, don't be weary, weary,
Come on, children, don't be weary, weary,
For de year ob Juberlee;
Oh, don't you hear dem bells a-ringin', ringin',
Don't you hear dem bells a-ringin', ringin',
Don't you hear dem bells a-ringin', ringin',
For de year ob Juberlee?
Refrain—Oh, rise an' shine, etc.

Hymns of Religion

Ole-Time Religion

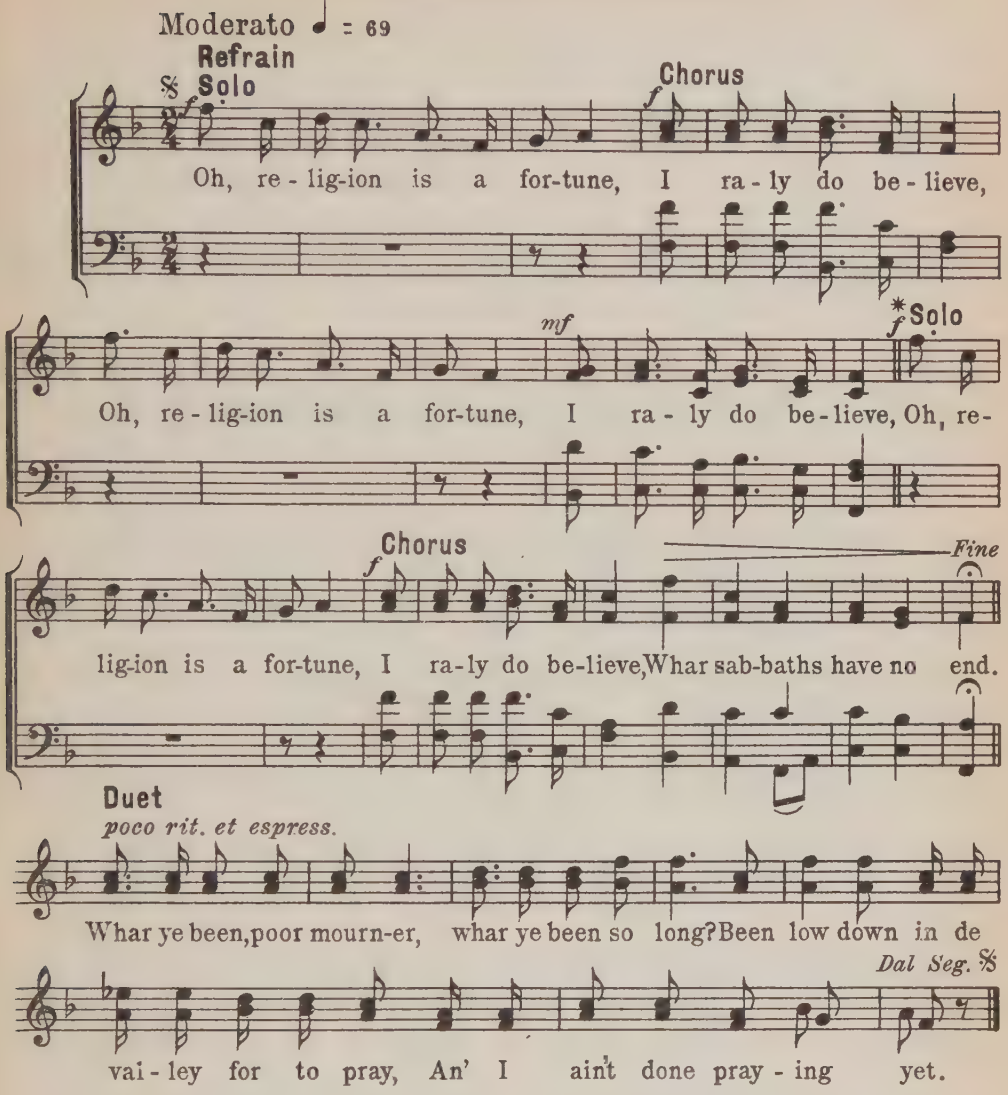
Transcribed by the editor from
the singing of the Hampton students
led by Paige I. Lancaster


♩ = 76
Refrain
Solo
molto ritmo
mf
Tutti
Solo
Gim me dat ole-time re - lig-ion, Gim me dat ole-time re-
Chorus of basses
f
sf
Ole-time, O gim me dat ole-time
cresc.
lig-ion, Gim me dat ole-time re - lig-ion, It's good e-nough for me.
O gim me dat ole-time re - lig-ion, It's good e-nough for me.
Solo
mf
Tutti
cresc.
It was good for my ole fa - ther, It was good for my ole
cresc.
D. C.
fa-ther, It was good for my ole fa-ther, It's good e-nough for me.

2 It was good for my ole mother,–
3 It was good for Paul and Silas,–
4 Makes me love ev'rybody,–
5 It is good when I'm in trouble,–
6 It will do when I am dying,–
7 It will take us all to heaven,–

The striking extra chorus of basses is a good example of the tendency toward improvization on the part of the students.—Editor

Oh, Religion Is a Fortune


Moderato ♩ = 69
Refrain
Solo
Chorus
Oh, re - lig-ion is a for-tune, I ra - ly do be - lieve,
Solo
Oh, re - lig-ion is a for-tune, I ra - ly do be-lieve, Oh, re-
Chorus
Fine
lig-ion is a for-tune, I ra-ly do be-lieve, Whar sab-baths have no end.
Duet
poco rit. et espress.
Whar ye been, poor mourn-er, whar ye been so long? Been low down in de
Dal Seg.
vai - ley for to pray, An' I ain't done pray - ing yet.

2

Gwine to sit down in de kingdom, I raly do believe, Whar sabbaths have, etc.
Gwine to walk about in Zion, I raly do believe, Whar sabbaths have, etc.
Duet — Whar ye been, young convert, etc. — *Refrain*

3

Gwine to see my sister Mary, I raly do believe, Whar sabbaths have, etc.
Gwine to see my brudder Jonah, I raly do believe, Whar sabbaths have, etc.
Duet — Whar ye been, good Christian, etc. — *Refrain*

4

Gwine to talk-a wid de angels, I raly do believe, Whar sabbaths have, etc.
Gwine to see my massa Jesus, I raly do believe, Whar sabbaths have, etc.
— *Refrain*

*Repeat music from here to Fine for verses 2, 3, and 4 — Editor

Hymns of Religious Experience

I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray

*This extra chorus of tenors is a small group, usually with striking voices who sing in a rather improvisatory way. See also the footnote to 'Tis Me, p. 183 and to Ole-Time Religion, p. 200 — Editor

2

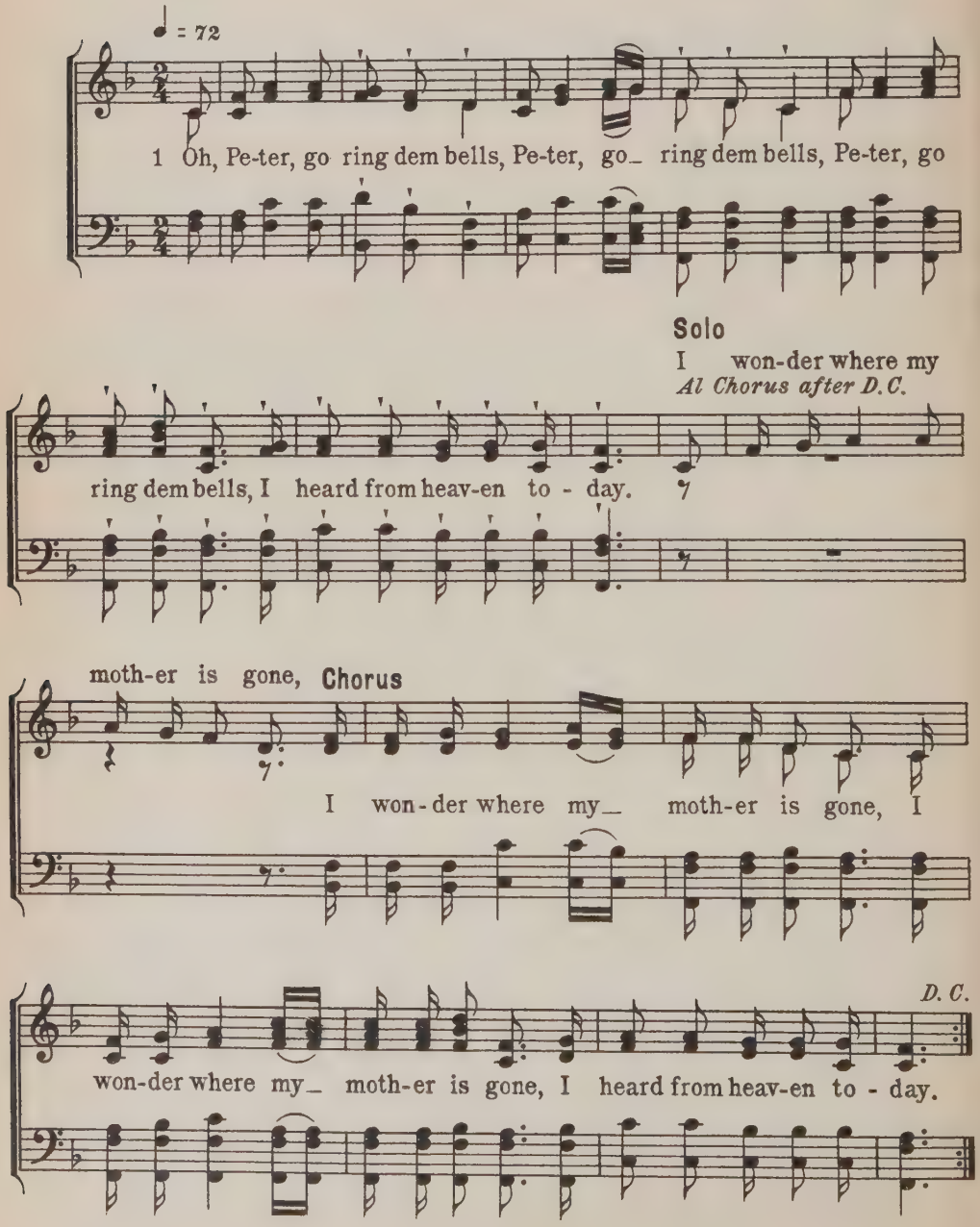
Solo
Chilly waters!
Chorus
I couldn't hear nobody pray,
Solo
In the Jordan!
Chorus
I couldn't hear nobody pray,
Solo
Crossing over!
Chorus
I couldn't hear nobody pray,
Solo
Into Canaan!
Chorus
I couldn't hear nobody pray,
Solo
O Lord!
Refrain

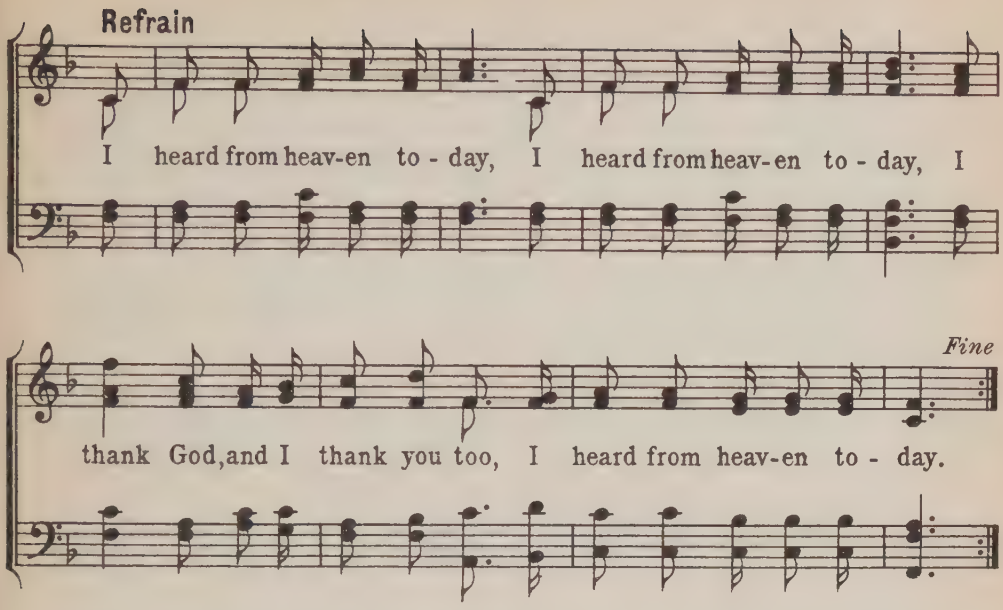
3

Solo
Hallelujah!
Chorus
I couldn't hear nobody pray,
Solo
Troubles over!
Chorus
I couldn't hear nobody pray,
Solo
In the kingdom!
Chorus
I couldn't hear nobody pray,
Solo
With my Jesus!
Chorus
I couldn't hear nobody pray,
Solo
O Lord!
Refrain

I Heard From Heaven To-day

"A secret prayer-meeting song, sung by Thomas Vess, a blacksmith and a slave. He especially sang it when any one confessed religion. Thomas Vess was a man whose heart was given to these songs, for in the neighborhood where he lived, it seemed like a prayer-meeting did not go on well without him. I have long since learned wherever he was known what happiness he got from them."
— *J. M. Waddy*


♩ = 72
1 Oh, Pe-ter, go ring dem bells, Pe-ter, go ring dem bells, Pe-ter, go
Solo
I won-der where my
Al Chorus after D.C.
ring dem bells, I heard from heav-en to - day.
moth-er is gone, Chorus
I won - der where my moth-er is gone, I
D. C.
won-der where my moth-er is gone, I heard from heav-en to - day.



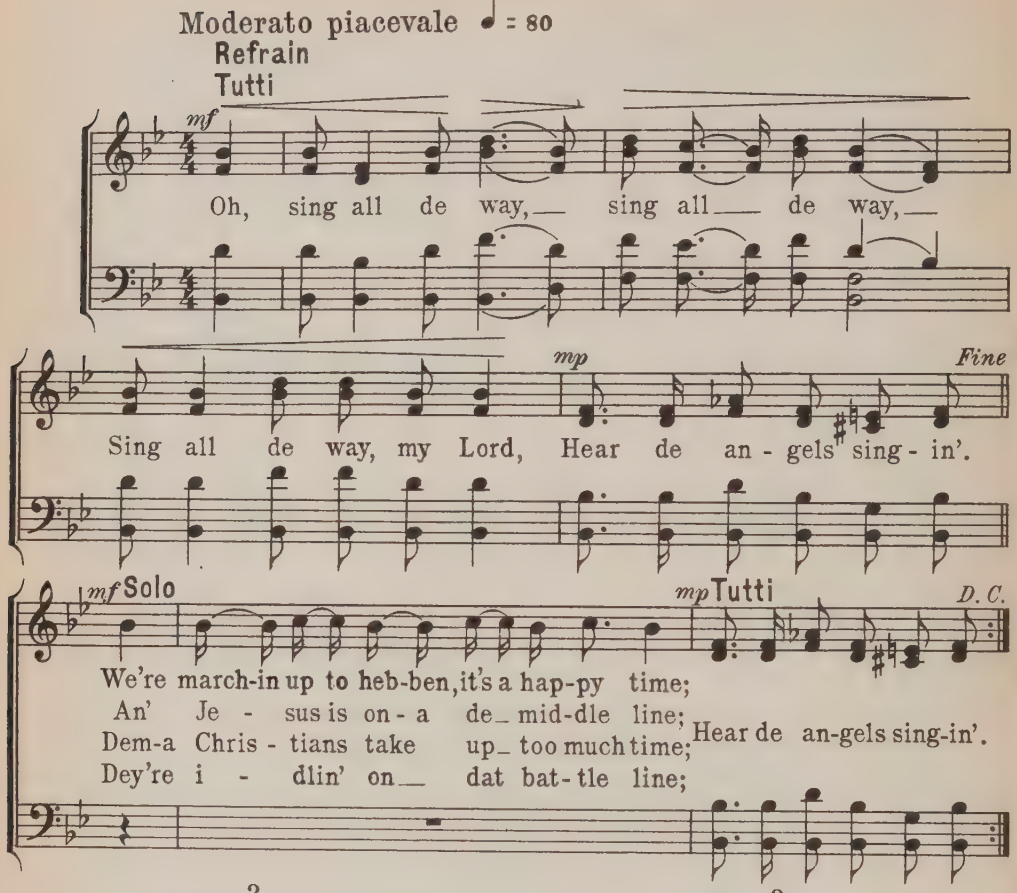
2

I wonder where sister Mary's gone –
I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where sister Martha's gone –
I heard from heaven to-day;
It's good news, and I thank God –
I heard from heaven to-day;
Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells –
I heard from heaven to-day.
Chorus–I heard from heaven, etc.

3

I wonder where brudder Moses' gone –
I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where brudder Daniel's gone –
I heard from heaven to-day;
He's gone where Elijah has gone –
I heard from heaven to-day;
Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells –
I heard from heaven to-day.
Chorus–I heard from heaven, etc.

Hear de Angels Singin'


Moderato piacevale ♩ = 80
Refrain
Tutti
mf
Oh, sing all de way, — sing all — de way, —
mp
Fine
Sing all de way, my Lord, Hear de an - gels sing - in'.
mf Solo
mp Tutti
D. C.
We're march-in up to heb-ben, it's a hap-py time;
An' Je - sus is on - a de - mid-dle line;
Dem-a Chris - tians take up - too much time;
Hear de an-gels sing-in'.
Dey're i - dlin' on — dat bat - tle line;

2

Now all things well, an' I don't dread hell;
Hear de angels singin',
I am goin' up to hebben, where my Jesus dwell;
Hear de angels singin',
For de angels are callin' me away,
Hear de angels singin',
An' I must go, I cannot stay,
Hear de angels singin'.
Chorus—Oh, sing, etc.

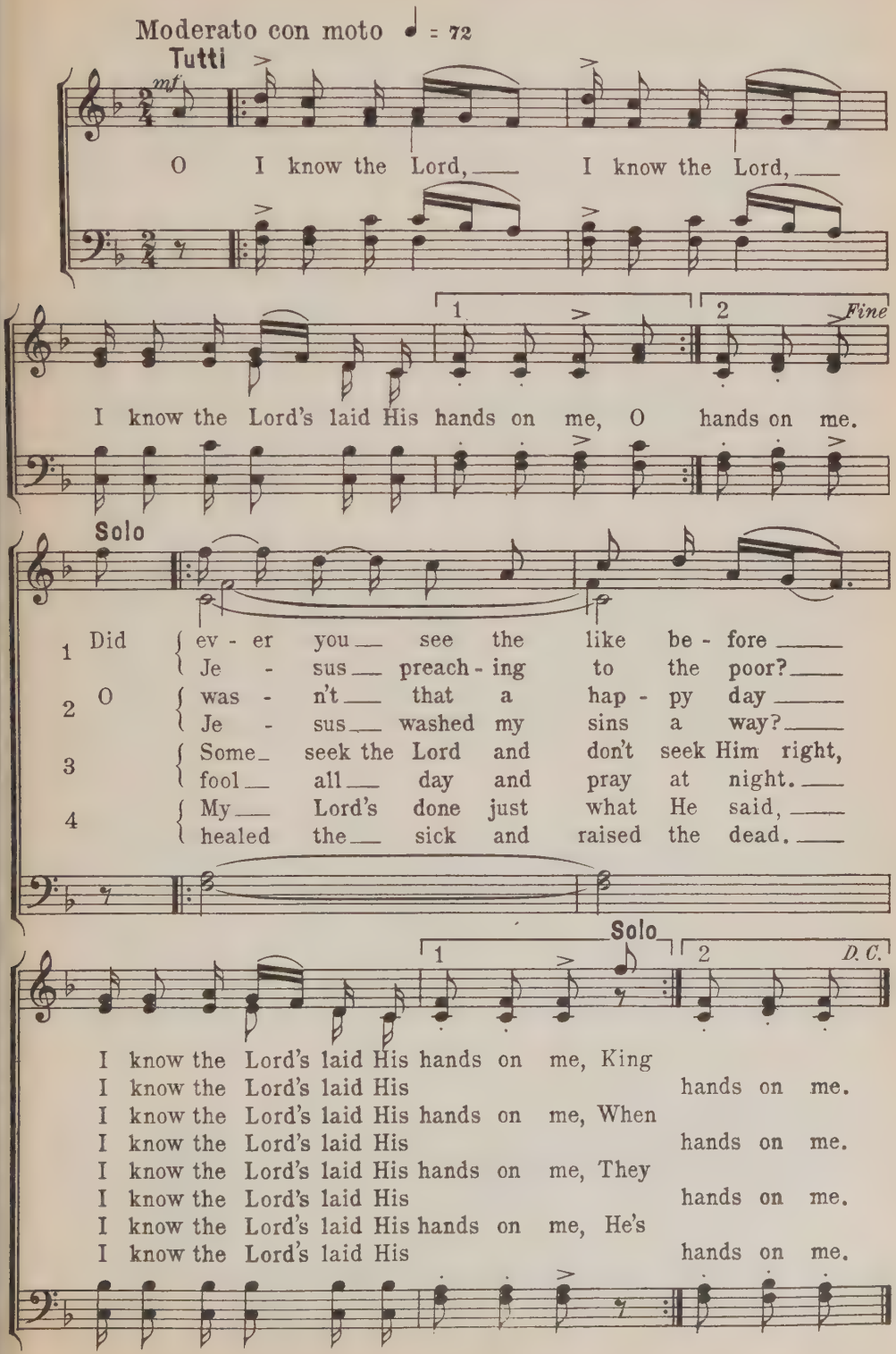
3

Now take your Bible, an' read it through;
Hear de angels singin',
An' ebery word you'll find is true;
Hear de angels singin',
For in dat Bible you will see,
Hear de angels singin',
Dat Jesus died for you an' me,
Hear de angels singin'.
Chorus—Oh, sing, etc.

4

Say, if my memory sarves me right,
Hear de angels singin',
We're sure to hab a little shout tonight,
Hear de angels singin',
For I love to shout, I love to sing,
Hear de angels singin',
I love to praise my Hebbenly King,
Hear de angels singin'.
Chorus—Oh, sing, etc.

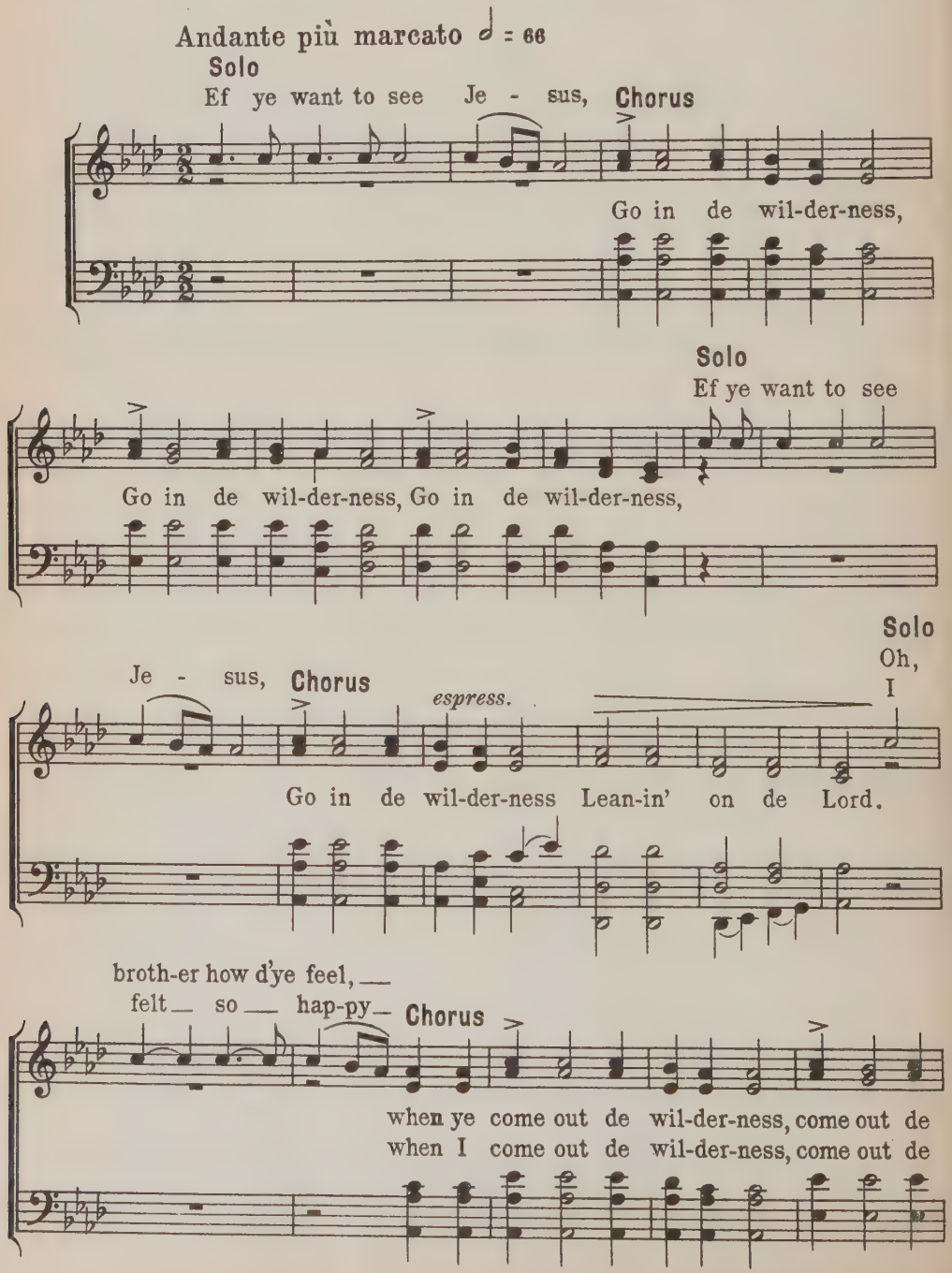
I Know the Lord's Laid His Hands on Me

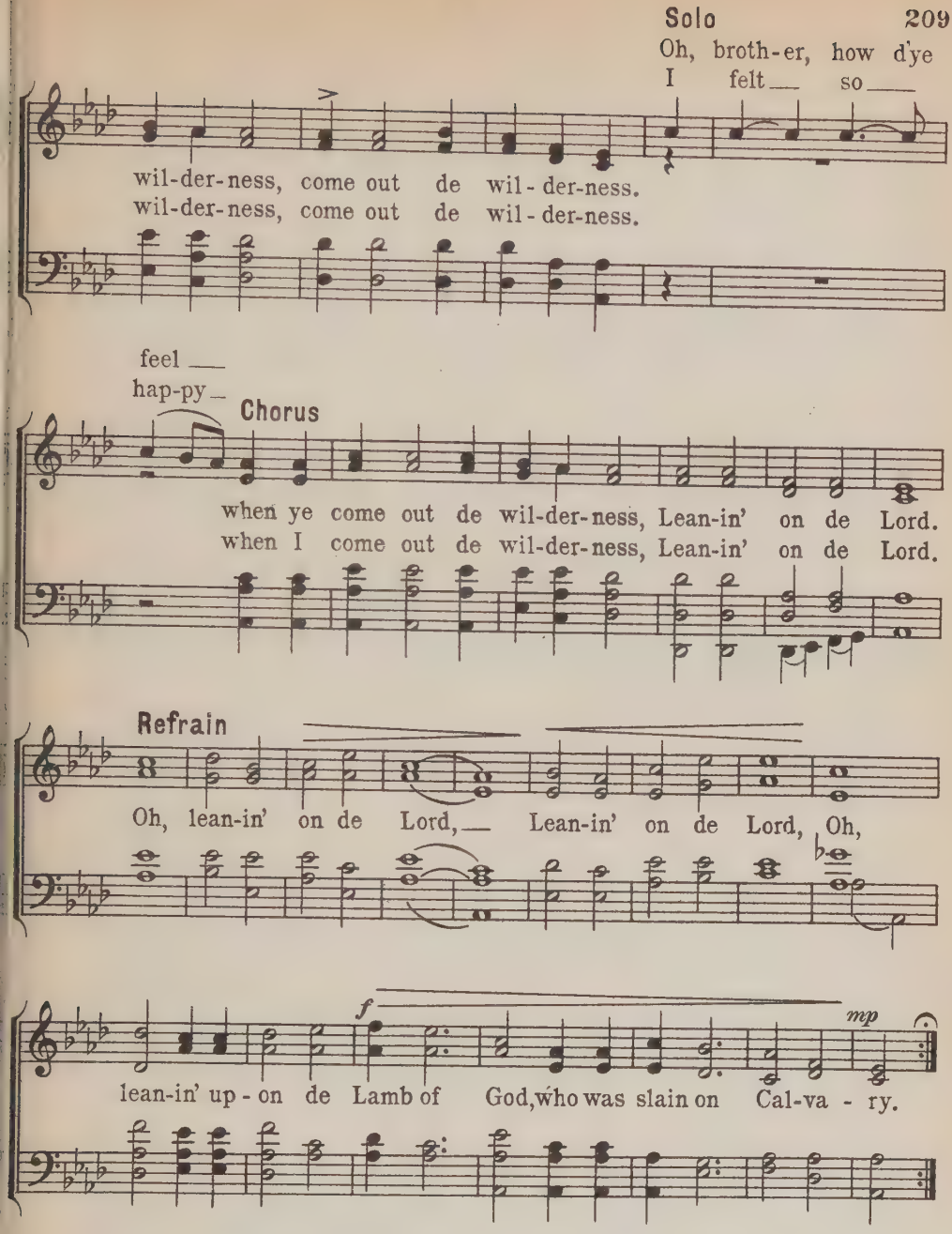

Moderato con moto ♩ = 72
Tutti
mf
O I know the Lord, I know the Lord,
1
2
Fine
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, O hands on me.
Solo
1 Did ever you see the like before
Jesus preaching to the poor?
2 O was n't that a happy day
Jesus washed my sins away?
3 Some seek the Lord and don't seek Him right,
fool all day and pray at night.
4 My Lord's done just what He said,
healed the sick and raised the dead.
Solo
1
2
D. C.
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, King
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, When
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, They
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, He's
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.

Hymns of Religious Experience

Leanin' on de Lord

"My father sang this hymn, and said he knew a time when a great many slaves were allowed to have a revival for two days, while their masters and their families had one; and a great many professed religion. And one poor, ignorant man prôfessed religion, and praised God, and sang this hymn." — *A Hampton Student*


Andante più marcato 𝅗𝅥 = 66
Solo
Ef ye want to see Je - sus, Chorus
Go in de wil-der-ness,
Solo
Ef ye want to see
Go in de wil-der-ness, Go in de wil-der-ness,
Solo
Oh, I
Je - sus, Chorus
espress.
Go in de wil-der-ness Lean-in' on de Lord.
broth-er how d'ye feel,
felt so hap-py Chorus
when ye come out de wil-der-ness, come out de
when I come out de wil-der-ness, come out de


Solo
Oh, broth-er, how d'ye
I felt so
wil-der-ness, come out de wil-der-ness.
wil-der-ness, come out de wil-der-ness.
feel
hap-py
Chorus
when ye come out de wil-der-ness, Lean-in' on de Lord.
when I come out de wil-der-ness, Lean-in' on de Lord.
Refrain
Oh, lean-in' on de Lord, Lean-in' on de Lord, Oh,
f
mp
lean-in' up-on de Lamb of God, who was slain on Cal-va-ry.

2

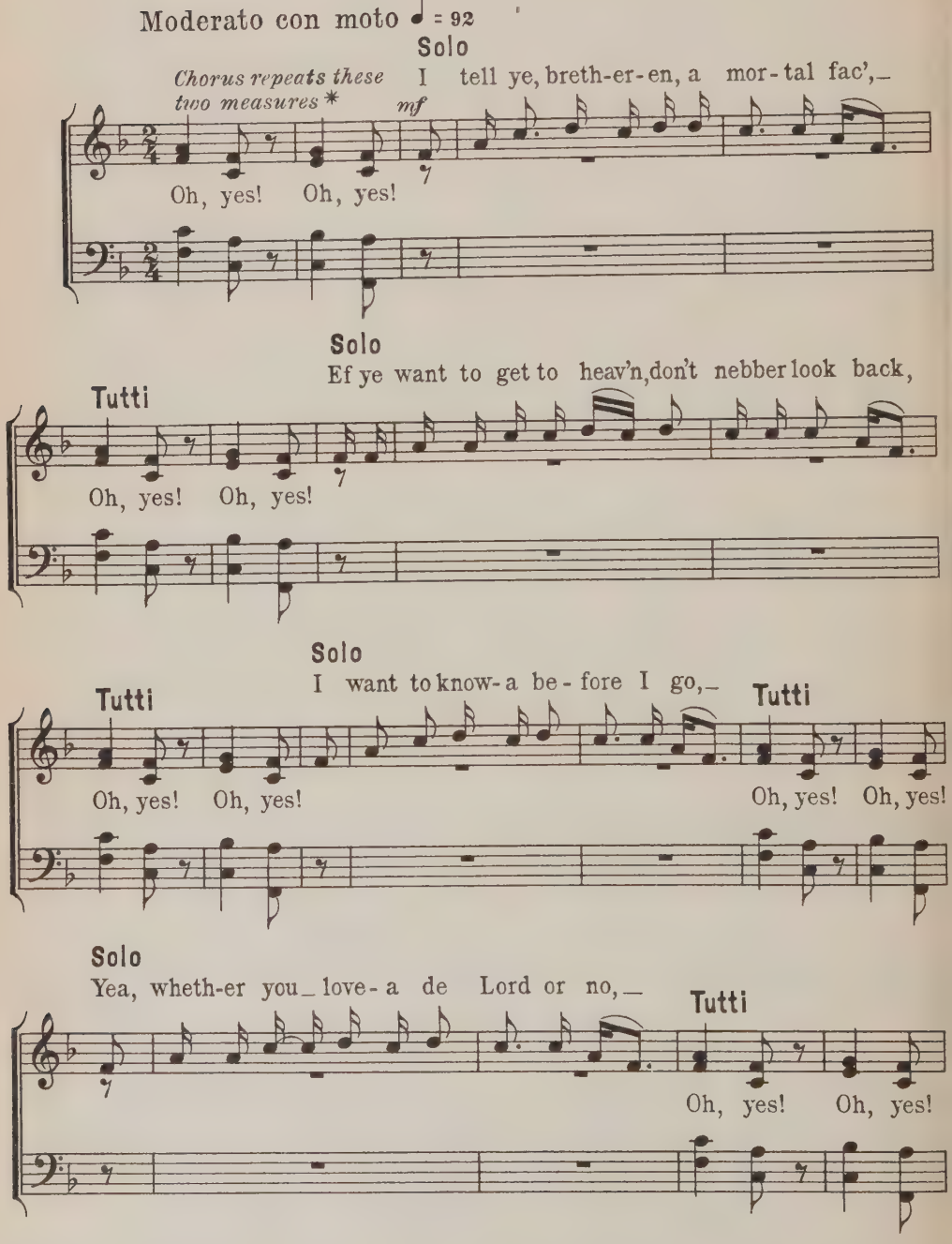
I shouted Hallelujah, when I, etc.
Leanin' on de Lord;
I heard de angels singin', when I, etc.
Leanin' on de Lord;
I heard de harps a harpin' when I, etc.
Leanin' on de Lord.
Refrain – Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

3

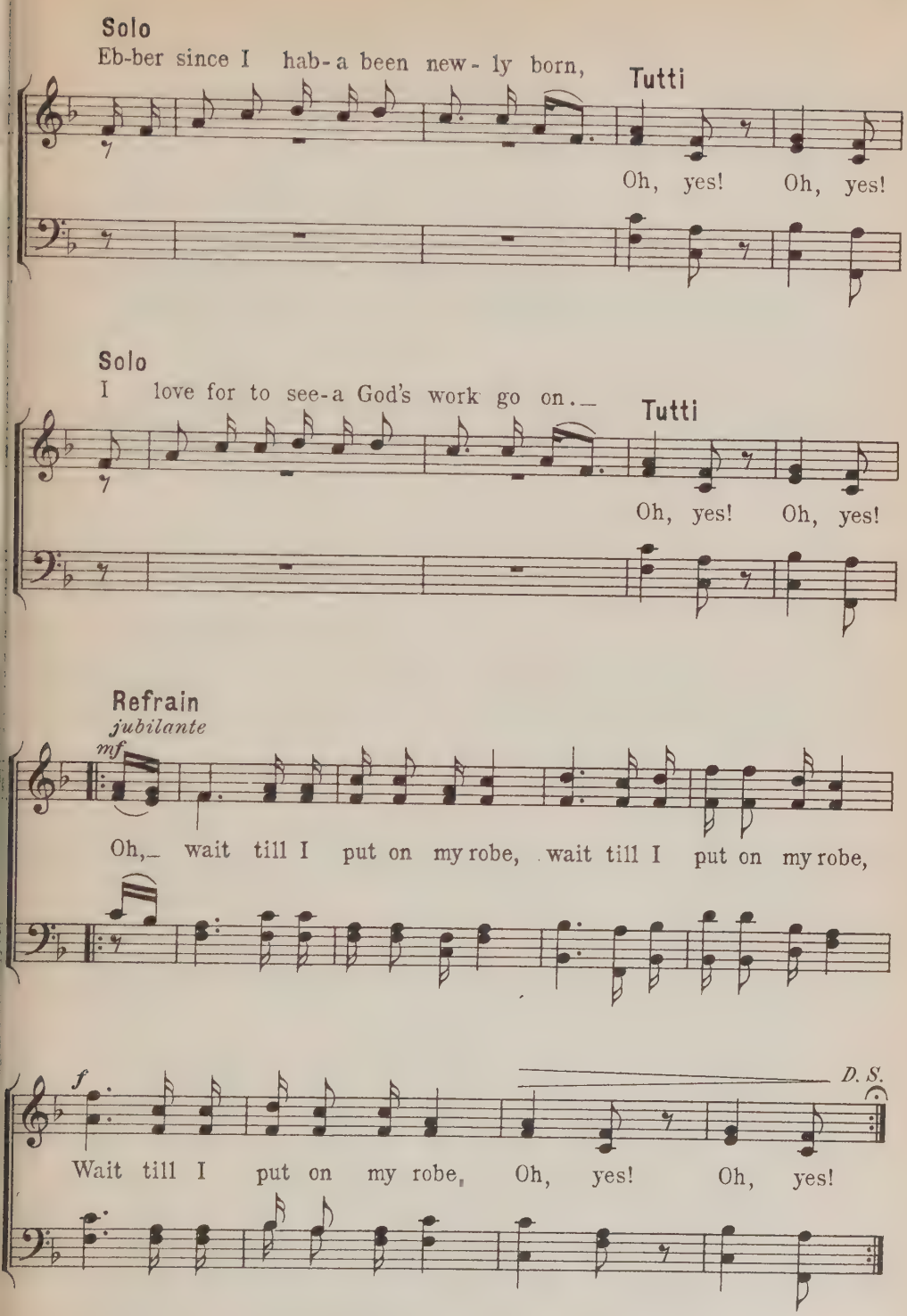
I heard de angels moanin', when I, etc.
Leanin' on de Lord;
I heard de deb'l howlin', when I, etc.
Leanin' on de Lord;
I gib de deb'l a battle, when I, etc.
Leanin' on de Lord.
Refrain – Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

Hymns of Religious Experience

Oh, Yes!



* But not always.


Solo
Eb-ber since I hab-a been new-ly born,
Tutti
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Solo
I love for to see-a God's work go on.—
Tutti
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Refrain
jubilante
mf
Oh,— wait till I put on my robe, wait till I put on my robe,
f
D. S.
Wait till I put on my robe, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

2

If ebber I land on de oder sho', Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
I'll nebber come here for to sing no mo', Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
A golden band all round my waist, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' de palms ob vic-a-try in-a my hand, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' de golden slippers on to my feet, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Gwine to walk up an' down o' dem golden street. Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Refrain-Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

3

An' my lovely bretheren, dat aint all, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
I'm not done a talkin' about my Lord; Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' a golden crown a-placed on-a my head, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' my long white robe a-come a-dazzlin' down, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Now wait till I get on my gospel shoes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Gwine to walk about de heaben an' a-carry de news. Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Refrain-Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

4

I'm anchored in Christ, Christ anchored in me, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
All de deb'ls in hell can't-a-pluck a-me out, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' I wonder what Satan's grumbulin' about, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
He's bound into hell, an' he can't git out, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
But he shall be loose an' hab his sway, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Yea at de great resurrection day. Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Refrain-Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

Verses, some of which are often added

5

I went down de hill side to make-a one prayer, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' when I got dere, old Satan was dere, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' what do ye t'ink he said to me? Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Said, "Off from here you'd better be," Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' what for to do, I did not know, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
But I fell on my knees, an' I cried, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Now my Jesus bein' so good an' kind, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Yea, to de with-er-ed, halt, an' blind; Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
My Jesus lowered his mercy down. Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' snatch-a-me from dem doors ob hell, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
He snatch-a-me from dem doors ob hell, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' took-a me in-a wid him to dwell. Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Refrain-Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

6

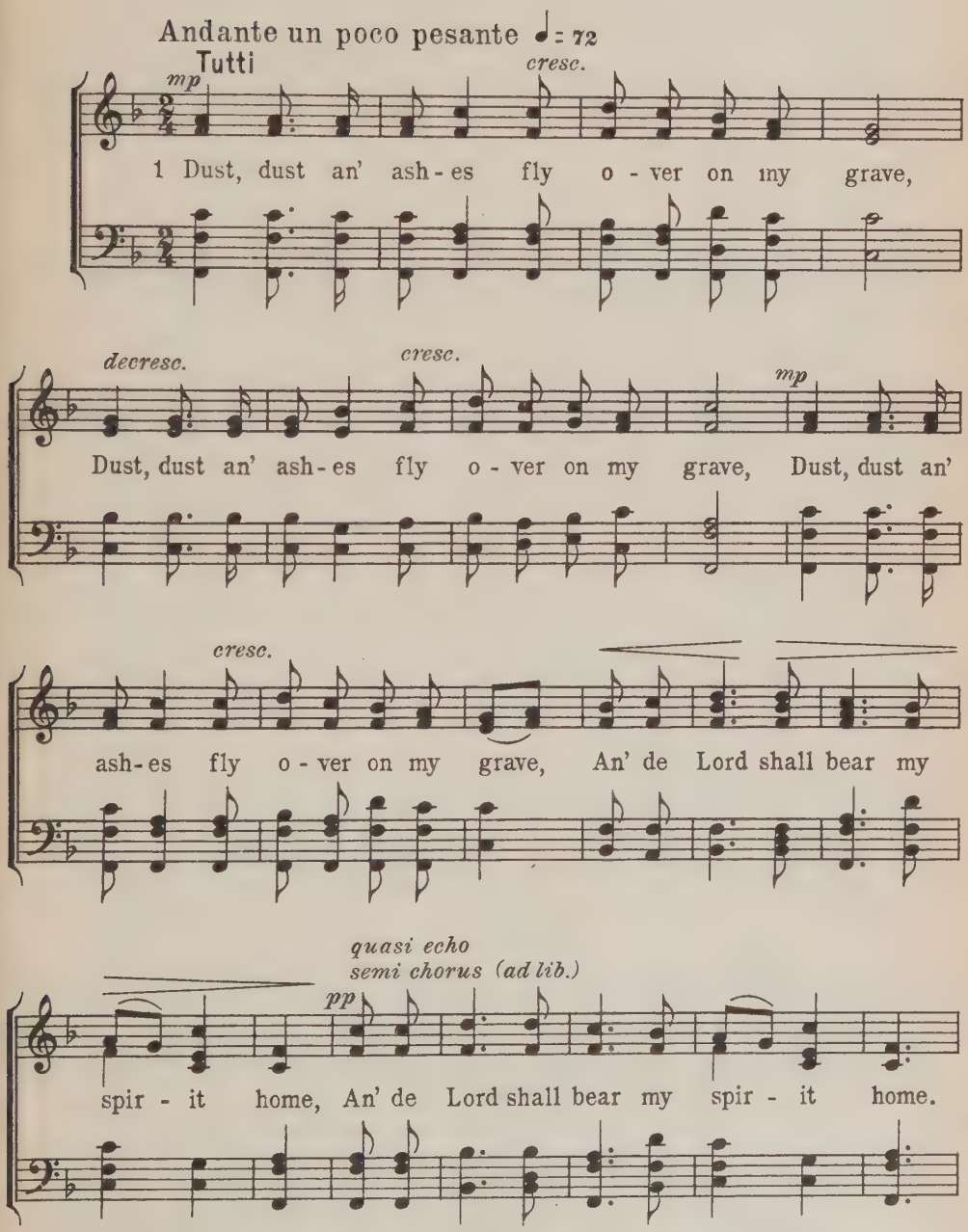
I was in de church an' prayin' loud, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' on my knees to my Jesus bowed, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Ole Satan tole me to my face, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
"I'll git you when-a you leave dis place;" Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Oh, brother, dat scare me to my heart, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
I was 'fraid to walk-a when it was dark. Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Refrain-Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

7

I started home, but I did pray, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' I met ole Satan on de way; Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Ole Satan made-a one grab at me. Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
But he missed my soul, an' I went free. Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
My sins went a-lumberin' down to hell, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
An' my soul went a-leapin' up Zion's hill; Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
I tell ye what, bretherin, you'd better not laugh, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Ole Satan'll run you down his path; Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
If he runs you, as he run me, Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
You'll be glad to fall upon your knee. Oh, yes, Oh, yes!
Refrain-Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

Hymn of the Resurrection

Dust an' Ashes


Andante un poco pesante ♩= 72
Tutti
mp
cresc.
1 Dust, dust an' ash-es fly o-ver on my grave,
decresc.
cresc.
mp
Dust, dust an' ash-es fly o-ver on my grave, Dust, dust an'
cresc.
ash-es fly o-ver on my grave, An' de Lord shall bear my
quasi echo
semi chorus (ad lib.)
pp
spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home.

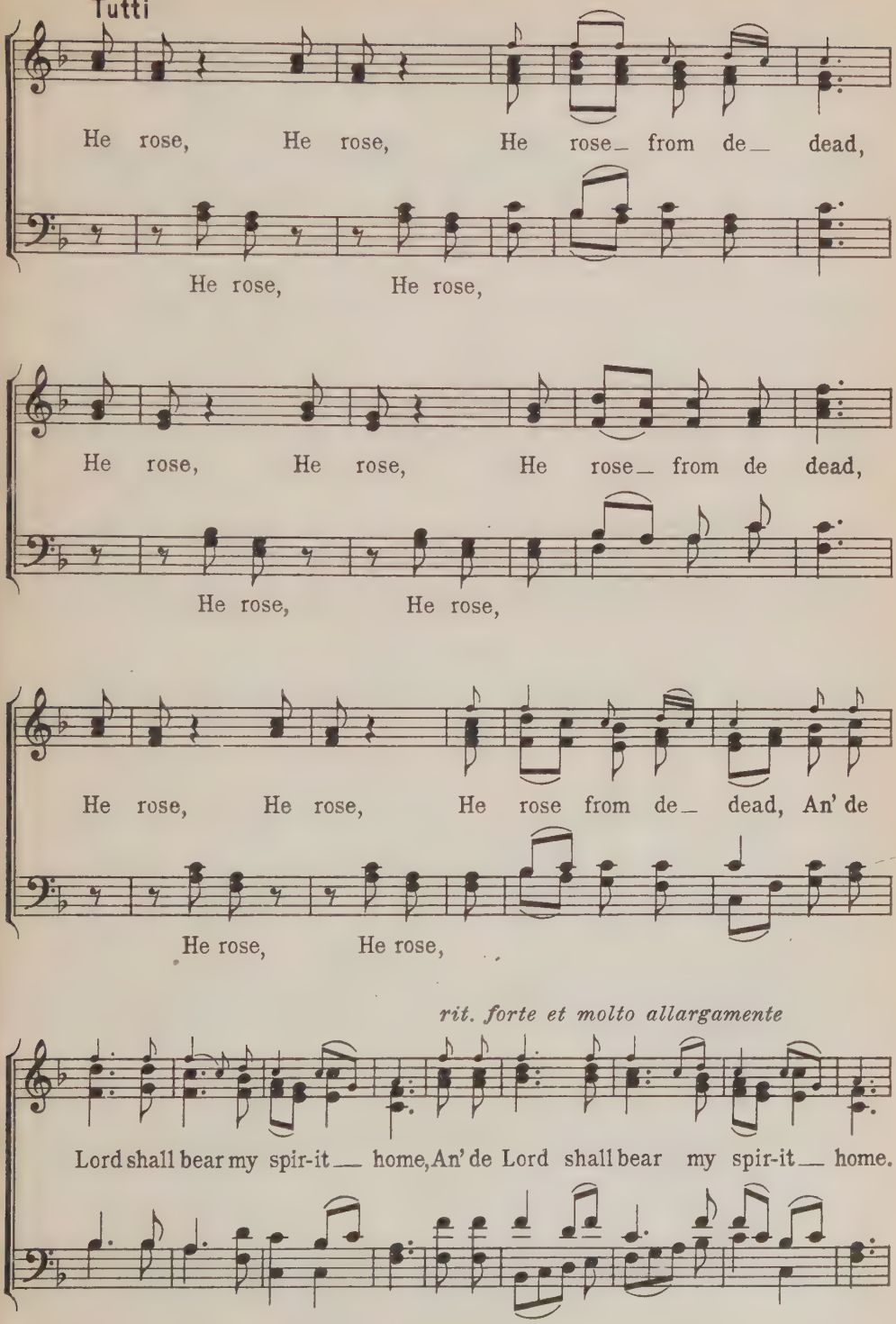
The expression marks indicate the interpretation of this famous song as given at the church service each Easter Sunday at Hampton Institute, under the direction of the editor.

Duet (ad lib.)
un poco accel.
Tutti
a tempo
2 Dey cru - ci - fied my Sav - iour, An' nailed Him to de
3 Oh, Jo - seph begged His bod - y, An' laid it in de
4 De an - gel came from heav - en, An' roll de stone a -
5 De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i - ron
Duet (ad lib.)
un poco accel.
Tutti
a tempo
cross, Dey cru - ci - fied my Sav - iour, An' nailed Him to de cross,
tomb, Oh, Jo - seph begged His bod - y, An' laid it in de tomb,
way, De an - gel came from heav - en, An' roll de stone a - way,
band, De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i - ron band,
Duet (ad lib.)
un poco accel.
Tutti
a tempo
Dey cru - ci - fied my Sav - iour, An' nailed Him to de cross,
Oh, Jo - seph begged His bod - y, An' laid it in de tomb,
De an - gel came from heav - en, An' roll de stone a - way,
De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i - ron band,
cresc.
quasi echo
semi chorus (ad lib.)
pp
An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home.

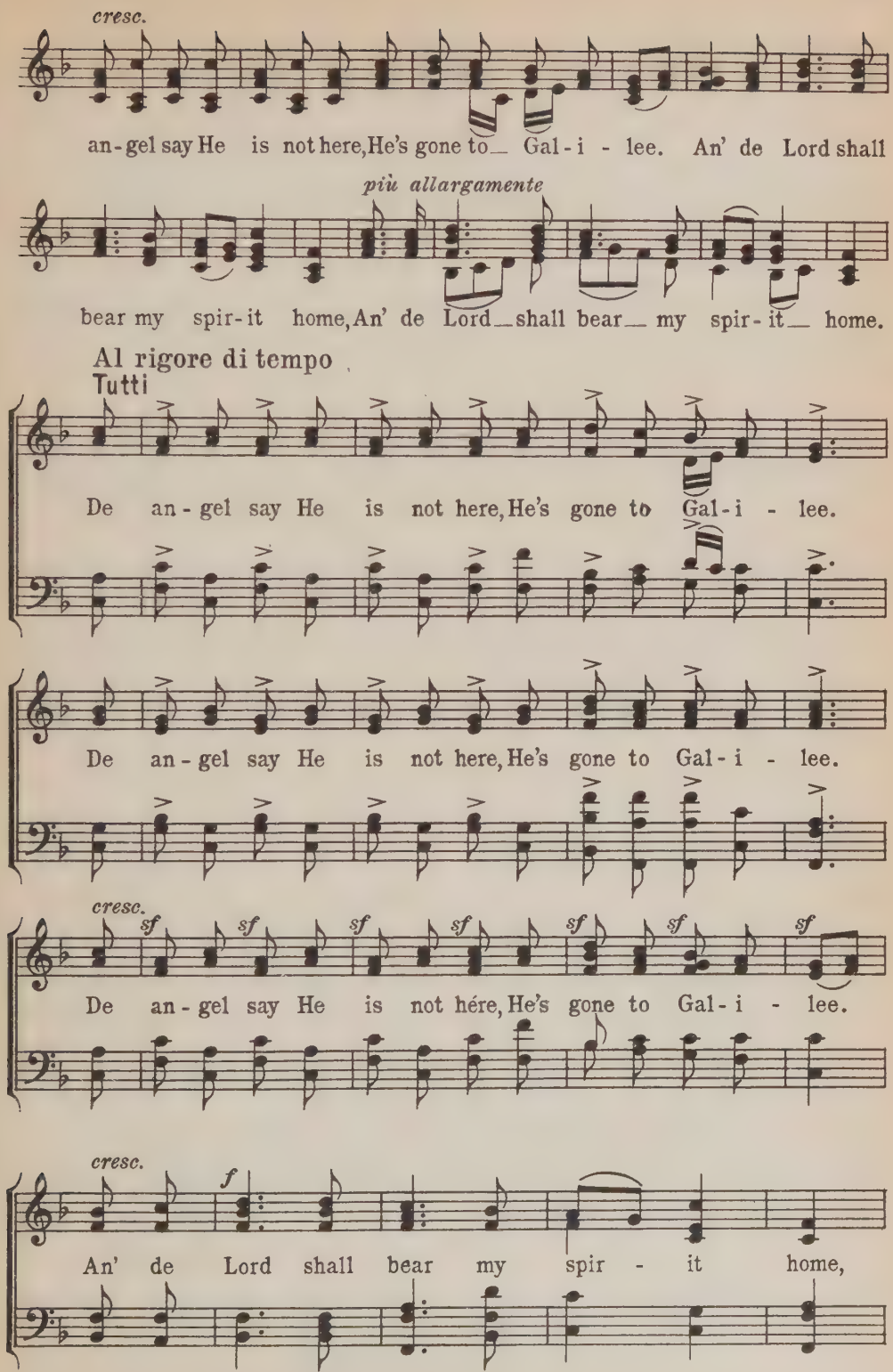
Allegro jiocoso

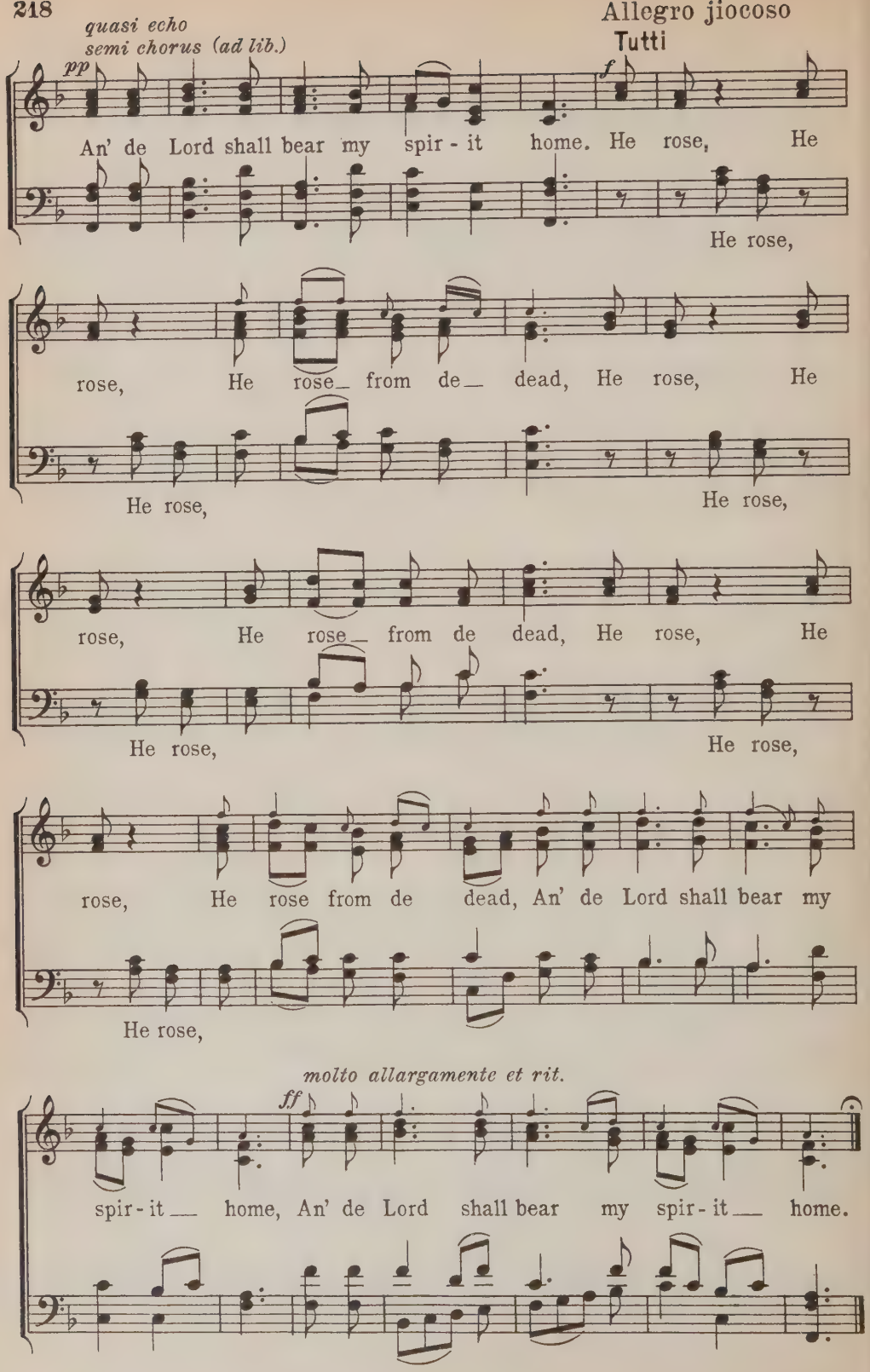
Refrain

Tutti


He rose, He rose, He rose_ from de_ dead,
He rose, He rose,
He rose, He rose, He rose_ from de dead,
He rose, He rose,
He rose, He rose, He rose from de_ dead, An' de
He rose, He rose,
rit. forte et molto allargamente
Lord shall bear my spir-it_ home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it_ home.

Tempo I
Duet (ad lib.)
un poco accel.
Tutti
a tempo
6 Oh, Ma - ry came a - run - nin', Her Sav - iour for to
Duet (ad lib.)
un poco accel.
Tutti
a tempo
see, Oh, Ma - ry came a - run-nin', Her Sav-iour for to see,
Duet (ad lib.)
un poco accel.
Tutti
a tempo
Oh, Ma - ry came a - run-nin', Her Sav-iour for to see,
cresc.
quasi echo
semi chorus (ad lib.)
pp
An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home.
piacevole
mp
più marcato
7 De an - gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal - i - lee, De
poco
an - gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal - i - lee, De


cresc.
an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee. An' de Lord shall
più allargamente
bear my spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home.
Al rigore di tempo
Tutti
De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee.
De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee.
cresc.
sf
De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee.
cresc.
f
An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home,


quasi echo
semi chorus (ad lib.)
pp
Allegro jiocoso
Tutti
f
An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it home. He rose, He
He rose,
rose, He rose from de dead, He rose, He
He rose,
He rose,
rose, He rose from de dead, He rose, He
He rose,
He rose,
rose, He rose from de dead, An' de Lord shall bear my
He rose,
molto allargamente et rit.
ff
spir - it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it home.

Hymns of the Second Coming

Oh, Yes, Yonder Comes My Lord

Allegretto ♩ = 116
Tutti
1 Oh, yes, yon - der comes my Lord,
Oh, yes, yon - der comes my Lord,
Oh, yes, yon - der comes my Lord,
Oh, yes, yon - der comes my Lord, Oh, yes, yon - der comes my Lord,
Oh, yes, yon - der comes my Lord,
Oh, yes, yon - der comes my Lord,
Oh, yes, yon - der comes my Lord, Oh, yes, yon - der comes my,
Oh, yes, yon - der comes my,
Oh, yes, yon - der comes my Lord.

2 He is comin' this-a way.

3 With His sword in His han'.

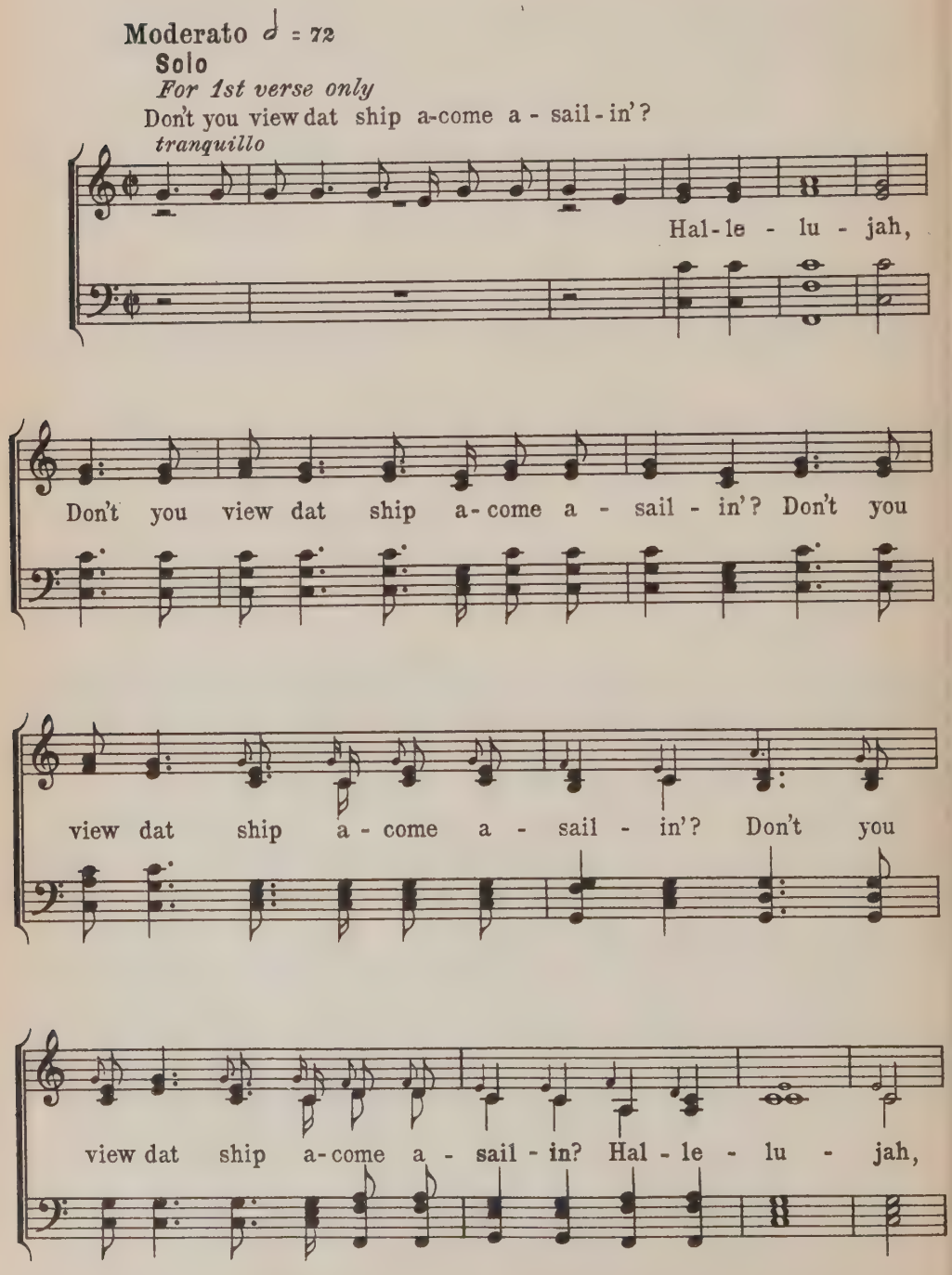
4 He's gwine t'hew dem sinners down.

5 Right level to de groun.

Not a familiar song at Hampton Institute.—Editor

Hymns of the Second Coming

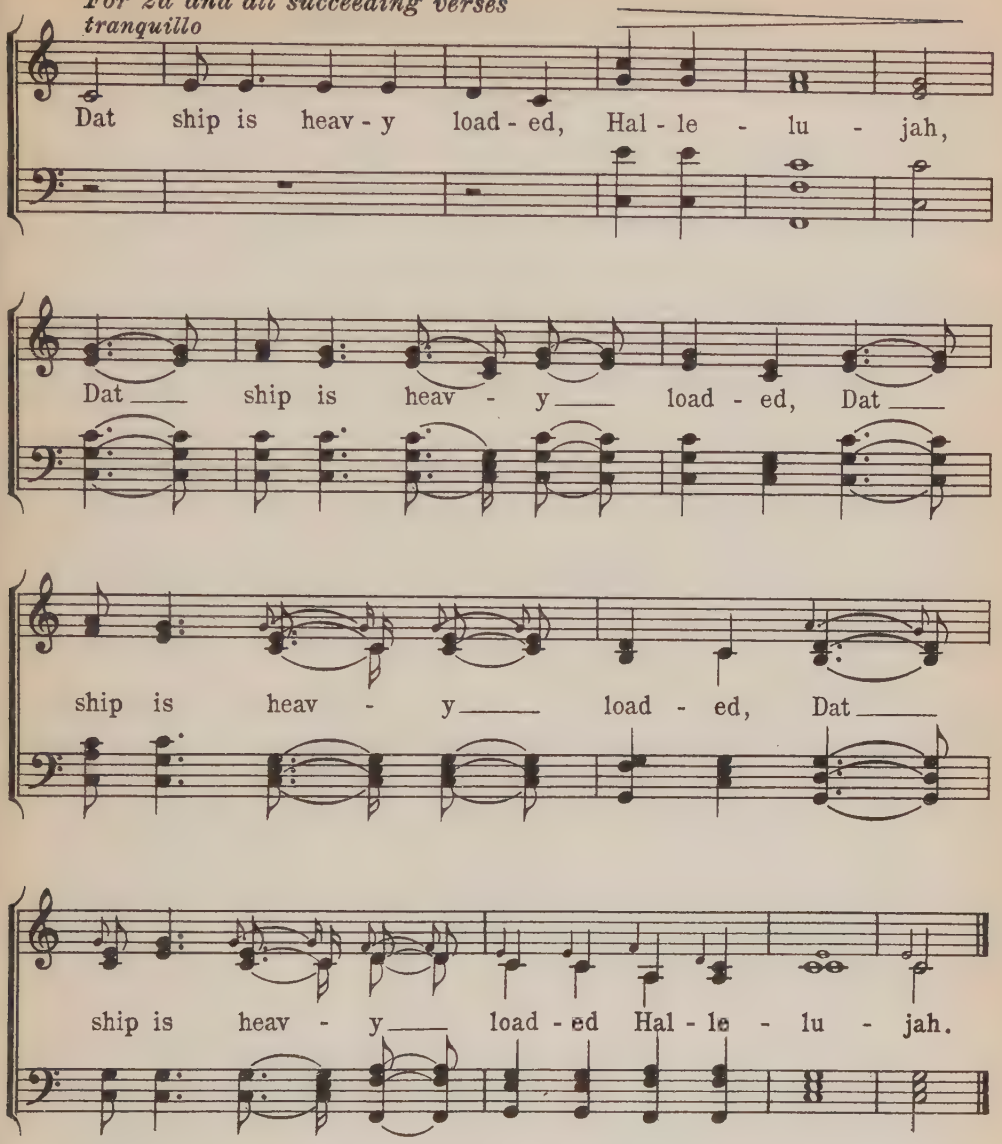
Don't You View Dat Ship a-Come a-Sailin?


Moderato ♩ = 72
Solo
For 1st verse only
Don't you view dat ship a-come a - sail - in'?
tranquillo
Hal - le - lu - jah,
Don't you view dat ship a-come a - sail - in'? Don't you
view dat ship a - come a - sail - in'? Don't you
view dat ship a-come a - sail - in? Hal - le - lu - jah,

Solo

For 2d and all succeeding verses

tranquillo


Dat ship is heav - y load - ed, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Dat ship is heav - y load - ed, Dat
ship is heav - y load - ed, Dat
ship is heav - y load - ed Hal - le - lu - jah.

2 Dat ship is heavy loaded, Hallelujah.

3 She neither reels nor totters, Hallelujah.

4 She is loaded wid-a bright angels, Hallelujah.

5 Oh, how do you know dey are angels? Hallelujah.

6 I know dem by a de'r mournin', Hallelujah.

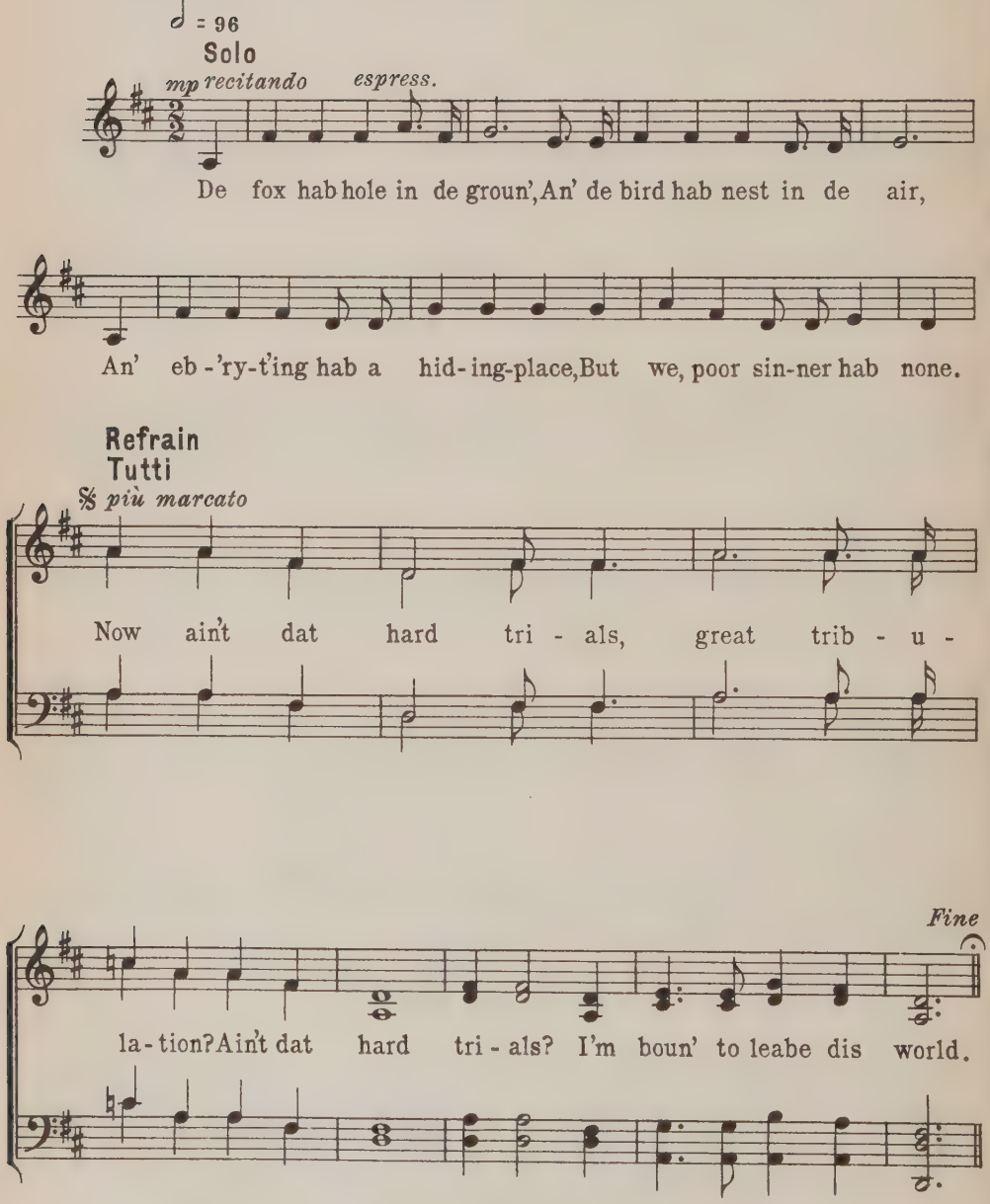
7 Oh, yonder comes my Jesus, Hallelujah.

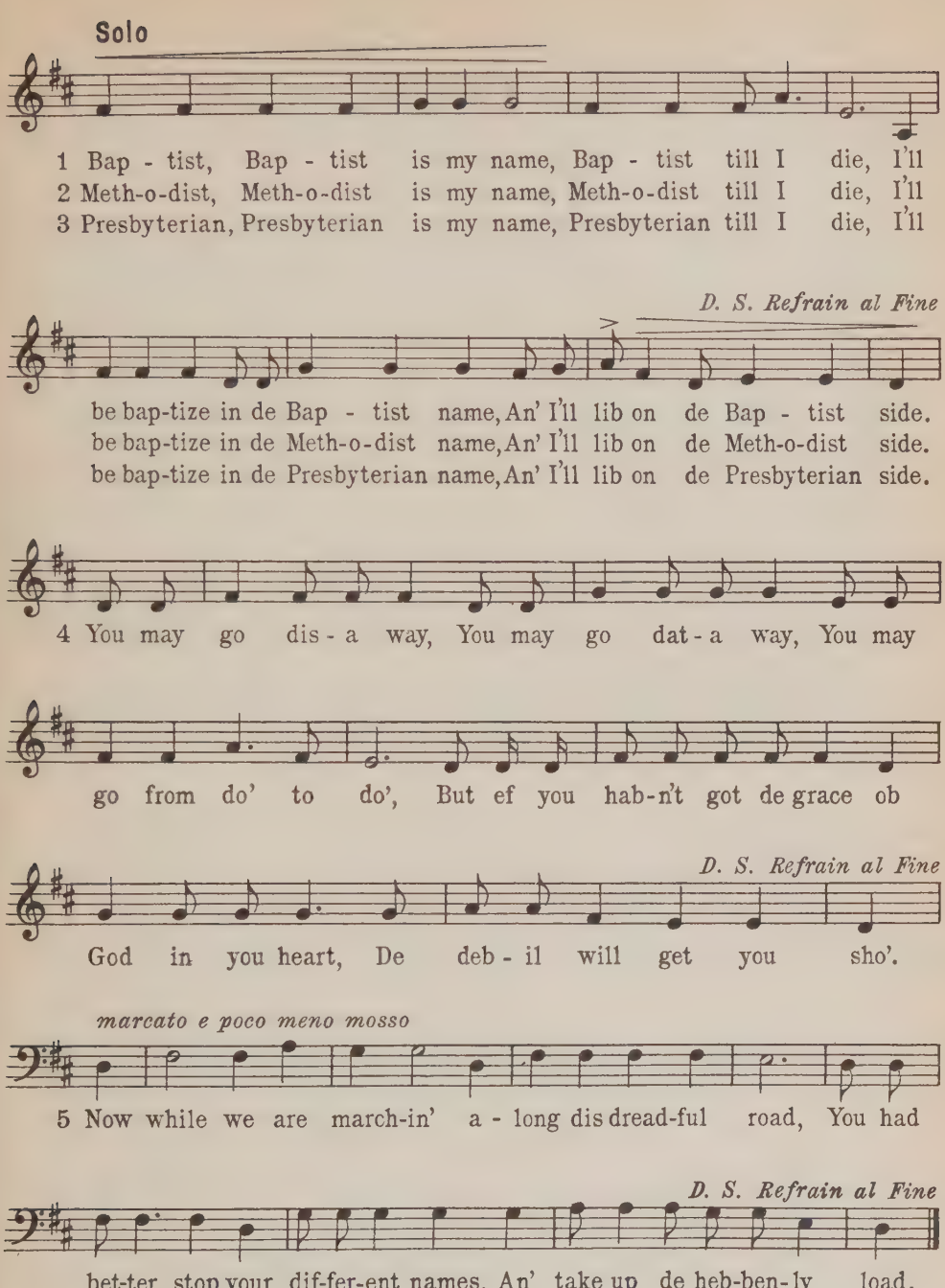
8 Oh, how do you know it is Jesus? Hallelujah.

9 I know him by-a his shinin', Hallelujah.

Hymns of Tribulation

Hard Trials


♩ = 96
Solo
mp recitando espress.
De fox hab hole in de groun', An' de bird hab nest in de air,
An' eb-'ry-t'ing hab a hid-ing-place, But we, poor sin-ner hab none.
Refrain
Tutti
𝄋 più marcato
Now ain't dat hard tri - als, great trib - u -
la - tion? Ain't dat hard tri - als? I'm boun' to leabe dis world.
Fine


Solo
1 Bap - tist, Bap - tist is my name, Bap - tist till I die, I'll
2 Meth-o-dist, Meth-o-dist is my name, Meth-o-dist till I die, I'll
3 Presbyterian, Presbyterian is my name, Presbyterian till I die, I'll
D. S. Refrain al Fine
be bap-tize in de Bap - tist name, An' I'll lib on de Bap - tist side.
be bap-tize in de Meth-o-dist name, An' I'll lib on de Meth-o-dist side.
be bap-tize in de Presbyterian name, An' I'll lib on de Presbyterian side.
4 You may go dis - a way, You may go dat - a way, You may
go from do' to do', But ef you hab-n't got de grace ob
D. S. Refrain al Fine
God in you heart, De deb - il will get you sho'.
marcato e poco meno mosso
5 Now while we are march-in' a - long dis dread-ful road, You had
D. S. Refrain al Fine
bet-ter stop your dif-fer-ent names, An' take up de heb-ben-ly load.

In this song it is very effective to have each verse sung by a different solo voice as if the various contributions to the discussion were made by different individuals, as they probably were originally.

Hymns of Tribulation

Hear de Lambs a-Cryin'

2

I don' know what you want to stay here for, Oh, shepherd, etc.
For dis vain world's no friend to grace, Oh, shepherd, etc.
If I only had wings like Noah's dove, Oh, shepherd, etc.
I'd fly away to de heavens above, Oh, shepherd, etc.
Refrain—You hear de lambs a-cryin', etc.

3

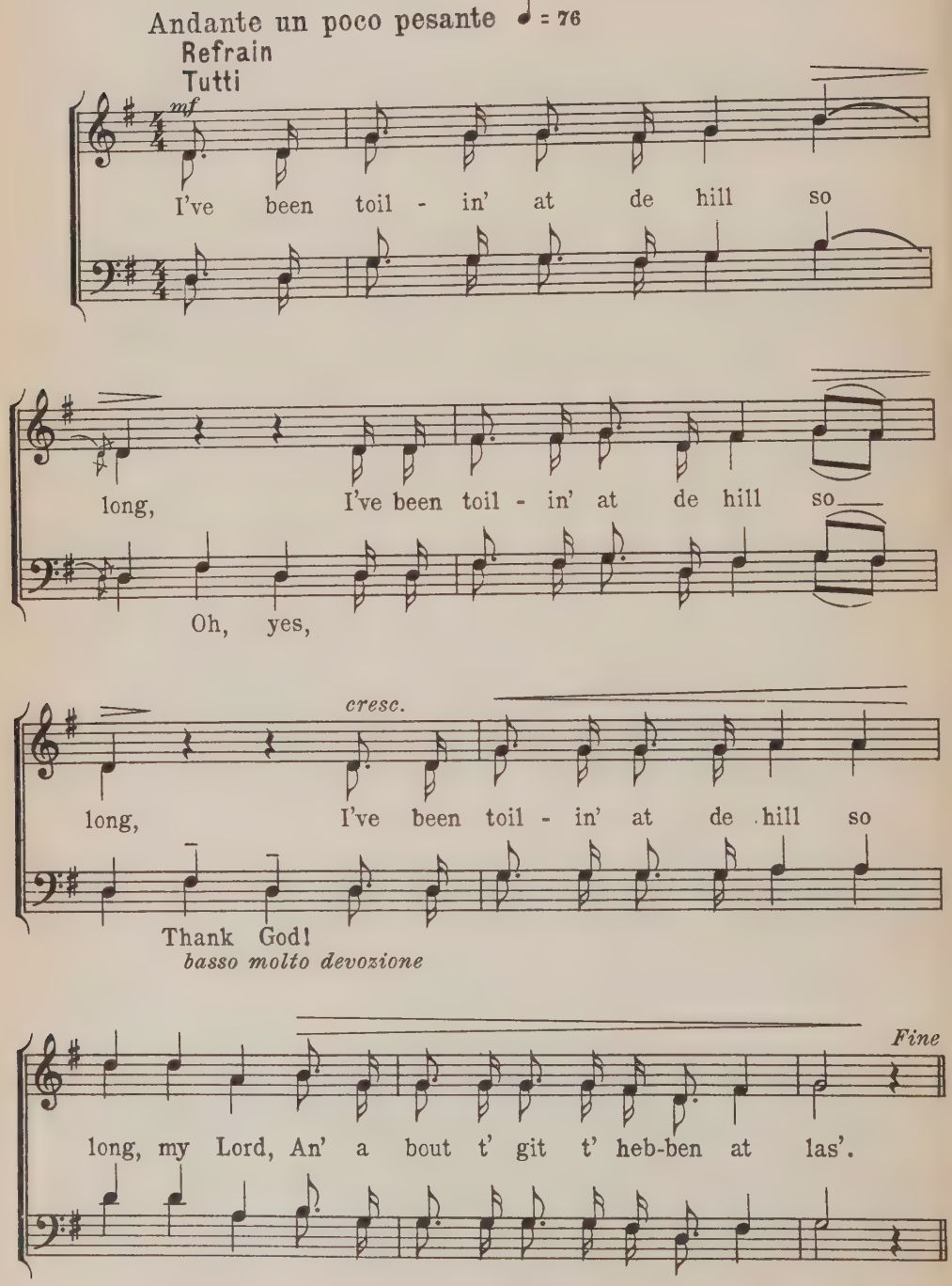
When I am in an agony, Oh, shepherd, etc.
When you see me, pity me, Oh, shépherd, etc.
For I am a pilgrim travellin' on, Oh, shepherd, etc.
De lonesome road where Jesus gone, Oh, shepherd, etc.
Refrain—You hear de lambs a-cryin', etc.

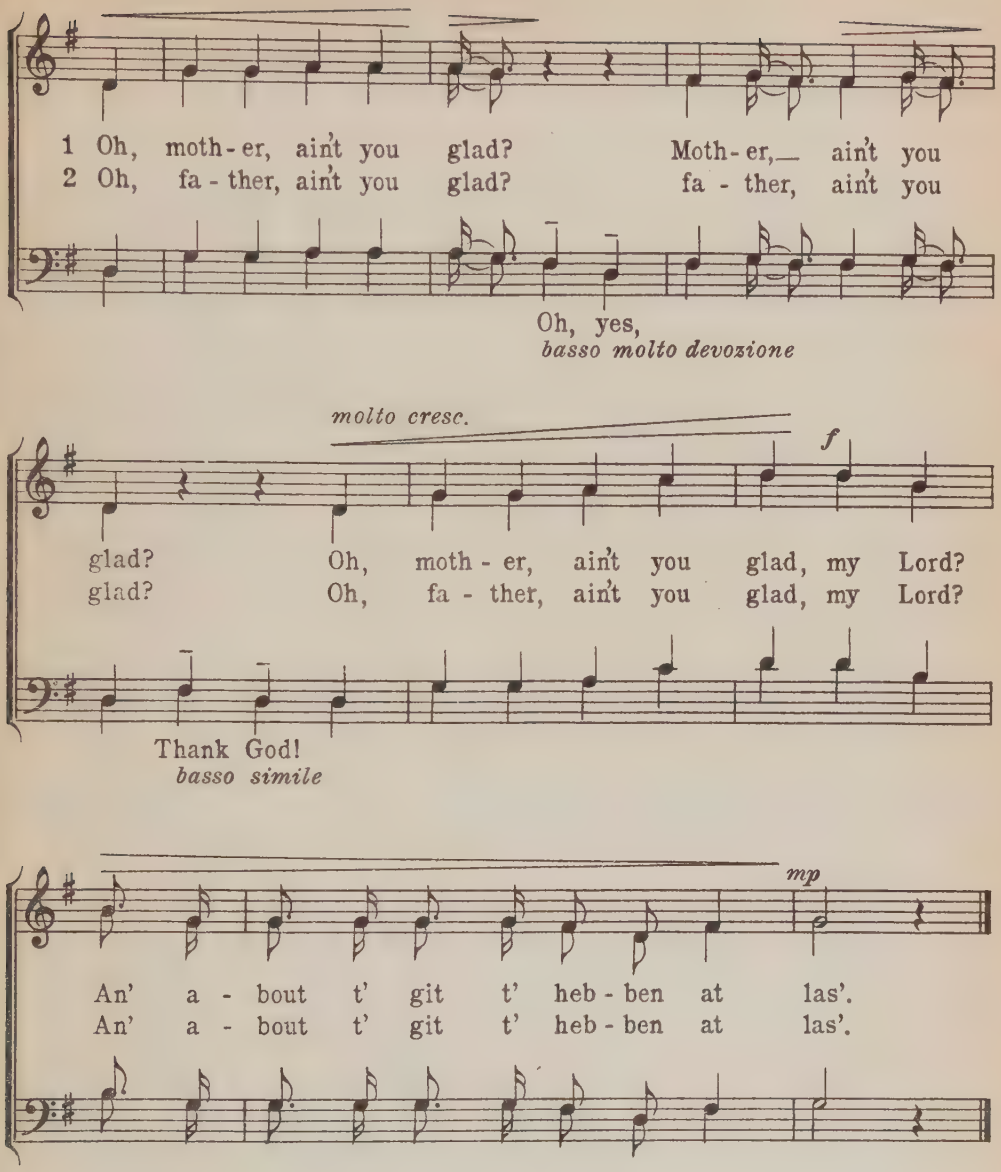
4

Oh, see my Jesus hanging high, Oh, shepherd, etc.
He looked so pale an' bled so free, Oh, shepherd, etc.
Oh, don't you think it was a shame, Oh, shepherd, etc.
He hung three hours in dreadful pain? Oh, shepherd, etc.
Refrain—You hear de lambs a-cryin', etc.

Hymns of Tribulation

I've Been Toilin' at de Hill


Andante un poco pesante ♩ = 76
Refrain
Tutti
mf
I've been toil - in' at de hill so
long, I've been toil - in' at de hill so
Oh, yes,
cresc.
long, I've been toil - in' at de hill so
Thank God!
basso molto devozione
Fine
long, my Lord, An' a bout t' git t' heb-ben at las'.


1 Oh, moth-er, ain't you glad? Moth-er,— ain't you
2 Oh, fa-ther, ain't you glad? fa-ther, ain't you
Oh, yes,
basso molto devozione
molto cresc.
f
glad? Oh, moth-er, ain't you glad, my Lord?
glad? Oh, fa-ther, ain't you glad, my Lord?
Thank God!
basso simile
mp
An' a-bout t' git t' heb-ben at las'.
An' a-bout t' git t' heb-ben at las'.

3

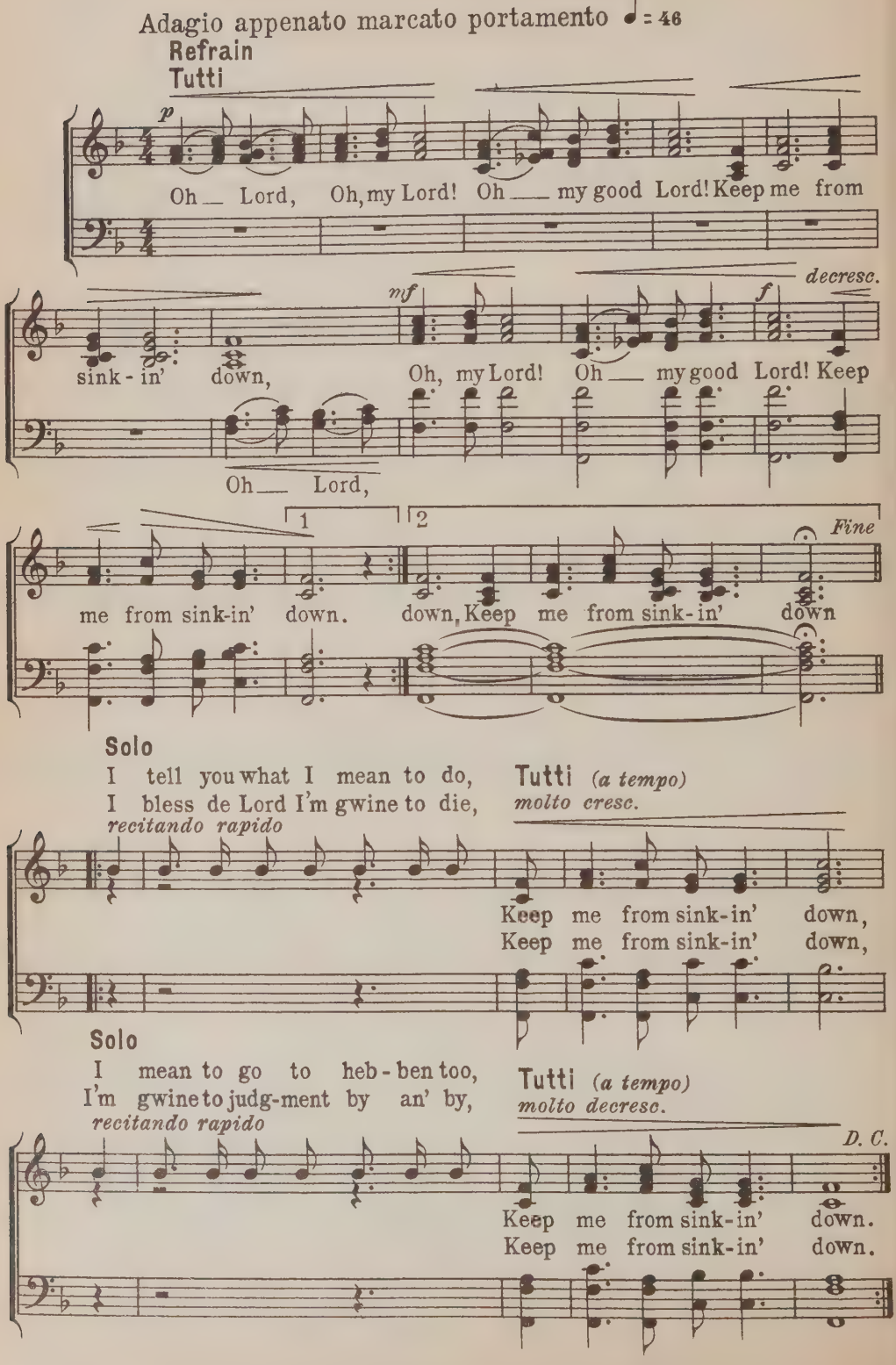
Oh, sister, ain't you glad?
Sister, ain't you glad?
Oh, sister, ain't you glad, my Lord?
An' about t' git t' hebben at las'.
Refrain— I've been toilin', etc.

4

Oh, brother, ain't you glad?
Brother, ain't you glad?
Oh, brother, ain't you glad, my Lord?
An' about t' git t' hebben at las'.
Refrain— I've been toilin', etc.

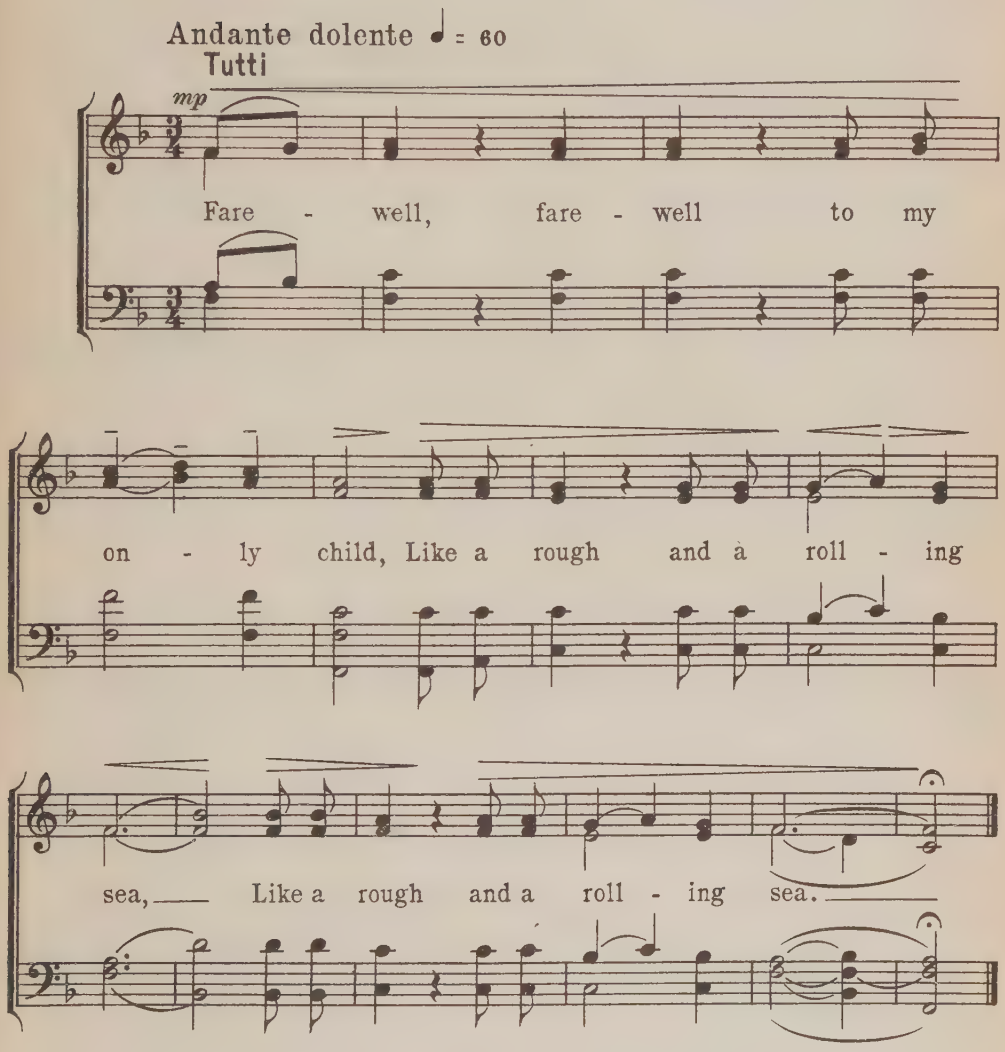
Hymns of Tribulation

Keep Me From Sinkin' Down



Hymns of Tribulation

Like a Rough and a Rolling Sea


Andante dolente ♩ = 60
Tutti
mp
Fare - well, fare - well to my
on - ly child, Like a rough and a roll - ing
sea, Like a rough and a roll - ing sea.

2

The lightnings flashed,
And the thunders rolled,
Like a rough and a rolling sea.

3

The storms beat high,
And the winds blew fierce,
Like a rough and a rolling sea.

Hymns of Tribulation

Mother, Is Massa Gwine to Sell Us?

2

Gwine to sell us down in Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes!
Gwine to sell us down in Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes!
Gwine to sell us down in Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes!
O watch and pray!

3

Farewell, mother, I must lebe you.
Yes, yes, yes!
Farewell, mother, I must lebe you.
Yes, yes, yes!
Farewell, mother, I must lebe you.
Yes, yes, yes!
O watch and pray!

4

Mother, don't griebe arter me.
No, no, no!
Mother, don't griebe arter me.
No, no, no!
Mother, don't griebe arter me.
No, no, no!
O watch and pray!

5

Mother, I'll meet you in heaven.
Yes, my child!
Mother, I'll meet you in heaven.
Yes, my child!
Mother, I'll meet you in heaven.
Yes, my child!
O watch and pray!

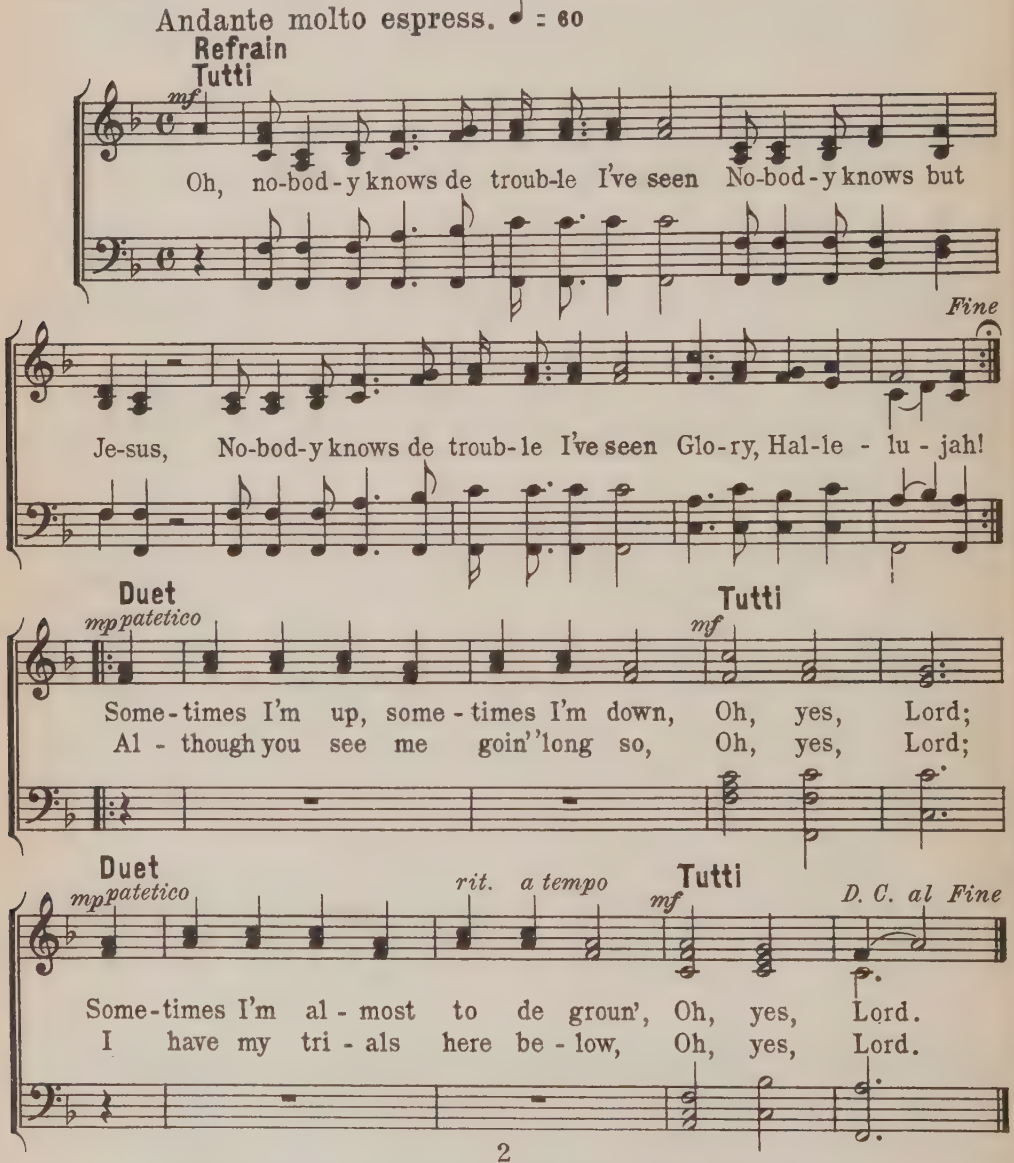
My Way's Cloudy

♩ = 80
Refrain
Tutti
mf
Oh! breth-er-en, my — way, my way's cloud - y, my —
f
way, Oh, send one an - gel down, Oh! breth-er - en, my — way,
f
my way's cloud - y, my — way, Oh, send one an - gel down.
Solo
mf recitando
Tutti
cresc.
Solo
1 There's fire in the east and fire in the west, Send one an - gel down, And
2 Old Sa - tan's mad and I am glad, Send one an - gel down, He
3 I'll tell you now as I told you be - fore, Send one an - gel down, To
4 This is the year of Ju - bi - lee, Send one an - gel down, The
Tutti
decresc.
D. C.
fire a - mong the Meth - o - dist, O send one an - gel down.
missed the soul he thought he had, O send one an - gel down.
the promised land I'm bound to go, O send one an - gel down.
Lord has come to set us free, O send one an - gel down.

Hymns of Tribulation

Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen

This song was a favorite in the Sea Islands. Once when there had been a good deal of ill feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated lands on the Sea Islands, Gen. Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly. To prepare them to listen, he asked them to sing. Immediately an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen," and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive melody, that he found it difficult to maintain his official dignity.— *Contributor*


Andante molto espress. ♩ = 60
Refrain
Tutti
mf
Oh, no-bod-y knows de troub-le I've seen No-bod-y knows but
Fine
Je-sus, No-bod-y knows de troub-le I've seen Glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah!
Duet
mp patetico
Tutti
mf
Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down, Oh, yes, Lord;
Al - though you see me goin' 'long so, Oh, yes, Lord;
Duet
mp patetico
rit. a tempo
Tutti
mf
D. C. al Fine
Some-times I'm al - most to de groun', Oh, yes, Lord.
I have my tri - als here be - low, Oh, yes, Lord.

2

One day when I was walkin' along, Oh,yes, Lord,
De element opened, an' de Love came down, Oh,yes, Lord,
I never shall forget dat day, Oh,yes, Lord,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Oh,yes, Lord,
Chorus— Oh, nobody knows de trouble I've seen, etc.

Hymns of Tribulation

No More Auction Block*

Adagio patetico ♩ = 58
mp Solo
No more auc - tion block for me,
Tutti
molto espress.
Solo
No more, No more, No more auc - tion
Tutti
espress. e rit.
block for me, Man - y thou - sand gone.

2 No more peck o' corn for me, etc.

3 No more driver's lash for me, etc.

4 No more pint o' salt for me, etc.

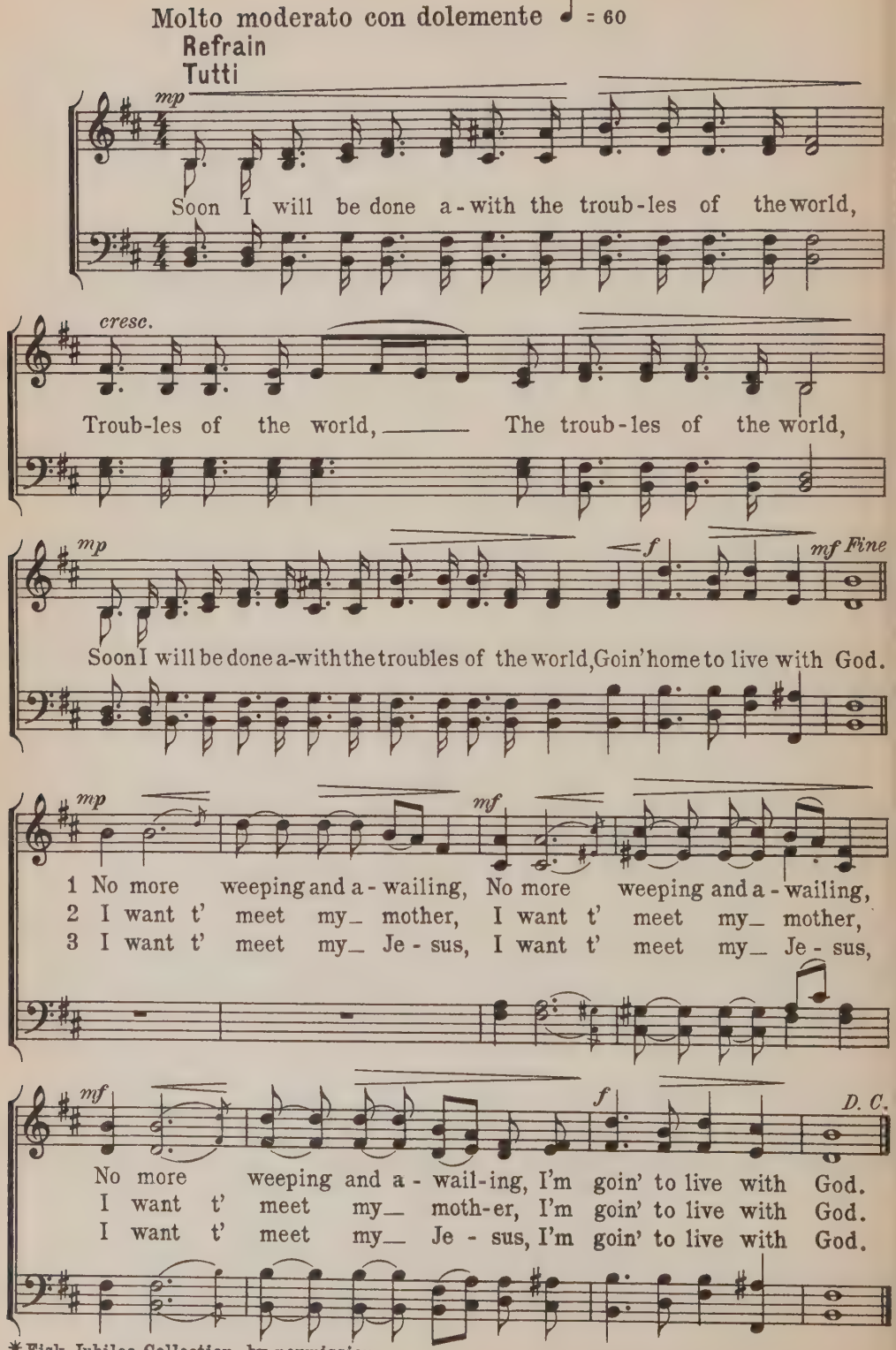
5 No more hundred lash for me, etc.

6 No more mistress' call for me, etc.

* Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission

Hymns of Tribulation

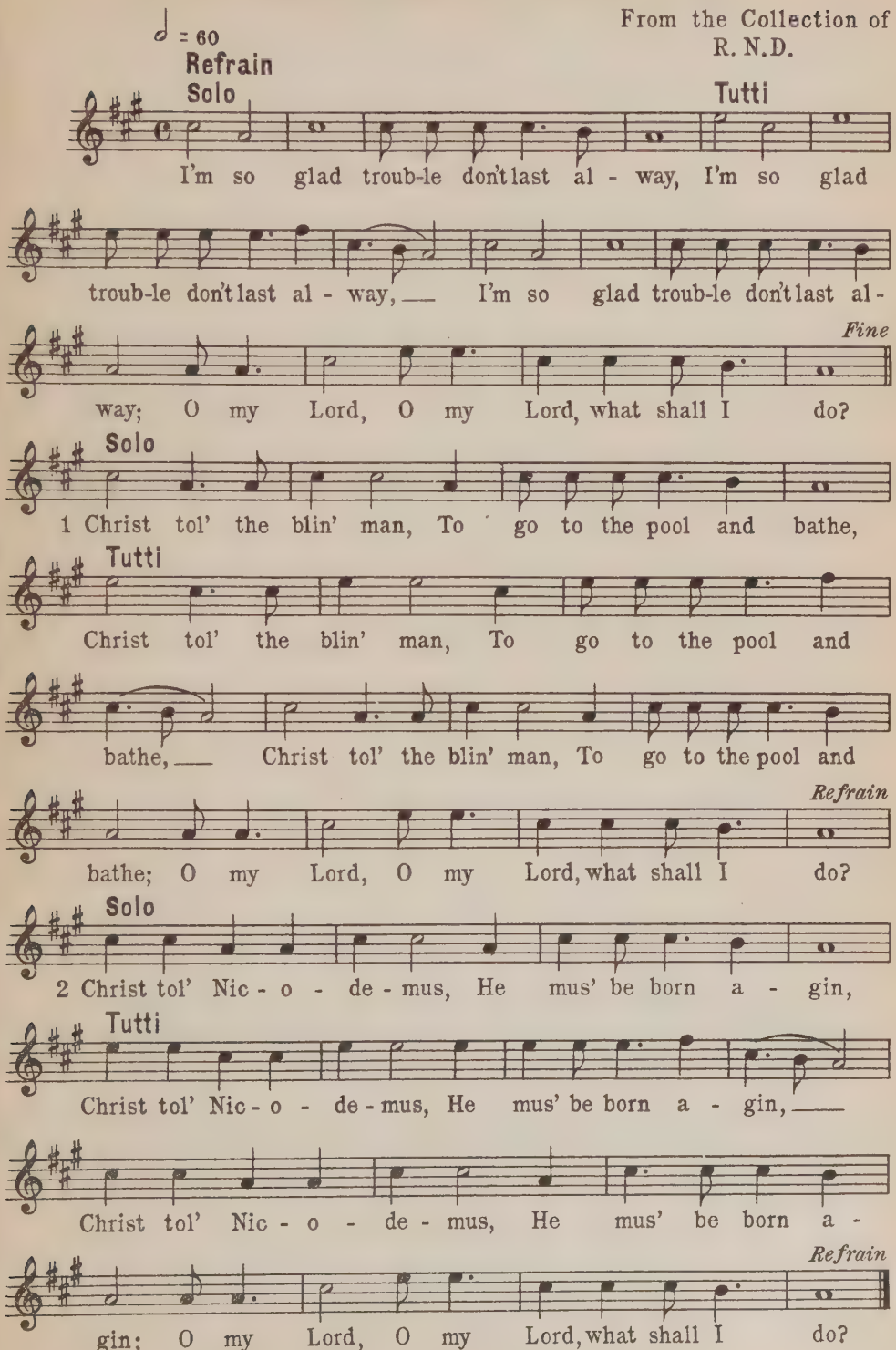
Soon I Will Be Done


Molto moderato con dolemente ♩ = 60
Refrain
Tutti
mp
Soon I will be done a-with the troub-les of the world,
cresc.
Troub-les of the world, The troub-les of the world,
mp
f
mf Fine
Soon I will be done a-with the troubles of the world, Goin' home to live with God.
mp
mf
1 No more weeping and a-wailing, No more weeping and a-wailing,
2 I want t' meet my mother, I want t' meet my mother,
3 I want t' meet my Je-sus, I want t' meet my Je-sus,
mf
f
D. C.
No more weeping and a-wail-ing, I'm goin' to live with God.
I want t' meet my moth-er, I'm goin' to live with God.
I want t' meet my Je-sus, I'm goin' to live with God.

*Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission

I'm So Glad Trouble Don't Last Alway

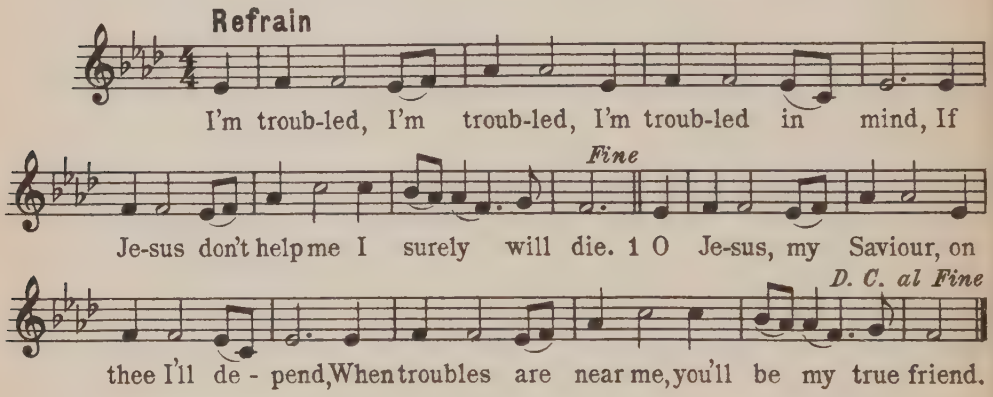
From the Collection of R. N. D.


♩ = 60
Refrain
Solo
Tutti
I'm so glad troub-le don't last al - way, I'm so glad
troub-le don't last al - way, I'm so glad troub-le don't last al -
Fine
way; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
Solo
1 Christ tol' the blin' man, To go to the pool and bathe,
Tutti
Christ tol' the blin' man, To go to the pool and
bathe, Christ tol' the blin' man, To go to the pool and
Refrain
bathe; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
Solo
2 Christ tol' Nic - o - de - mus, He mus' be born a - gin,
Tutti
Christ tol' Nic - o - de - mus, He mus' be born a - gin,
Christ tol' Nic - o - de - mus, He mus' be born a -
Refrain
gin; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?

Hymns of Tribulation

I'm Troubled in Mind

The person who furnished this song, Mrs Brown of Nashville, formerly a slave, stated that she first heard it from her old father when she was a child. After he had been whipped he always went and sat upon a certain log near his cabin, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, sang this song with so much pathos that few could listen without weeping from sympathy, and even his cruel oppressors were not wholly unmoved.


Refrain
I'm troub-led, I'm troub-led, I'm troub-led in mind, If
Fine
Je-sus don't help me I surely will die. 1 O Je-sus, my Saviour, on
D. C. al Fine
thee I'll de - pend, When troubles are near me, you'll be my true friend.

2
When ladened with trouble and burdened with grief,
To Jesus in secret I'll go for relief.
Chorus – I'm troubled, etc.

3
In dark days of bondage to Jesus I prayed,
To help me to bear it and He gave His aid.
Chorus – I'm troubled, etc.

Lord, Have Mercy

Collected by
R. N. D.

2 Save me, Jesus,
3 Save poor sinner,
4 Lord, I'm troubed,
5 Lord, I'm sinking,
6 When I'm dying,
} Save me now.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

A comparison of this edition with almost any of the previous ones will show that the way many of the Negro folk-songs are sung at present is quite different from that recorded nearly a half-century ago. In order "that nothing may be lost" the original scores of some of those that are radically different are included in the following Appendix.

Considering the vast changes in the circumstances of the Negro people in the United States since Emancipation it is remarkable that so much of the music of slavery days has remained intact. A study of differences seems to indicate that *the principle of ease* rather than mental reaction to new conditions has been the force most operative in bringing about variations from originals.

"Roll, Jordan, Roll," as given in the body of this book, is much easier to sing than the version in the Appendix; moreover the flat seventh of the earlier version is not a true tone according to our present system of music notation. It is not as low as the flat represents it to be, yet it is lower than the pitch indicated by the seventh of the scale would be without the flat. It is what Mr. Ballanta-Taylor calls a "neutral" pitch and has been for years the marvel as well as the *bête noire* of transcribers of these songs. Its occurrence in various songs has given rise to the statement often heard that Negro music cannot be properly interpreted on the piano (or any other instrument with fixed pitches).

The shifted rhythm in the chorus of "Want to Go to Heaven" and the somewhat simpler melody of "Go Tell It on the Mountain" both make for greater ease. From "Rise Up, Shepherd" a verse has fallen into disuse, while "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" has been enriched by the muted harmonies of the chorus against the *recitative* of the leader.

It is possible that the death of Dr. Hollis Burke Frissell, for nearly twenty-five years principal of Hampton Institute, with whom the song was a great favorite, has had some effect on the rhythm of the singing of "My Lord, What a Morning!"* A chromatic note has crept into the tenor part, and very likely will remain because of its lending a touch of tender expression.

Interjectional phrases being very much the result of unconscious emotion should occasion neither surprise nor disappointment when not always found to be the same. Making an appearance for the first time in " 'Tis Me," and being sung at a higher pitch in "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," they point toward an increasing rather than a lessening of intensity of religious fervor in the singing of these songs with the passing of the years.

"Keep Me from Sinking Down," as it stands in the body of the book, is as it has been traditionally sung at Hampton; the foot-note

to the score in the Appendix explains the reason for the other version.

For the closing piece of this volume, I have chosen a melody given me some years ago by Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, while he was yet Commandant at Hampton. For several reasons its inclusion, especially as *L'Envoi*, seems appropriate: first, because of the contributor who, probably more than any other person, has had the greatest experience in conducting these songs under circumstances most conducive to bringing out the best in them; second, because of the beauty of both tune and words; and last, because it seems to best express briefly the crux of that philosophy characteristic of the Negro in his rudest estate, which in a most remarkable way sensed and voiced the transitory nature of human existence.

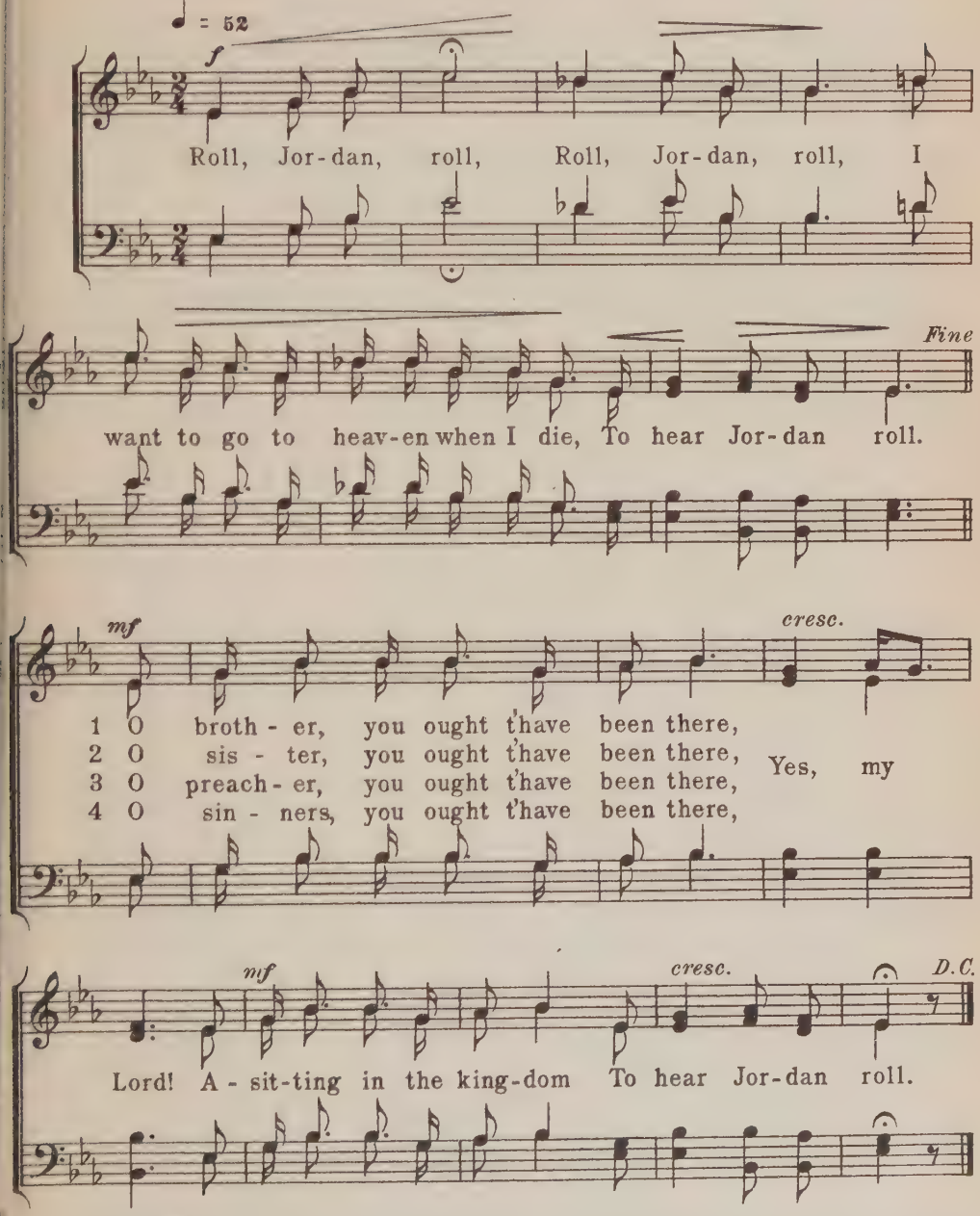
With an almost uncanny assurance this song addresses supernal forces; the slave speaks with a voice of command; a servant's eyes are ravished by the sight of regal joys in which by divine right he expects to share; unseen wings are summoned to do the bidding of feet broken with toil, and are never, even for a moment, expected to hesitate or fail because of the race, creed, or circumstance of him whose evocation they speed to answer. Thus are Ethiopic and Abyssinian liturgies revived on Occidental shores, and, even in the shadow of the auction block, faith is born anew.

R. Nathaniel Dett, Editor.

*Dr. Frissell often took Dr. Moton's place as "leader," singing with and directing the students in this song.

Hymns of Aspiration

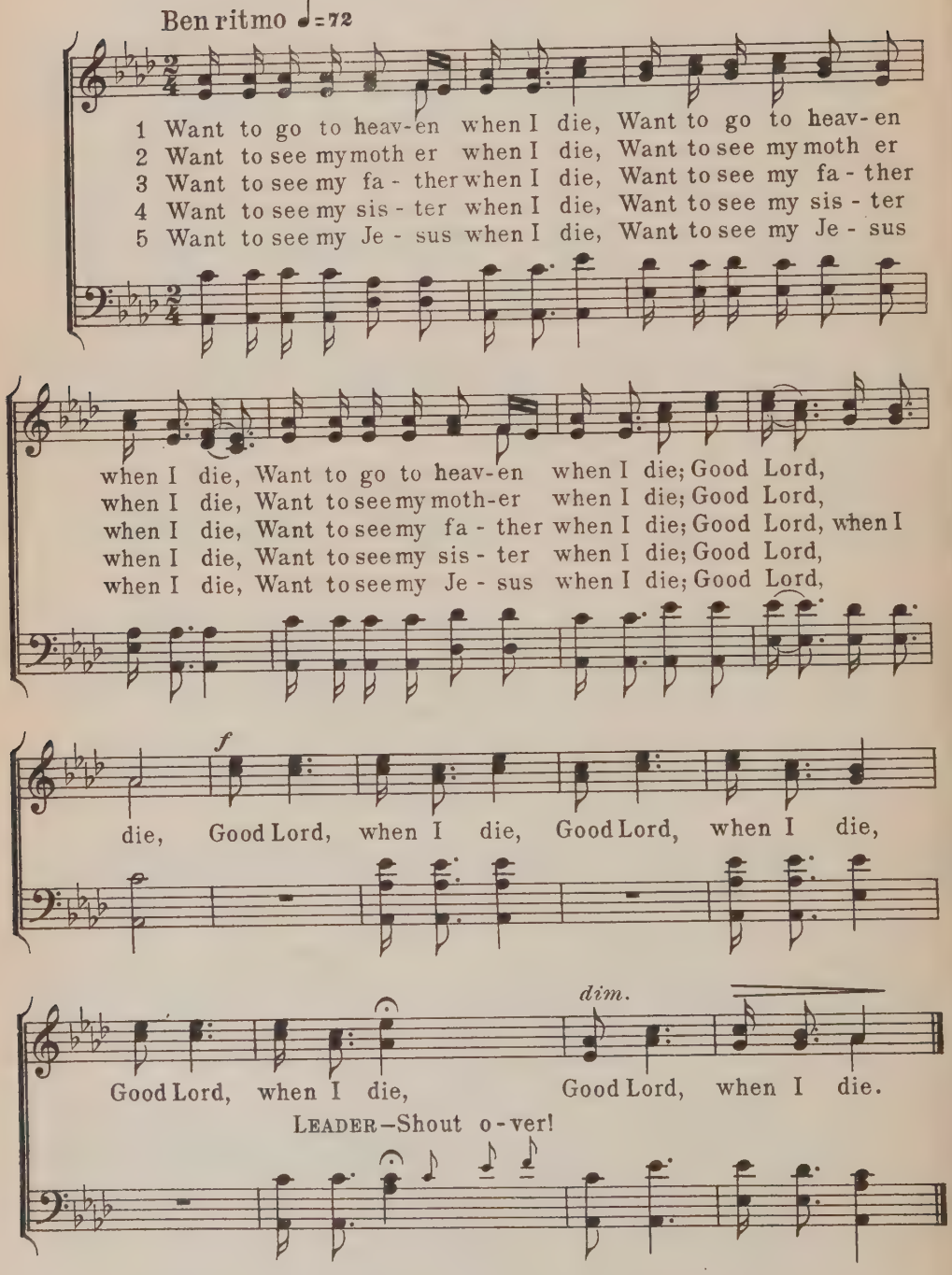
Roll, Jordan, Roll*


♩ = 52
f
Roll, Jor-dan, roll, Roll, Jor-dan, roll, I
Fine
want to go to heav-en when I die, To hear Jor-dan roll.
mf
cresc.
1 O broth-er, you ought t'have been there,
2 O sis-ter, you ought t'have been there,
3 O preach-er, you ought t'have been there,
4 O sin-ners, you ought t'have been there,
Yes, my
mf
cresc.
D.C.
Lord! A-sit-ting in the king-dom To hear Jor-dan roll.

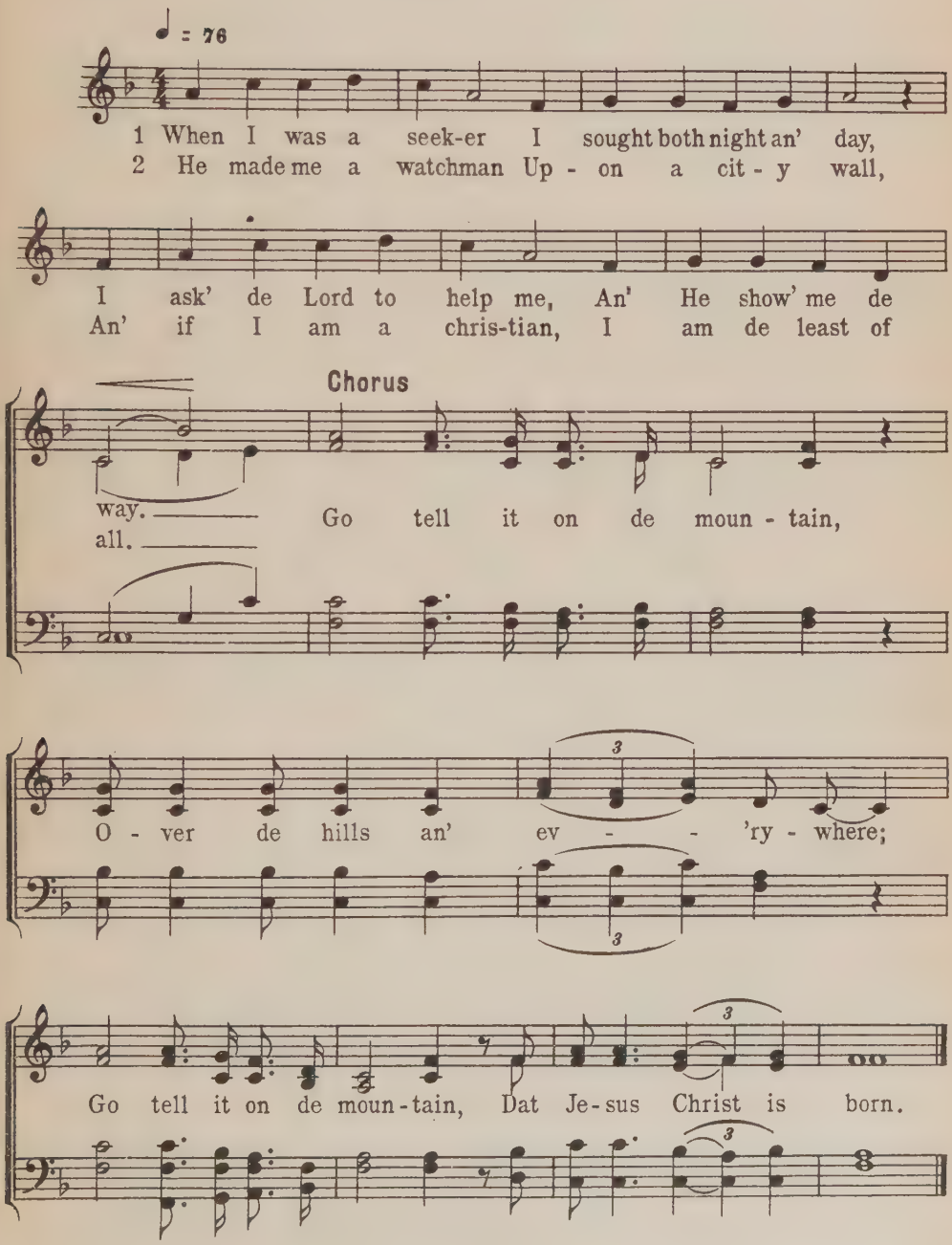
*This version of "Roll, Jordan, Roll" with its weird flatted seventh seems never to have been popular farther North than the Carolinas. Psychologists attribute this to a happier state of mind on the part of Negroes in the more Northern States. —Editor

Hymns of Aspiration

Want to Go to Heaven When I Die

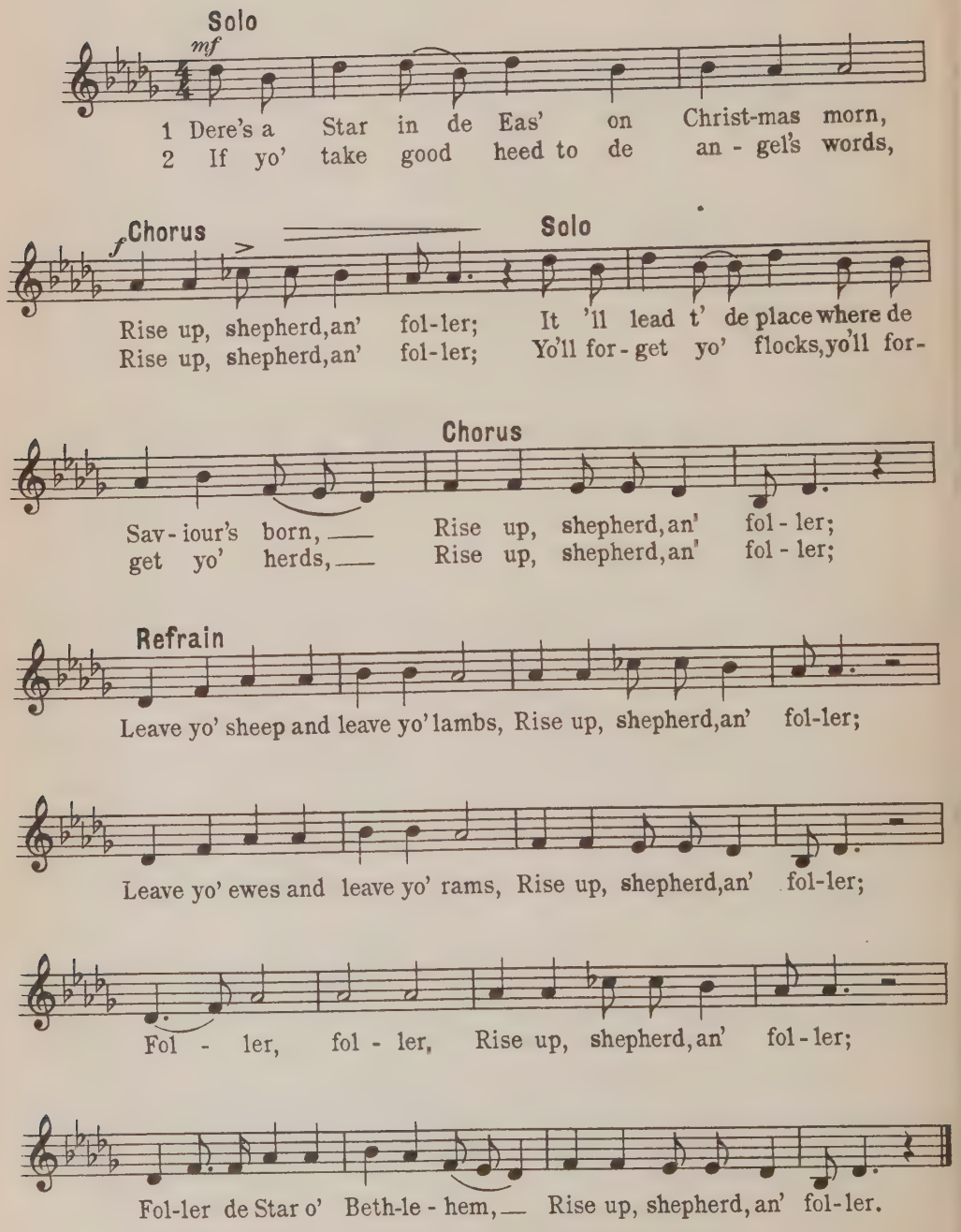

Ben ritmo ♩=72
1 Want to go to heav-en when I die, Want to go to heav-en
2 Want to see my moth er when I die, Want to see my moth er
3 Want to see my fa - ther when I die, Want to see my fa - ther
4 Want to see my sis - ter when I die, Want to see my sis - ter
5 Want to see my Je - sus when I die, Want to see my Je - sus
when I die, Want to go to heav-en when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my moth-er when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my fa - ther when I die; Good Lord, when I
when I die, Want to see my sis - ter when I die; Good Lord,
when I die, Want to see my Je - sus when I die; Good Lord,
f
die, Good Lord, when I die, Good Lord, when I die,
dim.
Good Lord, when I die, Good Lord, when I die.
LEADER—Shout o-ver!

Go Tell It on de Mountain

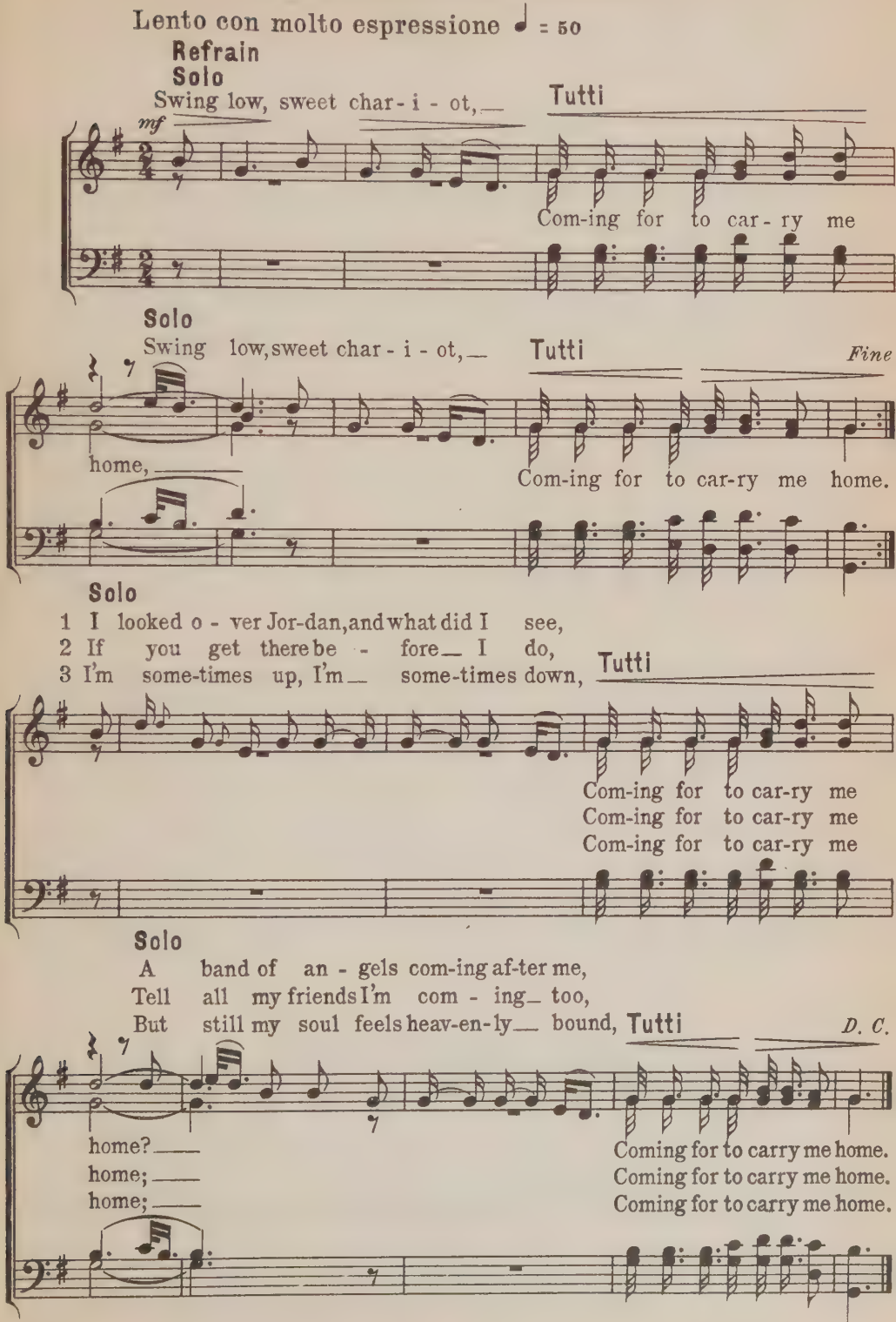

♩ = 76
1 When I was a seek-er I sought both night an' day,
I ask' de Lord to help me, An' He show' me de way.
2 He made me a watchman Up - on a cit - y wall,
An' if I am a chris-tian, I am de least of all.
Chorus
Go tell it on de moun - tain,
O - ver de hills an' ev - - - 'ry - where;
Go tell it on de moun - tain, Dat Je - sus Christ is born.

Hymns of Christmas

Rise Up, Shepherd, an' Foller

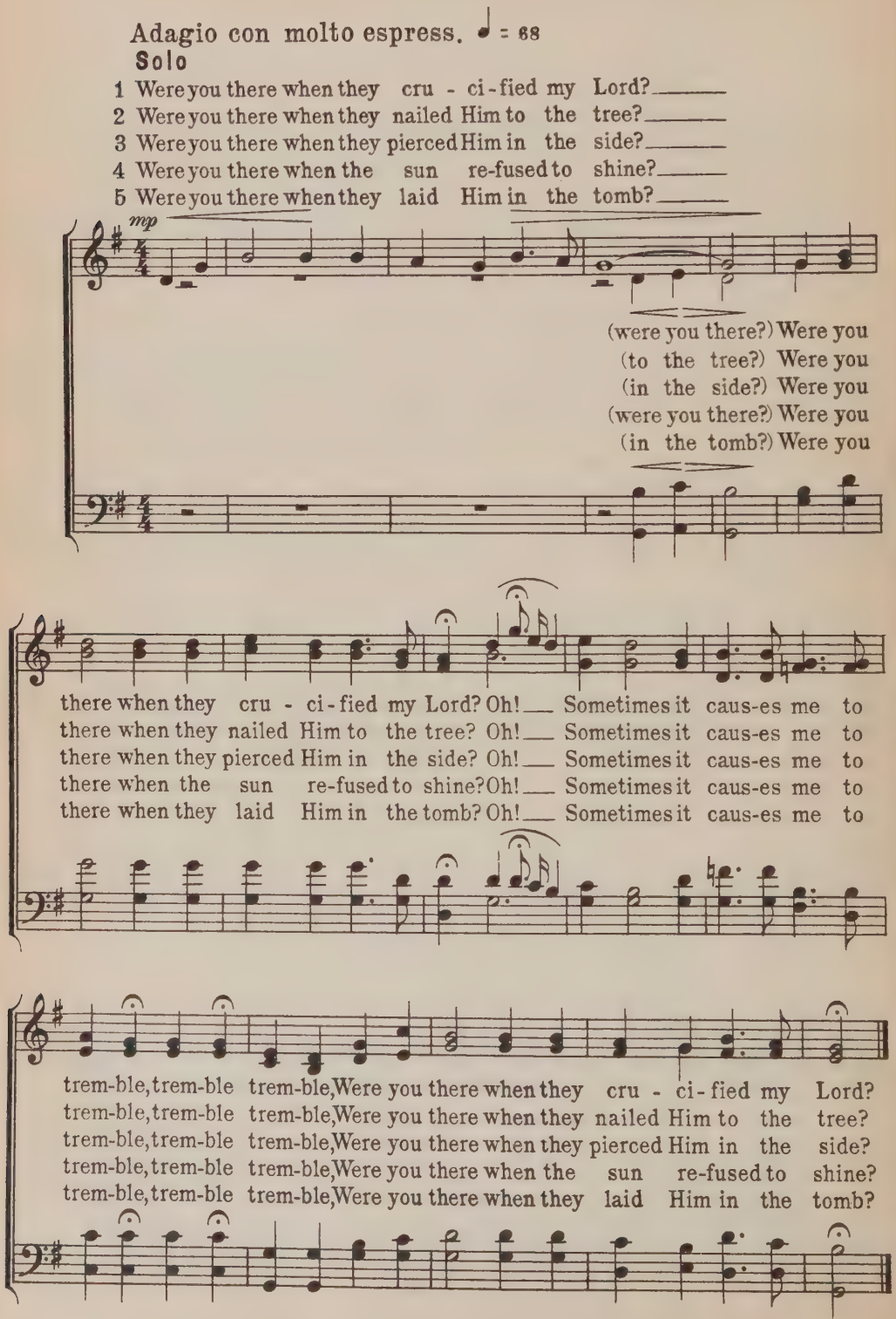

Solo
mf
1 Dere's a Star in de Eas' on Christ-mas morn,
2 If yo' take good heed to de an - gel's words,
Chorus
f
Solo
Rise up, shepherd,an' fol-ler; It 'll lead t' de place where de
Rise up, shepherd,an' fol-ler; Yo'll for - get yo' flocks,yo'll for-
Chorus
Sav - iour's born, — Rise up, shepherd,an' fol - ler;
get yo' herds, — Rise up, shepherd,an' fol - ler;
Refrain
Leave yo' sheep and leave yo' lambs, Rise up, shepherd,an' fol-ler;
Leave yo' ewes and leave yo' rams, Rise up, shepherd,an' fol-ler;
Fol - ler, fol - ler, Rise up, shepherd,an' fol - ler;
Fol-ler de Star o' Beth-le - hem, — Rise up, shepherd, an' fol-ler.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot


Lento con molto espressione ♩ = 50
Refrain
Solo
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,
Tutti
mf
Com-ing for to car - ry me
Solo
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,
Tutti
Fine
home,
Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
Solo
1 I looked o - ver Jor-dan, and what did I see,
2 If you get there be - fore I do,
3 I'm some-times up, I'm some-times down,
Tutti
Com-ing for to car-ry me
Com-ing for to car-ry me
Com-ing for to car-ry me
Solo
A band of an - gels com-ing af-ter me,
Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too,
But still my soul feels heav-en-ly bound,
Tutti
D. C.
home?
home;
home;
Coming for to carry me home.
Coming for to carry me home.
Coming for to carry me home.

Hymns of the Death of Christ

Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?


Adagio con molto espress. ♩ = 68
Solo
1 Were you there when they cru - ci-fied my Lord?
2 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
3 Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
4 Were you there when the sun re-fused to shine?
5 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
mp
(were you there?) Were you
(to the tree?) Were you
(in the side?) Were you
(were you there?) Were you
(in the tomb?) Were you
there when they cru - ci-fied my Lord? Oh! Sometimes it caus-es me to
there when they nailed Him to the tree? Oh! Sometimes it caus-es me to
there when they pierced Him in the side? Oh! Sometimes it caus-es me to
there when the sun re-fused to shine? Oh! Sometimes it caus-es me to
there when they laid Him in the tomb? Oh! Sometimes it caus-es me to
trem-ble, trem-ble trem-ble, Were you there when they cru - ci-fied my Lord?
trem-ble, trem-ble trem-ble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
trem-ble, trem-ble trem-ble, Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
trem-ble, trem-ble trem-ble, Were you there when the sun re-fused to shine?
trem-ble, trem-ble trem-ble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Steal Away to Jesus

Andante assai, con molto espress. ♩ = 60
Refrain
Tutti
pp
p
Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je - sus.
f
ff
tempo rubato poco rit.
Fine
Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here.
Solo
ff con molto espressione
1 My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der;
2 Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem-bling;
3 Tomb-stones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem-bling;
4 My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light-ning;
molto morendo
sf
mf
Tutti
D. C.
The trum-pet sounds with-in - a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

Hymns of Judgment

My Lord, What a Morning!

Largo solenelle ♩ = 60
Refrain
cresc.
My Lord, what a morn-ing, My Lord, what a morn-ing, My
Fine
Lord, what a morn-ing, When de stars be-gin to fall!
Solo
molto marc.
You'll hear de trum-pet sound, To wake de na-tions un-der-groud,
You'll hear de sin-ner moan, To wake de na-tions un-der-groud,
D. C. al Fine
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars be-gin to fall.

2

You'll hear de Christians shout, To wake, etc.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, etc.
You'll hear de angels sing, To wake, etc.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, etc.
Refrain – My Lord, what a morning, etc.

3

You'll see my Jesus come, To wake, etc.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, etc.
His chariot wheels roll round, To wake, etc.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, etc.
Refrain – My Lord, what a morning, etc.

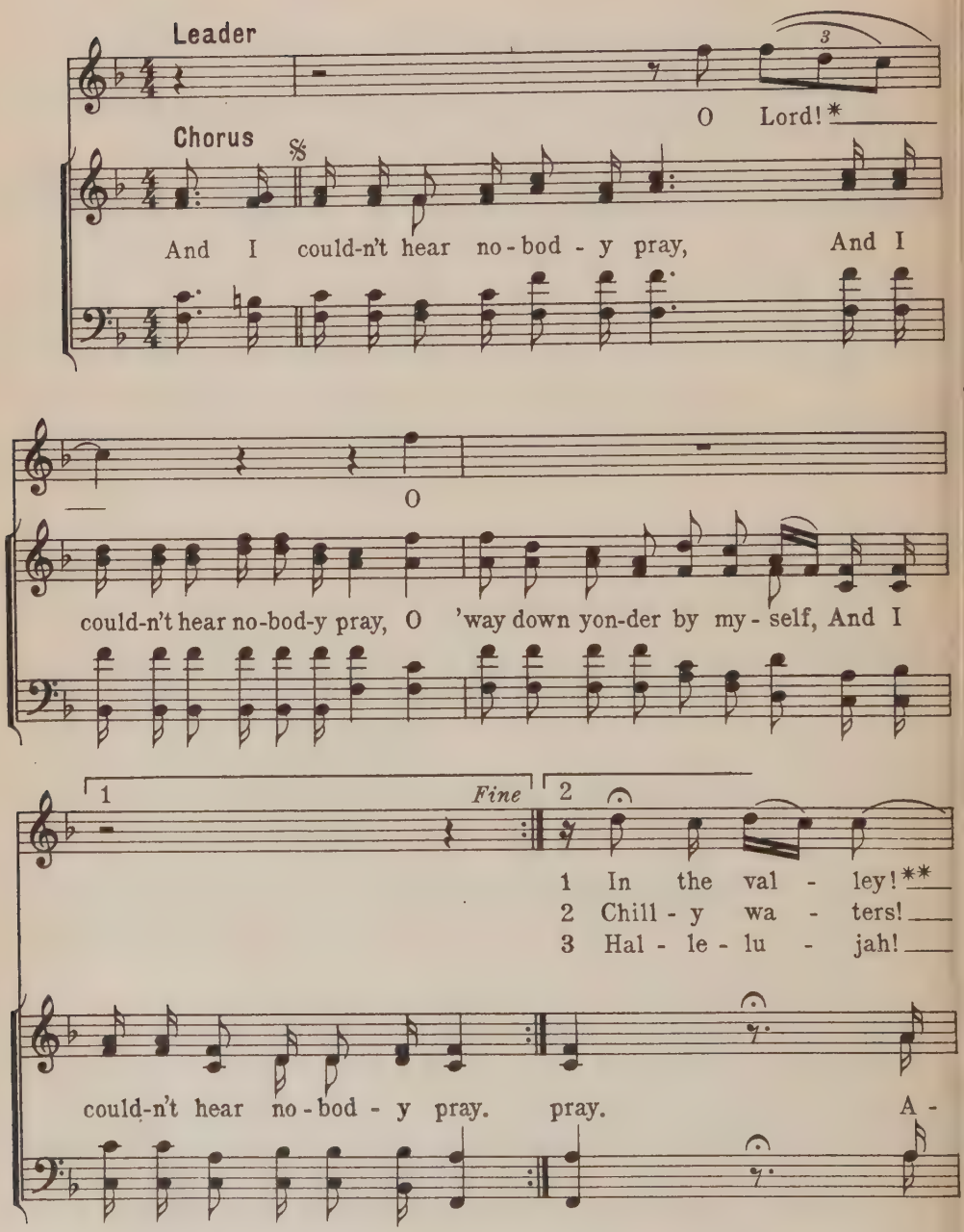
Hymn of Penitence

'Tis Me

♩ = 72
Refrain
Tutti
mf espress.
'Tis me, 'tis me, O Lord, Stand-ing in the need of pray'r;
Fine
repeat pp
'Tis me, 'tis me, O Lord, Stand-ing in the need of pray'r.
Solo
1 Not my broth-er, but'tis me, O Lord,
2 Not my sis - ter, but'tis me, O Lord,
3 Not my moth-er, but'tis me, O Lord,
4 Not my el - der, but'tis me, O Lord,
Tutti
Stand-ing in the need of pray'r;
Stand-ing in the need of pray'r;
Stand-ing in the need of pray'r;
Stand-ing in the need of pray'r;
Solo
Not my broth-er, but'tis me, O Lord,
Not my sis - ter, but'tis me, O Lord,
Not my moth-er, but'tis me, O Lord,
Not my el - der, but'tis me, O Lord,
Tutti
D. C.
Stand-ing in the need of pray'r.
Stand-ing in the need of pray'r.
Stand-ing in the need of pray'r.
Stand-ing in the need of pray'r.

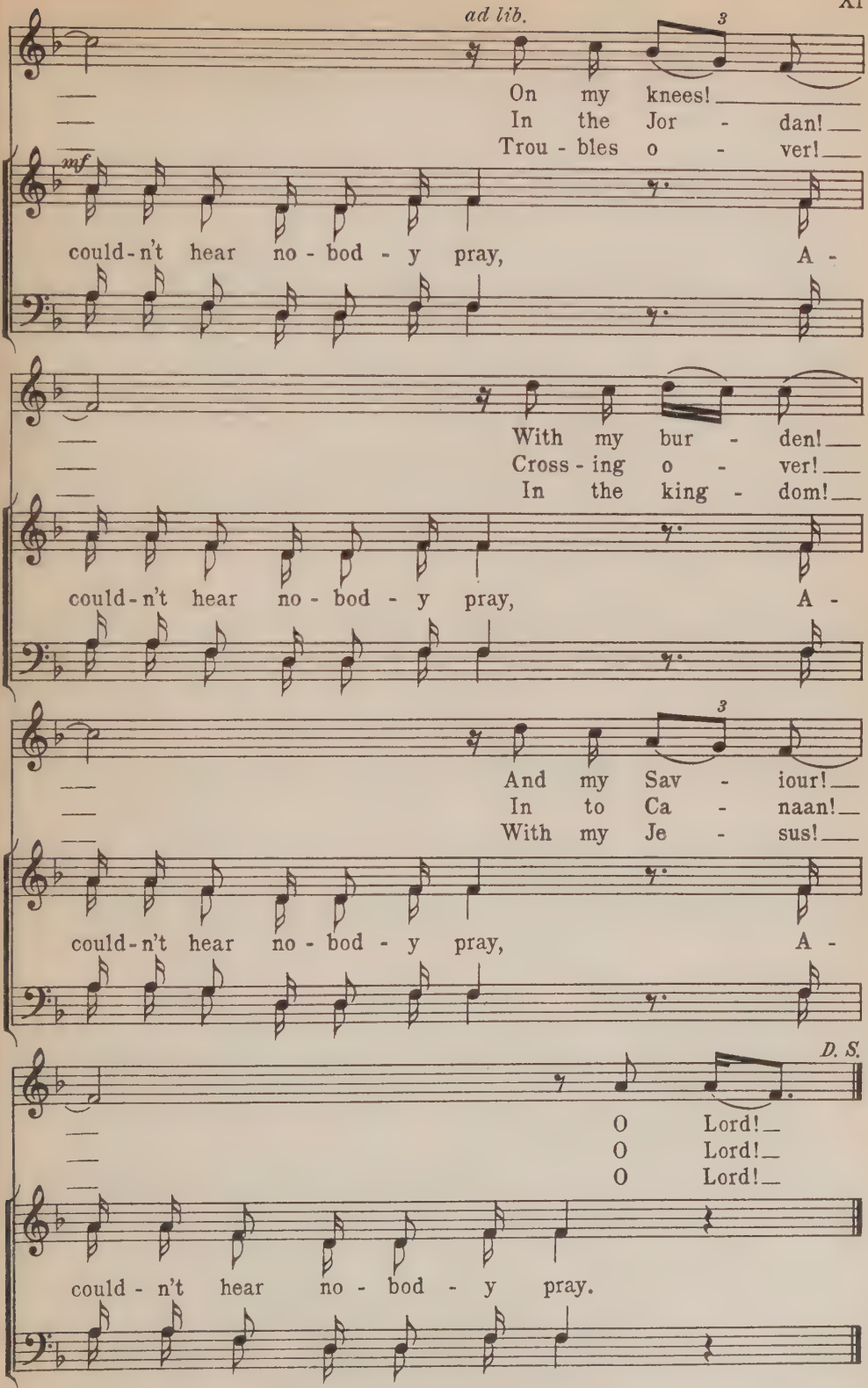
Hymns of Religious Experience

I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray


Leader
O Lord!*
Chorus
And I could-n't hear no-bod-y pray, And I
O
could-n't hear no-bod-y pray, O 'way down yon-der by my-self, And I
1
Fine
2
1 In the val - ley!**
2 Chill - y wa - ters!
3 Hal - le - lu - jah!
could-n't hear no-bod-y pray. pray. A-

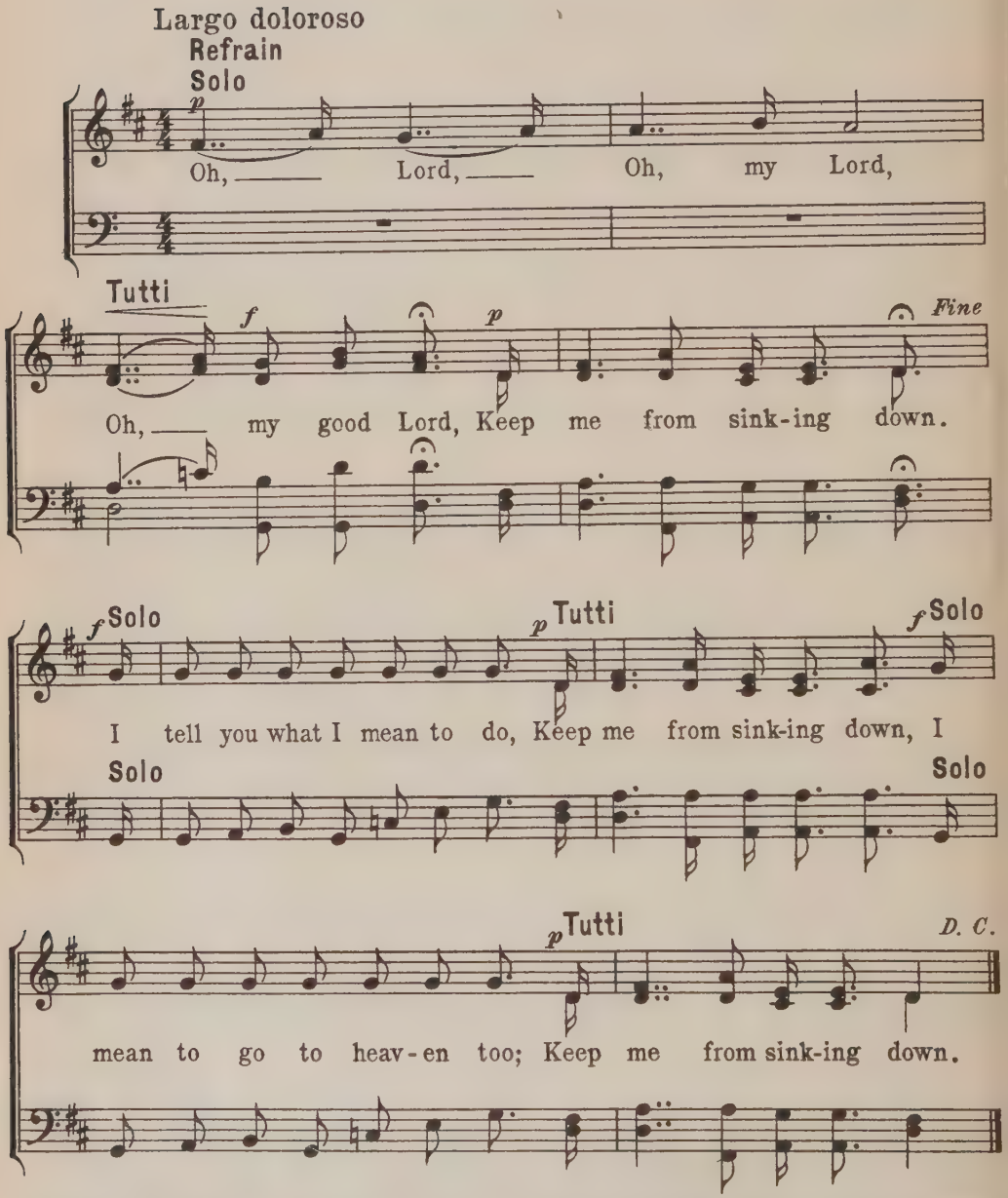
*The interjections used here are not the only ones which can be used, but may be changed according to the emotions of the leader.

**Let this stanza be exceedingly slow, about half as fast as the others, and the Chorus very soft But go into the Refrain *a tempo*.


ad lib.
3
On my knees!
In the Jor - dan!
Trou - bles o - ver!
mf
could - n't hear no - bod - y pray, A -
With my bur - den!
Cross - ing o - ver!
In the king - dom!
could - n't hear no - bod - y pray, A -
3
And my Sav - iour!
In to Ca - naan!
With my Je - sus!
could - n't hear no - bod - y pray, A -
D. S.
O Lord!
O Lord!
O Lord!
could - n't hear no - bod - y pray.

Hymns of Tribulation

Keep Me From Sinkin' Down



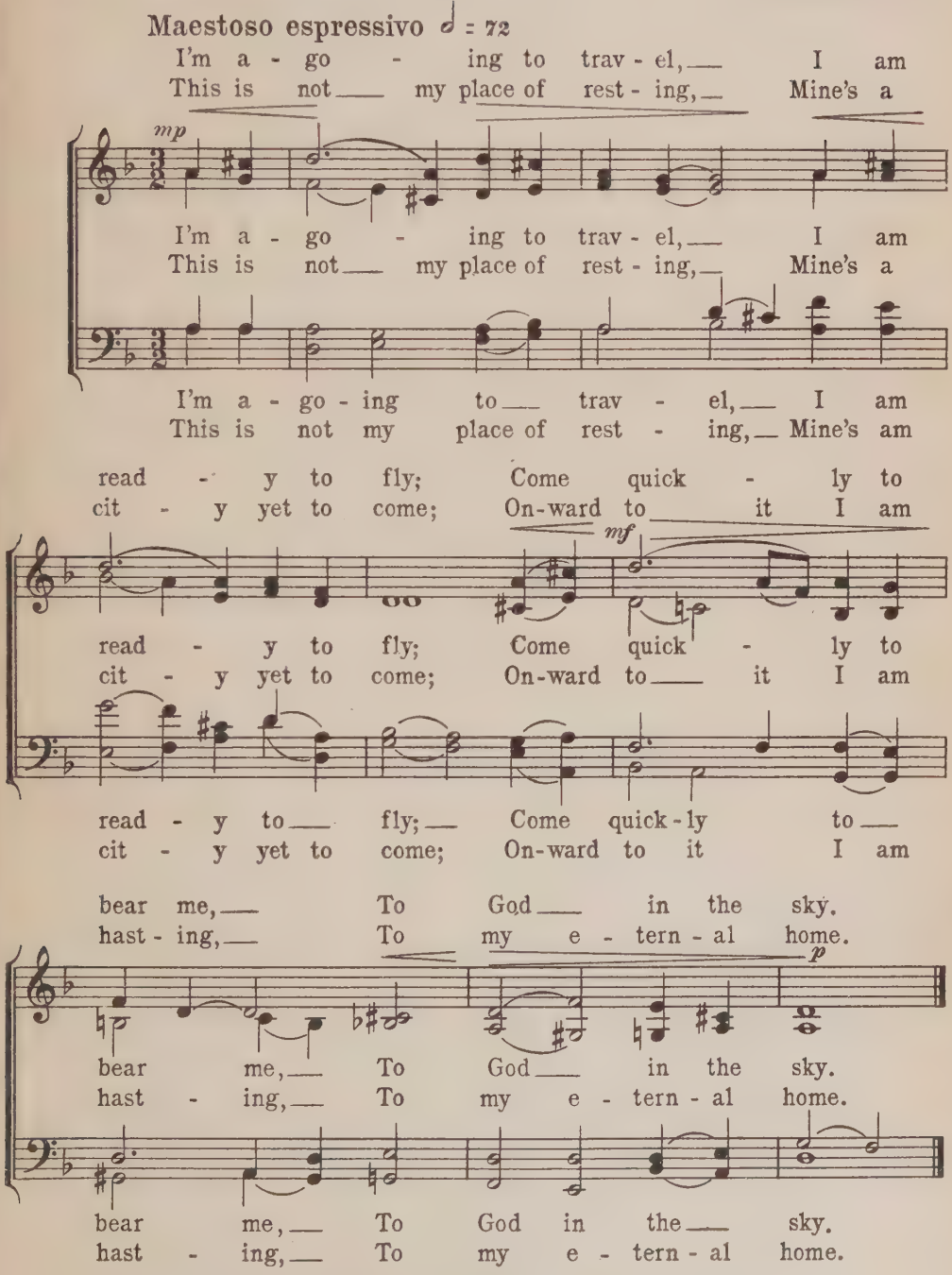
*This song was found on a fragment of a page of an old book of Negro songs. It is to be regretted that the complete book was not available in order that credit might be given to the original transcriber. The solo lines exhibit an elemental but decidedly pronounced counterpoint, based on harmonies seldom, if ever, heard now-a-days in Negro music. It is hoped that the publication by Mr. Ballanta-Taylor of the results of his research in African folksong will throw much light on the tendency of Negro music toward subdominant keys.— Editor

L'Envoi

An old Negro melody
transcribed from the singing
of Dr. Robert Russa Moton
Principal, Tuskegee Institute

Set in the form
of a chorale by
R. Nathaniel Dett

Maestoso espressivo ♩ = 72


I'm a - go - ing to trav - el, I am
This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a
mp
I'm a - go - ing to trav - el, I am
This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a
I'm a - go - ing to trav - el, I am
This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's am
read - y to fly; Come quick - ly to
cit - y yet to come; On-ward to it I am
mf
read - y to fly; Come quick - ly to
cit - y yet to come; On-ward to it I am
read - y to fly; Come quick - ly to
cit - y yet to come; On-ward to it I am
bear me, To God in the sky.
hast - ing, To my e - tern - al home.
p
bear me, To God in the sky.
hast - ing, To my e - tern - al home.
bear me, To God in the sky.
hast - ing, To my e - tern - al home.

* Second verse added from a hymn by Rev. Horatius Bonar

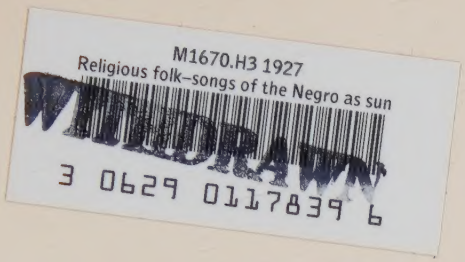
MAR 14 1989

DEC 10 1993
MAR 7 1994

MAR 7 1997

JAN 04 2010

MAY 25 2011
MAY 29 2013


M1670.H3 1927
Religious folk-songs of the Negro as sun
WITHDRAWN
3 0629 0117839 6

M
1670
H3
1927